













THE  
EDINBURGH REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1894.

VOL. CLXXIX

LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, AND DYER, LONDON.  
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK,  
EDINBURGH.

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1894.



## CONTENTS OF No. 367.

	Page
ART. I.—Histoire de mon Temps: Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier. Tome premier. Paris: 1893, . . .	1
II. - 1. The Economy of High Wages. By J. Schoenhof. New York: 1892.	
2. Ueber das Verhältniss von Arbeitslohn und Arbeitszeit zur Arbeitsleistung. Von L. Brentano. Leipzig: 1893, . . . . .	33
III. - 1. Letters to Marca. By George B. Leslie, R.A. London: 1893.	
2. Birds of Devon. By W. S. M. D'Urban, F.L.S., and the Rev. Murray A. Mathew, M.A., F.L.S. London: 1893.	
3. Sport and Nature. By T. E. Kebbel. London: 1893. . . . .	61
IV. - 1. The Annals of Tacitus. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Henry Furneaux, M.A., &c. &c. In two volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1884-1891.	
2. The Histories of Tacitus. With Introduction, Notes, and an Index, by the Rev. W. A. Spooner, M.A., &c. &c. London: 1891, . . . . .	76
V 1. Da G. D'Annunzio:—Terra Vergine. Roma: 1883. San Pantaleone. Firenze: 1886. Il Piacere. Milano: 1889.	
2. Da G. Verga:—I Malavoglia. Vita dei Campi. Novelle Rusticane. Primavera. Milano: 1881. Per le Vie. Milano: 1883.	
3. Da Signora Serao:—Storia della Fanciulla. Milano. 1886. Vita e Avventure di Riccardo Joanna. Milano: 1887. All' Erta Sentinella. Milano: 1889. Addio Amore. Napoli: 1890. Il Paese di Cucagna. Milano: 1891. Fantasia. Torino: 1892. Ediz. 3 <sup>a</sup> .	
4. Da De Amicis:—Bozzetti Militari. Firenze: 1869. Alle Porte d' Italia. Milano: 1888. Il Romanzo d'un Maestro. Milano: 1892. Ediz. 12 <sup>a</sup> . Cuore. Milano: 1893. Ediz. 146 <sup>a</sup> .	
5. Da A. Fogazzaro: Malombra. Milano: 1886. Fedele. Milano: 1887. Il Mistero del Poeta. Milano: 1888. Daniele Cortis. Torino: 1891, . . .	103

	Page
VI.—The Memoirs of James Marquis of Montrose, 1639-1650. By the Rev. George Wishart, D.D. Translated, with Introduction, Notes, Appendices, and the Original Letters. (Part II. now first published.) By the Rev. Alexander D. Murdoch and H. F. Morland Simpson. London: 1893,	122
VII.—1. <i>Regesta Regni Hierosolymitani</i> . By R. Rohricht. Weinburg: 1893.	
2. <i>Les Colonies Franques en Syrie</i> . By E. Rey. Paris: 1883,	158
VIII.—1. <i>Alone with the Hairy Ainu</i> . By A. H. Savage Landor. London: 1893.	
2. <i>Life with Trans-Siberian Savages</i> . By B. Douglas Howard, M.A. London: 1893.	
3. <i>The Ainu of Japan</i> . By the Rev. John Batchelor. London: 1892.	
4. <i>The Ainos of Yezo, Japan</i> . By Romyn Hitchcock. Smithsonian Report of the United States National Museum for 1890. Washington: 1891,	180
IX.— <i>Speeches and Addresses on Political and Social Questions</i> . By Edward Henry, Earl of Derby, K.G. 1870-1891. [Privately printed.]	201
X.—1. <i>Thirty-second Annual Report* of the Inspectors of Fisheries (England and Wales) for 1892</i> . London: 1893.	
2. <i>Dry Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice</i> . By Frederick M. Halford. London: 1889.	
3. <i>North-Country Flies</i> . By T. E. Pitt. London: 1886.	
4. <i>Angling Sketches</i> . By Andrew Lang. London: 1891.	
5. <i>The Riverside Naturalist</i> . By Edward Hamilton, M.D. London: 1890.	
6. <i>The History of Howietoun</i> . By Sir J. Ramsay Gibson Maitland, Bart. 1887,	226
XI.—1. <i>Life in Parliament, being the experience of a Member in the House of Commons from 1886 to 1892 inclusive</i> . By Sir Richard Temple, Bart., M.P., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., LL.D. London: 1893.	
2. <i>Essays on the Questions of the Day, Political and Social. The Political Crisis in England</i> . By Goldwin Smith. New York and London: 1893,	246

## CONTENTS OF No. 368.

	Page
ART. I.—1. Discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie. By Lieutenant L. von Hohnel. English translation by N. d'Anvers. 2 vols. London: 1894.	
2. The Rise of our East African Empire. By Capt. F. D. Lugard, D.S.O. 2 vols. London: 1893.	
3. The Sacred City of the Ethiopians. By J. T. Bent, F.S.A. 1 vol. London: 1893.	
4. Travels and Adventures in South-East Africa. By F. C. Selous. 1 vol. London: 1893, . . . . .	267
II.—1. A Dictionary of Hymnology, setting forth the Origin and History of Christian Hymns of all Ages and Nations, with special reference to those contained in the Hymn-books of English-speaking Countries, and now in common use; together with Biographical and Critical Notices of their Authors and Translators; and Historical Articles on National and Denominational Hymnody, Breviaries, Missals, Primers, Psalters, Sequences, &c., &c. By John Julian. London: 1892.	
2. Hymns: their History and Development in the Greek and Latin Churches, Germany and Great Britain. By Roundell, Earl of Selborne. London and Edinburgh: 1892.	
3. The Book of Praise, from the best English Hymn Writers. Selected and arranged by Roundell Palmer. London: 1862, . . . . .	300
III.—Histoire de mon Temps: Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier. Tome deuxième. Paris: 1893, . . . . .	326
IV.—1. The Chemical Work of Faraday in relation to Modern Science. Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, June 26, 1891. By Professor Dewar, M.A., F.R.S.	
2. Magnetic Properties of Liquid Oxygen. Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, June 2, 1892. . . . . By Professor Dewar, M.A., F.R.S.	
3. Liquid Atmospheric Air. Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, January 20, 1893. By Professor Dewar, M.A., F.R.S.	
4. The Scientific Uses of Liquid Air. Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, January 19, 1894. By Professor Dewar, M.A., F.R.S., . . . . .	361



V.--1.	The Letters of Lady Burghersh (afterwards Countess of Westmorland) from Germany and France during the Campaign of 1813-14. Edited by her daughter, Lady Rose Weigall. 1 vol. London: 1893.	
2.	The Story of Two Noble Lives: being Memorials of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. By Augustus J. C. Hare. 3 vols. London: 1893, . . . . .	382
VI.—1.	Moltke: A Biographical and Critical Study. By William O'Connor Morris, sometime Scholar of Oriel College, Oxford. London: 1893.	
2.	The Campaign of 1866 in Germany. Compiled by the Department of Military History of the Prussian Staff. Translated by Colonel von Wright and Captain Henry Hozier. London: 1872.	
3.	Les Luittes de l'Autriche en 1866. Rédigé d'après les documents officiels par l'Etat-Major Autrichien (Section Historique), traduit par M. le Capitaine Franz Grusse, Professeur à l'Ecole de Guerre. Paris: 1870.	
4.	Wanderungen über die Gefechtsfelder der preussischen Armeen in Böhmen, 1866. Von Kuhne, General-lieutenant und Kommandeur der 31. Division. Vierte Auflage. Berlin: 1891, . . . . .	412
VII.—1.	Navy Estimates for the Year 1894-95, with Explanatory Observations by the Financial Secretary. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, March 12, 1894.	
2.	Statement of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Explanatory of the Navy Estimates, 1894-95. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1894.	
3.	Return showing the Battle Ships and Cruisers built, building, and preparing to build, for England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and Austria. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, December 15, 1893.	
4.	Aide-Mémoire de l'Officier de Marine. Par Edouard Durassier et Charles Valentino. Paris: 1893, . . . . .	447
	[And other Works]	
VIII.—	Social Evolution. By Benjamin Kidd. 8vo. London: 1894, . . . . .	478
IX.—	Speech delivered at Edinburgh on March 10, 1894, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., First Lord of the Treasury, . . . . .	511

252 EDT

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THE

# EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JANUARY, 1894.

N<sup>o</sup>. CCCLXVII.

ART. I.—*Histoire de mon Temps : Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier. Tome premier. Paris : 1893.*

**H**ISTORY verified the dying remark of Vergniaud: the French Revolution devoured its children. Some waifs and strays, indeed, of the tempest which swept over France and old Europe remained prominent after it had spent its force: the Comte d'Artois saw the Monarchy of July; the Duc de Chartres became the aged Louis Philippe; Sieyès lived to behold his celebrated work give place to constitutions not more durable; Barère died, a *mouchard*, in extreme old age; Lafayette and Talleyrand exceeded the allotted span of years; Soult witnessed the approach of the Second Empire. But, to speak generally, the leading men of France, for the period from 1789 to 1815, disappeared almost in the strength of manhood: Mirabeau vanished before the 10th of August; Danton and Robespierre perished in the Reign of Terror; few of the satellites of Napoleon's throne saw his remains placed in the Invalides; the gigantic figure of the Emperor himself filled for a few years only the stage of events.

A notable exception to this order of facts occurs in the case of the distinguished man the record of whose life and extraordinary time we have placed at the head of this article. Duc Pasquier—this was the name familiar to those who knew the Paris of fifty years ago—had attained the estate of man before the Revolution broke out, and played a part, more or less conspicuous, in the public life of France during the next six decades. He had made his mark in the Parliament of Paris before the States-General met; he was a spectator of the Revolution in its various phases; he narrowly escaped the fatal axe after the fall of

the Gironde; he witnessed Vendémiaire and the 18th Brumaire; and, having beheld the transformation wrought by the Consulate in the political and social order of France, he took office under Napoleon's Government when the Empire seemed secured by Austerlitz. Though he served his master loyally and well, he attached himself to the cause of the Bourbons, like many who had not forgotten the Monarchy; and after the triumph of the Restoration in 1815 he gradually rose to high eminence in the State. He was Keeper of the Seals in Talleyrand's short-lived ministry, and President of the House of Deputies; and when Decazes acceded to power he was named Minister of Foreign Affairs, his tendencies having been always liberal. Soon after this event he was raised to the peerage; but during the reign of Charles X. he seems to have taken little part in politics, though he opposed the disastrous measures that overturned the throne. He became a leading statesman after the Revolution of July, was made President of the Chamber of Peers, and in 1837 received the title of Duc and the supreme position of Chancellor of France. Duc Pasquier retired from public affairs when 1848 convulsed France once more; but he beheld the rise of the Second Empire, and survived until it had begun to decline, for he died as late as 1862. His venerable figure is still remembered by those who can recall the best days of the parliamentary history of France, and he has been aptly described as the French Lyndhurst.

This volume is the first of a series which records the experiences of Duc Pasquier during his eventful and protracted life.\* It comprises the period from the author's childhood to the invasion of Russia in 1812, and thus embraces the close of the old régime in France, the Revolution and its tragic scenes, and the chief part of the reign of Napoleon. It has been well edited by the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier; and we have read with much interest this important part of what Pasquier has called the 'History of his Time,' eschewing the hackneyed title of memoirs. The book, however, is not in a true sense a history. Occasionally, indeed, it throws fresh light on incidents of an age of wonders, and it corrects, in places, the views of some French historians. But it makes no pretensions to the exhaustive research and the

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\* This volume has already been followed by a second, which includes the fall of the Empire and the Restoration, to which we shall refer on a future occasion.

elaborate judgements of a complete narrative, and it really belongs to the class of works in which French literature is especially rich—personal reminiscences, and reflections on them. From this point of view its value is great. The author brings before us, in a hundred passages, and illustrates with peculiar clearness, the characteristics of an extraordinary time; he gives us vivid and thoughtful sketches of the First Empire and its stirring events, and he adds to our information respecting parts of the Imperial Government still but little explored. His description of the aristocratic life of old France is very attractive and deserves attention; his picture of the Revolution and its terrible scenes is true and lifelike; his portraits of Napoleon and the Bonaparte family, and of most of the leading personages around his throne, are well designed and for the most part correct; and his estimate of the Consular and Imperial régime is that of a wise and impartial observer. The most original part of the book is Pasquier's account of the administrative system and of the internal police of the French Empire, with which he had a great deal to do. This is curious, significant, and instructive, and it illustrates the nature of the rule of Napoleon. The opinions of the author, we ought to add, are usually recorded with a calmness of view and a sense of equity not often found in French writers at this period; and his judgements on men and things are, as a rule, sound, though not meant to be complete and final. In one respect he has followed the late Mr. Greville's method: he has recorded his ideas on passing events as these impressed themselves on his mind at once, and he has not changed them as his experience grew or as his knowledge became enlarged. The result is clearness, freshness, and vivid description; but it should also be said that, like Greville, Pasquier is usually sober and wise in the conclusions he forms. He is, however, very inferior to Greville in the knowledge of politics and public affairs which can be acquired only in a free state; for example, he is often greatly in error as to the relations of France with foreign Powers and as to contemporaneous events in Europe—a significant proof of the state of ignorance to which even well-informed Frenchmen were reduced under a despotism that carefully suppressed truth.

Etienne Denis Pasquier was born in 1767 of an ancient family of the *noblesse de la robe*, for centuries established in the province of Maine. His grandfather, who attained the highest seat in the magistracy of the Parliament of

Paris, was a distinguished lawyer of the old-fashioned type, wedded to the traditions and faiths of the past; the influence of Voltaire, a schoolfellow and friend, and of the philosophy of the eighteenth century, made no impression on his tenacious nature, and he steadily followed the ways of his order, unconscious of a world that was changing around him. He had taken part in the prosecutions of Lally and Labarre; and a curious letter of Voltaire contained in this volume proves, if it is to be believed, that the satirist's protests against the iniquities of these trials were not genuine. The father of Pasquier was also enrolled in the Parliament as a Councillor of the Grand Chambre, and the child was thus, so to speak, cradled in the midst of ideas and associations representing the order and feudal state of the old régime. Like most of the distinguished men of that day, Etienne was brought up and formed in boyhood by priests. Molé and Arnauld—each to become eminent—were at the seminary of Juilly among his mates. We find in these pages a charming account of the *vie de province* of this period, much the same as that of Montesquieu at La Brède, or of Talleyrand in his boyhood at Chalais. The Pasquiers held a barony and a seigneurial domain, and when the Parliament rose for its legal vacations, the father and grandfather of the future chancellor set off from Paris for their lands at Coulans, and spent their summer in the ancient town of Le Mans. Here they received the welcome of vassals and tenants, untainted as yet by the Jacobin creed; assisted inferior magistrates in local lawsuits, or acted as arbiters in the disputes of neighbours; and joined in a round of social pleasures distinguished for brilliancy and felicitous taste. The Bishop of Mans, then a gay man of the world, but afterwards one of the fiercest of émigrés, and the noble officers of the garrison of Le Mans, were prominent ornaments of these festive meetings, the last bright glimpses of an order of things that France will never behold again.

Young Pasquier entered, in his seventeenth year, on his apprenticeship for the magisterial office; he was to tread in the path of his judicial ancestors. The Parliament of Paris had safely escaped the violence of the aged Maupeou, and, though not what it had once been, still held an imposing place in the State; and Pasquier looked forward to a dignified life of hard work and wealth as a noble of the gown. Yet Rousseau's influence was already powerful in the Conservative ranks of the legal bodies; the youth was given the 'Contrat Social' to read, as a law student would now open

Blackstone; and doctrines fatal to the existing order of things had penetrated even the chief seats of justice. Pasquier naturally fell into the ways of the times; saw a good deal of the high life of Paris, in which the old distinctions of rank and caste were being rapidly swept away; and launched into dissipations and pleasures, which a candidate for the post of counsellor would have thought ruinous fifty years before. His picture of a state of society, which a student of the age observes, with profound and pathetic interest, gay with bright delusions on the verge of the abyss, decomposed, corrupt, and yet radiant with hope, tricked out in false philosophy and sentimental foolishness, and all unconscious of its coming doom, is impressive, and mournful, if not striking; he thus dwells on the splendours of old Paris in its still half-feudal and royal aspect:—

‘I have seen the pomp of the Empire; since the Restoration I witness the rise and development of increasing wealth; but nothing, in my judgement, has been equal to the glories of Paris during the years between the Peace of 1783 and 1789. Beautiful mansions were being built in the Quarter of the Marais and in the Ile Saint-Louis. What is the Faubourg St. Germain of to-day compared with the Faubourg St. Germain of those times? And, as far as the display of luxurious wealth, those who can recall the reviews of the period, the races of Longchamps, or even the look of the boulevards, must think the crowd of carriages, with their teams of two, four, or six horses, each more magnificent than the other, which filled these places of public meeting, infinitely superior to the files of coaches and cabs, interspersed with a few graceful equipages, that at present occupy the same spaces.’

The spectator of the grandeurs of Napoleon, too, made this remark, in exact accord with a remark of the exile of St. Helena:—

‘When I interrogate my reason and conscience as to what the France of 1789 would have been if the Revolution had not broken out; if the ten years of destruction it gave birth to had not passed over a noble country; if St. Domingo, for instance, had continued to yield us its treasures; and if progressive reforms had not been arrested by a great catastrophe, I am convinced that France, without the Revolution, would have been, as I am writing at this moment, more wealthy and powerful than she is to-day.’

The want of true political insight, to be detected in many parts of this book, appears in Pasquier’s rather shallow estimate of the characteristics of the old régime in France. He looks at an order of things about to perish, and essentially out of joint and decaying, with a contented optimism that seems to us blindness; and he cannot interpret the

signs of the times. He dwells on the increase of wealth in France, on her rapid progress in science and art, and on the improvement of her administrative system, as proofs that she enjoyed good government; and he all but adopts the absurd view that the nation rebelled because it was too blessed by fortune, because it was infected by a bad philosophy. He does not reflect how virtue had gone out from the Monarchy, and all that belonged to it; how the chief powers in the State had been long in conflict in the sight of a discontented people; how the institutions of France had become obsolete and opposed to the ideas of the age; how, under centralised despotism that effaced liberty, invidious distinctions of class prevailed; and how in every part of the frame of society there were symptoms of deep-seated disease. One feature, indeed, of the old régime—the scepticism, the luxury, the sentimental silliness, and the vice that pervaded the high life of Paris—he clearly sees, and notes the effects; but he does not perceive that this most grave evil was but a sign of the complete absence of political activity, of the sense of duty, of true patriotism in the ruling orders. This *résumé* only touches the surface of things:—

‘The Court, corrupt, and believing in nothing, was composed of the descendants of the noblest houses of France, but it contained many parvenus raised by favour and not by service to the State; the loftiness of the pretensions of these people was in the inverse ratio of their merits, and their insolent pride had made them odious. Idleness, and the want of money, had caused many scandals: the memoirs of the day are full of them, and I need not dwell on the subject; unhappily, in a country like France, the Court alone cannot be corrupt, and, for a long time, the relations between Versailles and Paris had been too frequent and too intimate not to render the example of the one all powerful for the other. Shall I describe how the arrogant luxury that displayed itself in public places led to the ruin of whole families? Were I to launch into anecdotes, I should be deemed a mere satirist. Enough to say, that when I entered the great world, I was introduced, so to speak, in parallels, to the wives and the mistresses of kinsfolk and friends. I spent the evening of Monday with one class, and that of Tuesday with the other; and I was only eighteen, and belonged to a family of the magistracy.’

In 1787, when in his twentieth year, Pasquier became a Councillor of the Grand Chambre, and took part in the eventful scenes which heralded the rapid fall of the Parliament. That body still contained many eminent jurists and advocates of a high order, as coming events were soon to show; but it was full of enthusiasts fed on Rousseau and

on the philosophy of the new age; and its leading personages were not wise or able. Pasquier describes fairly the foolish contest, fatal to both, between the Court and the Parliament, and distributes justly the blame they deserved; he condemns the recklessness of Brienne and Lamoignon and the spurious liberalism of the mass of his colleagues. He tells us that he feared the approach of a second Fronde in what he saw before him; and, with a strength of character honourable to a mere youth, he steadily took the side of the few Conservatives, for the most part aged men, who dreaded the future. It was a significant mark of the times that the greatest names in the peerage of France, called by Carlyle 'the Anglo-maniac Dukes,' were arrayed against the Court and the Minister; their influence on the young nobles of the gown was immense:—

'In 1787, almost all the distinguished peers, those who combined the highest rank with fine and cultivated intelligence, were in opposition in the Parliament. It has been impossible for me to forget what a potent attraction guides like these had on the junior magistrates. They found themselves associated with these illustrious names, with these great reputations, and everyone knows how the spirit of party unites, and even confounds, conditions of rank and class. An intimacy so seductive, and so unexampled, easily turned many heads.'

When the demand for the States-General had become intense, the Parliament, with a false sentiment, repeatedly seen in French Assemblies—history will never forget August 4—abandoned thoughtlessly its time-honoured rights, and contributed to its own destruction:—

'The instant that our interests were evidently in question, we thought that nothing could be finer than to sacrifice them to what we deemed the public good. Generous sentiments took possession of us, and we could not be restrained.'

Yet, with a sudden and inconsiderate turn of opinion, the Parliament tried to annul the influence of the *Tiers Etat*—that is, of the nation—when the States-General were about to meet, by declaring for the antiquated form of 1614. It was too late to check an overwhelming tide; and, as we know, the Parliament lost all authority, and the Monarchy was deprived of what would have been a support in the Revolution already at hand:—

'I perfectly recall to mind the deliberations that took place on this occasion; they bore quite a new character; there was no more precipitation or enthusiasm, no efforts or results of eloquence; we reasoned calmly, a dark veil seemed spread over the Assembly. Its importance had disappeared; nobody cared for it; it had ceased to



carry weight. The States-General were in the immediate future, and the thoughts of all turned in this direction.'

Pasquier's comments on the Revolution, in its first phases, do not require particular notice. He saw the fall of the Bastille, and describes the scene as less striking than tradition records; he was in the company of a queen of the theatre, a favourite of many of the great ladies of the day—such was the confusion of orders and ranks in Paris. He witnessed the miserable plight of the Royal Family, when, after the fatal days of October, they were dragged by the mob from Versailles to the Tuileries; and he beheld Lafayette and the National Guards in their brief hour of ill-deserved triumph. Throughout this period he lived at a club in which men opposed in politics still met; but, though a Royalist of decided views, he seems to have thought the Monarchy in no danger, after the National Assembly had made it a shadow. The cause of the King, he maintains, was by no means hopeless, even after the disastrous return from Varennes: the people of Paris, the National Guard, and the army wished, for different reasons, that the sovereign should remain in the capital; and his flight disconcerted the popular leaders:—

'The citizens had always considered the presence of the King in their midst a guarantee against the perils and the vengeance that might threaten them. Nearly the whole National Guard added to this sentiment a genuine regard for the person of the King and of his family, which they had the honour to approach, during two years, an honour of which the Parisian bourgeois was still very sensible. In all this there were many difficulties in the way of the revolutionists, and they did not know what to do or whom to trust. The army gave them not less anxiety. Little was needed to change the feelings of the soldiery; when they saw the King among them they might become Royalists, and even passionately so.'

Pasquier was not blind to the tremendous mistakes made on all sides from 1789 to 1791. He condemns the levity and vanity of Lafayette and his followers—curiously enough he does not refer to Mirabeau, the only true statesman in the Assembly—but he is still more severe on the imbecility of the Court, on the recklessness of the aristocratic faction who thought they saw their chance in promoting anarchy, and, above all, on the unpatriotic émigrés. He thus describes this mad and short-sighted policy:—

'In '89, in '90, and '91, in the case of some a real danger to be avoided; in the case of a few genuine enthusiasm; in the case of many a point of honour observed without discussion; in the case of the

great majority fashion and good manners; in the case of all, or nearly all, hopes aroused by the most foolish correspondence, and by the intrigues of ambitious men, who thought they would improve their fortunes—this it was which carried away this mass of Frenchmen, at the time so confident, since then so much to be pitied.'

The Revolution, as many have remarked, destroyed the amenities of the old régime.

'The year 1789 witnessed the disappearance of that ease and grace of social life which had been so long the charm of France. Quarrels of politics, fierce discussions, angry passions troubled society, and soon dissipated its elements. One would not understand the manners of that day if it were not borne in mind what a share women had in these agitations. Their influence was usually seen in the distinctive and dominant colours of the cockades they wore.'

The young magistrate gave proof of wisdom and forethought on one notable occasion that concerned his order. He urged that the protest made by the Parliament on its supersession should be made public; and had his advice been followed, one of the most hideous crimes of the Reign of Terror would not have occurred. Pasquier seems not to have felt alarm at the progress of the Revolution in France until the self-denying ordinance of 1791 had placed the Legislative Assembly in the seat of the National, and had handed the nation over to enthusiasts and fools. He thus sketches the rhetoricians of the Gironde:—

'Vergniaud, Guadet, Gensonné, Boyer, Fonfrède, and all of them, were passionately excited at the prospect of the success they saw in view; and they did not conceal from me, though introduced to them as a sincere Royalist, their Republican ideas, if not their designs. I was struck with the folly of their theories. The eloquence of Vergniaud broke out in his conversation; and seemed to me destined to become the most formidable weapon of his party. I was surprised to observe with what profound disdain these personages treated their predecessors of the Constituent Assembly; how they regarded them as people of narrow views, and of prejudices, who had never succeeded in turning circumstances to advantage.'

This volume does not add much to our knowledge respecting the events that immediately followed. Pasquier witnessed the scene of June 20, and but for an accident would have been slain with the defenders of the throne on August 10. He dwells on the weakness of the Assembly, on the vapouring and tongue-valiant speech of Lafayette, and on the short-sighted folly of the Court party, all concurring to throw the rein to the vile mob of Paris. The following, revealing the thoughts of the clique at the Tuileries, un-

happily backed by the ill-fated Queen, is significant and true:—

‘The most serious and ablest men of this set lost precious time in obscure and insignificant intrigues, and tried to buy a few of the deputies with money. Others thought that, because they had unexpectedly escaped the 20th of June, they had nothing more to fear if they kept on their guard. Many, besides, were such fools as to believe that it was merely a passing trouble, and looked to Brunswick and the assistance he had promised as at hand; a little patience only was needed.’

Pasquier was not in Paris during the revolting frenzy of the massacres of September and of the rejoicings for Valmy. He returned, however, with his father to assist Malesherbes at the mock trial of the ill-fated King, and tells us how the undaunted advocate looked forward to an acquittal up to the last moment. He was present at the scene of the death of Louis XVI.:—

‘The crowd which surrounded the carriage closed round me, bore me along to the place of execution, and placed me, so to speak, in front of the scaffold. I beheld the appalling spectacle. The crime had been hardly accomplished, when a cry of “Vive la Nation!” rose from the foot of the guillotine; it was repeated by the bystanders, it passed through the crowd. This cry was followed by silence, most wonderful and most profound. Shame, horror, and fear already hovered over the wide expanse. I passed over it a second time, carried along by the flood which had brought me thither. Everyone walked slowly, and scarcely ventured to look in his neighbour’s face. The rest of the day was spent in deep stupor; it had spread over the whole city. I was obliged to go out twice, and found the streets deserted and silent. The assassins had lost their wonted daring; the public grief made itself felt, and they quailed before it.’

The Reign of Terror was not complete until the demagogues in Paris had become suprême, and the Convention had acquiesced in the destruction of the Gironde. When Jacobinism had mastered France and the capital, and the revolutionary tribunals were in full swing, and revolutionary committees, carrying out the behests of the Central Committee of Public Safety, had laid hands on thousands of foredoomed ‘suspects,’ Pasquier fled from Paris, and found refuge in neighbouring villages, where he lay hid. Curiously enough he married during these evil days; and the first joys of his marriage were crossed by scenes which effaced the delights of newly wedded happiness. In his retreat he received the news of the arrest of the heads of the defunct Parliament, betrayed and denounced for their late secret protest; and his father ere long gave himself up to escape the agony of a life of suspense and fear:—

‘Outside the prisons, in fact, people were afraid to meet, to pay visits, to speak, nay, to look at each other. Such was the apprehension that anyone might put his neighbour in peril; kinsfolk, and even the most intimate friends, lived in a state of complete isolation. If a knock was heard at the door, it was at once thought that the Commissioners of the Revolutionary Committee had come to make arrests. On the other hand, when you were locked up, you, as it were, had returned to social existence; you were surrounded by relations and friends; you saw them without constraint, and conversed with them freely.’

Pasquier prudently kept out of the net of the spider, and remained with his young wife in hiding. Their adventures during the months that followed alike illustrate the character of the time and show how humanity could get the better of passion and folly. They were hunted from place to place by Jacobin spies; and Pasquier only escaped from the hands of a revolutionary committee of one of the wards of Paris through the intercession of a surgeon of Le Mans, an attendant of the once powerful family, who was soon to figure as one of the most audacious of the commissioners of the Conventional armies. He was sheltered, also, on other occasions, at the peril of their lives, by kind-hearted peasants; and he contrived to make his way to the provinces of the north, where for some months he was comparatively safe. He was, however, arrested at last at Amiens, and was thrown with Madame Pasquier into the prison of St. Lazare, one of the most crowded dungeons of that frightful period. The Reign of Terror, though its close was at hand, was now in its most atrocious phase; the work of the guillotine was made easy and rapid by informers told off to invent charges of ‘aristocratic plots’ in the prisons; and these emissaries of murder revelled in their power.

‘Madame Pasquier and I were surrounded by relations and acquaintances, who did for us all the kind offices in their power. We were enjoying—as far as enjoyment was possible in such a situation—the pleasure of these proofs of interest and kind feeling, when one of my brothers-in-law, looking out of the window, remarked, “Ah! there is Pepin Desgrouettes on his beat; we must show ourselves; come along with us.” “Nay—why?” I was informed that he was the chief of the scoundrels whose abominable practices I have described; they are called “moutons,” the name in use in prison slang. Every afternoon he took a walk in the courtyard, and on these occasions he reviewed the flock he was to send in succession to the slaughter. It fared ill with anyone who seemed to keep aloof or to avoid his eye. The victim was at once marked down, and his place was assigned in the next death-roll.’

Thermidor brought these scenes of horror to an end, and Pasquier, with his wife, was released from bondage. This

volume scarcely alludes to the transformation of thought and feeling which passed over France at the sudden collapse of the tyranny of Robespierre, and the astonishing victories of the Republic; the reason, doubtless, was that Pasquier had no sympathy with the Talliens and Barras of the new régime, and had too many sorrows to feel the sense of gladness. His father had perished at Fouquier Tinville's bidding with the other magistrates of a noble order, illustrious, on the whole, in the history of France. The attitude of the victims at the bar of the Revolutionary Court sitting in the Halls of Justice, where they once presided, is thus described :—

‘ Their conscience, as magistrates, made them confident in the goodness of their cause. The instant they found themselves in the presence of a tribunal, they could not separate the ideas of justice and a judicial sentence. Notwithstanding all they had seen and known, they could not bring themselves to recognise as assassins men seated on the bench they had long occupied.’

Pasquier took no part in the social carnival which rioted in Paris after Thermidor. He lived with his wife at a village near St. Germain, and made the acquaintance of Madame Beauharnais. He gives this account of the household of Joséphine, and evidently did not think her good company for his wife; her antecedents, in fact, had been more than doubtful:—

‘ The domestic arrangements of Madame Beauharnais had a certain display of luxury, as is often the case with Crookes; there were superfluities and a want of necessities of life. Poultry, game, and rare fruits filled the kitchen—it was a time of extreme dearth—but with all this there was a deficiency of saucepans, of glasses, and of plates, and these were borrowed from our humble ménage. Our relations were limited to these neighbourly offices, though Madame Pasquier had known Madame Beauharnais before the Revolution.’

Pasquier bore arms, it would appear, against the Convention in the Revolt of the Sections. His account of the 13th Vendémiaire is altogether different from that of other more formal historians; he says that the force of the Sections was 60,000 strong, and that of the Convention only 3,000 or 4,000; and, what is much more important, that the French army was by no means on the side of the Government. We may possibly see in these facts, if true, a reason for the hesitation of Bonaparte to accept his command :—

‘ During the entire morning of the 13th, the Convention, surrounded by 60,000 Parisian bayonets, reigned only in the château and the gardens of the Tuileries. Divisions were in its midst, and we had

partisans among its members, in a minority indeed, but of great value to us. It disposed of 3,000 or 4,000 men only, commanded, no doubt, by General Bonaparte; but behind these, let no one think it, the French army was not ranged.'

After the triumph of the Convention Pasquier kept aloof from the Directory, and spent little time in Paris. He did not see the *coup d'état* of Fructidor, but justly remarks that the philosophic clique which played into the hands of the Government had not the practical sense of Talleyrand and the men directed by Augereau and even by Hoche. Pasquier during this period lived much *en province*, and, like most of his order, felt the prying tyranny of the incapable Junta which held the reins of power. His ancestral lands had been taken from him, and he was threatened with deportation, and placed in danger by the iniquitous laws aimed at the wealthy and noble classes. In this state of things he welcomed the rise of Bonaparte, like a star on a sea of troubles; and he rejoiced at Campo Formio without a thought of the iniquities that had led to the fall of Venice. He confirms the story that the Directors harboured designs against the life of Napoleon on the return of the victorious chief from Italy; the charge was repeated at St. Helena, and, if not probable, it is far from incredible. Pasquier asserts that the expedition to Egypt was not popular at any time in France; it provoked ridicule at first, and then consternation; and, contradicting every other writer, he maintains that the return of Bonaparte was not desired or welcomed:—

'Many people, apparently from a wish to magnify their hero, have laboured to represent him as eagerly wished for, and sought with impatience. In my judgement, they have not told the truth, and have not produced the effect they aimed at. Bonaparte, to my mind, showed more proof of greatness in arriving unexpected, and not looked after, in braving the mischances of a return that seemed a flight, in triumphing over the adverse opinions this return created, and in gaining supreme power within less than a month.'

Pasquier's account of the 18th Brumaire, and of the establishment of the Consular Government, adds nothing to what is already known. He does justice to the dexterity and craft of Bonaparte:—

'His conduct after his return to Paris was a marvel of ability. In the first place, he contrived to keep all parties in a state of such uncertainty as to his projects that, though something great was expected, it was kept in the dark to the last moment. Then he employed the art which he repeatedly employed afterwards, and which no one could employ so well; he made people of the most opposite opinions combine to

further his ends. . . . The first steps of Bonaparte (when First Consul) were admirable, by reason of the forethought, the sagacity, and the skill they gave proof of. He began with what was indispensable, and laid down the landmarks that indicated the road, and made it safe.'

We must pass over Pasquier's rapid sketch of Marengo, of the events that led to Lunéville and Amiens, and of the settlement of France by the First Consul. It was the bright prime of the rule of Napoleon; history mournfully exclaims, 'O si sic omnia,' as she looks from 1800-1 to 1810-15. Of all the noble reforms of the Consular era, Pasquier thought the Concordat the most beneficent:—

'I was present at the ceremony when the Concordat was proclaimed at Notre-Dame. Bonaparte never, to my mind, was greater than on that day. It was the most brilliant victory that could be won from the Genius of the Revolution, and all those which succeeded it were, without a single exception, the consequences of this one. The delight of the immense majority of Frenchmen imposed silence on the discontented, even on the boldest of them. A multitude of people, who, before the success of the experiment, feared to disclose their real feelings, concealed them no longer; and it became evident that Bonaparte had read the hearts of men better than all those around him.'

There was much opposition to the Concordat, especially in the case of the theorists of 1789; but it is not generally known that the ill will it provoked in the army was so intense that a military plot was formed against the First Consul's life. Pasquier asserts that Moreau, and even Lecourbe, were, at least, consenting to this design; and the conspiracy of the old army of the Sambre and Meuse, of which Marbot has left an account, was possibly a ramification of the same evil root. Napoleon's hold on power was still insecure; and, in fact, he narrowly escaped death at the hands of Cadoudal's band through the infernal machine. The instability, however, of the Consular throne, and even of the double peace of 1801-2, was not perceived by the keenest observers amidst the blaze of the military glory of France, and of her astonishing rise out of weakness and anarchy. The external aspect of the country presented a contrast in 1799 and 1803 of the most wonderful kind:—

'It is impossible for those who were not eye-witnesses, before and after the 18th Brumaire, to conceive what devastation the Revolution wrought. To all the incidents of ruin which were due to acts of violence should be added those caused by sheer neglect during a period of nearly ten years. For instance, two or three of the great roads only were passable. There was, perhaps, not one which did not present points dangerous to travellers. As for intermediate communications, the greatest number of these were completely broken up. Navigation

had become impossible in rivers and canals. In every province the edifices dedicated to the public service, and the monuments which constitute the splendour of the State, were falling into ruin. It must be acknowledged that, if the work of destruction had been prodigiously rapid, that of restoration was not less so. Everything was undertaken at the same time, and was quickly executed. Not only was all that was needed for the requirements of the public restored throughout France, noble and most useful erections were designed, and, in many instances, were completed. 'This was unquestionably one of the most brilliant sides of the Consular and Imperial régime.'

Like most Frenchmen, Pasquier is unjust to England in his comments on the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. His ignorance of the real state of foreign affairs, and especially of the spirit and power of this country, is conspicuous, also, in his absurd boast that the landing of 40,000 Frenchmen on the shores of Kent or Sussex would have subdued this island. Napoleon himself thought quite otherwise. He never believed that even his whole army, 160,000 strong, would have brought England under the yoke of conquest; he reckoned on the sudden fall of a Tory Government, and the establishment of a Democratic Republic in its stead, to be directed at the bidding of France, like her Cisalpine and Batavian satellites—chimeras, indeed, but not the less significant. Pasquier, too, ought not to have repeated the falsehood, refuted by ample proof at the time, that British statesmen connived at attempts against Napoleon's life; they had emissaries to stir up discontent in France, as he had emissaries to provoke a rising in Ireland, but the taint of blood never stained their hands. The following should not have been published :—

'It was, doubtless, the prospect of this immense danger which caused the British Ministry to give assistance, by all means in its power, to the attacks directed against the person of its formidable adversary. England thought herself justified in dealing with Bonaparte in a way she would have blushed to pursue in the case of the sovereign of Prussia or of Austria. She placed him, so to speak, out of the pale of right and law. It was a dangerous example to set to a man possessing enormous power, and known not to be scrupulous.'

The restoration of order in France, and the marked favour shown by the First Consul to the men of the old régime, and even to émigrés, had caused the remains of the noblesse to feel strong sympathy with the head of the State. Pasquier had settled in Paris, and saw with delight how the life of the Faubourg was renewed, and began its round of pleasure again; and, with others of his order, he looked

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forward to office under the Consular Government. These aspirations were rudely dashed by the terrible fate of the Duc d'Enghien, which recalled for a time the evil days of the Terror, and caused widespread indignation and alarm. We commented at length,\* some years ago, on the incidents of the tragedy of Vincennes, and in glancing at the subject shall now confine ourselves to Pasquier's narrative and the conclusions he formed. He examined the whole case with no ordinary care, and fully confirms, we regret to say, M. Welschinger's charges against Talleyrand—charges, we must add, which Talleyrand's *Memoirs*, in our judgement, do not in the least confute. From first to last Talleyrand, who in these years feared and hated the Bourbons, we cannot forget, urged Napoleon to perpetrate the deed of blood, Lebrun and Cambacérès faintly resisting:—

'Talleyrand's advice was to employ extreme measures against the Prince. M. Lebrun, the Third Consul, thought it enough to remark that the event would cause a terrible noise in the world. M. de Cambacérès entreated that nothing more should be done than to keep the Duc as a hostage for the safety of the First Consul.'

Talleyrand, too, there is much reason to believe, precipitated the mock trial and the execution at night—one of the foulest of judicial murders:—

'The Duc de Rovigo asserted that M. de Talleyrand, who had caused the arrest and the accusation of the Prince more than anyone else, was eager, above all things, for his condemnation and execution. He feared, up to the last moment, that the First Consul would relent, and was apprehensive of the influence of advice opposed to his own, and backed by the entreaties of Josephine; so, persisting in his intention to make Bonaparte and the Bourbons irreconcilable, he not only persuaded him to permit of no delay in the sentence and its execution, but extorted from him the orders sent to Mura.'

Talleyrand knew beforehand of the doom of the victim:—

'On the day of the arrest there was a ball at the Hôtel de Luynes. M. de Talleyrand was a guest. Someone asked him in a low tone of voice, "What will we do with the Duc d'Enghien?" He replied, "He will be shot."

Nor did Talleyrand feel compunction for the crime:—

'When he saw the indignation to be read in the eyes of M. d'Hauterive, "What is the matter?" he said; "your eyes are staring out of your head." "What is the matter?" retorted M. d'Hauterive; "it should be the same with you if you have read the '*Moniteur*.' What a frightful thing!" "Well, well," answered M. de Talleyrand, "are you crazy?

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\* '*Edinburgh Review*,' April 1889.

Why should all this fuss be made? A conspirator is seized on the verge of the frontier, he is brought to Paris, and is shot—is that extraordinary? ”

Réal, who arrived at Vincennes after the death of the Duc, charged, it is alleged, by the First Consul expressly to interrogate the prisoner and to make a report, asserted that Talleyrand took care that the lips of the victim should be sealed, being afraid of ugly revelations against himself. This story, if correct, is full of significance:—

‘M. Réal, always ready to find a conspiracy in everything, was disposed seriously to believe that great efforts were made to prevent him entering into an inquiry from which he might have obtained information prejudicial to many, and even to powerful, people; and since he cordially detested M. de Talleyrand, being an old friend and creature of Fouché, he was inclined to suspect that M. de Talleyrand had done some treasonable act, that he had been in communication with the conspirators, and that all this might have come out had the Prince been examined. According to M. Réal, it was likely enough that, to avert this danger, M. de Talleyrand contributed by his counsels, and some underhand manœuvring, to accelerate the catastrophe.’

On the whole, little doubt can exist that Talleyrand was a chief instigator of the crime from beginning to end; and Napoleon repeatedly and publicly threw the blame on him. It may be, however, that in this matter he played a double part, as Fouché often did; and that he secretly tried to save the Duc, while he egged on his master to shed innocent blood. Pasquier gives us the following for what it may be worth; but it really may be the unexplained reason why not only Louis XVIII. and the Comte d’Artois, but even D’Enghien’s parents, called Talleyrand a friend:—

‘If we are to believe M. d’Hauterive, M. de Talleyrand gave the Duc de Bourbon evidence, satisfactory to the Duc, which clearly showed that, as soon as the arrest of the Duc d’Enghien had been decided, he sent a courier to Madame de Rohan to inform her of the fact, and to supply her with the means of saving the Prince. The courier was delayed by an accident, or by illness, at Strasburg, and arrived too late. This having been shown, the Duc de Bourbon, according to M. d’Hauterive, restored M. de Talleyrand to his good graces.’

As for the share of the First Consul in this deed of wickedness, his correspondence and his will leave no doubt on the subject. He had resolved to mark down and destroy a Bourbon, in order to terrify the whole family; and he did not hesitate to seize the Duc in a neutral country, to arrest him upon an obsolete charge, and to do him to death without scruple or pity. Undoubtedly the fear of assassination

was on him, a fear that has shattered nerves of iron:—‘I have it from M. Cambacérès that M. Regnier had, on several occasions, made the First Consul thoroughly alarmed.’

This plea, however, is of little avail; Napoleon had time to examine the facts, and to read the evidence against the Duc, evidence inconsistent with murderous guilt, and he arranged the charge, the trial, and the sentence himself, and sent his victim to his doom for reasons of State, as he deliberately asserted in his last moments. It is probable that he despatched Réal to Vincennes, with directions to obtain a confession from the Duc, or information that might serve his purpose; but assuredly he would not have spared Réal, or listened to the excuse that his agent was too late, had he intended to pardon his ill-fated prisoner. Pasquier was told the following by M. Rémusat; if the tale be true, it proves that Napoleon had made up his mind hours before the trial, and for ourselves we are convinced of this:—

‘He shut himself up in his closet during the greater part of the day before the execution, and forbade everyone to enter it. His wife, however, made her way in, and - I have it from M. Rémusat, who on that occasion was on duty as chamberlain, and by whose means she almost forced the door open - that an angry scene took place between her husband and her-self. The only answer he made to her supplication was “Go away, you are a child; you do not understand what affairs of State impose on one.” Nay, more, on awaking at five in the morning, he said to Madame Bonaparte at his side, “By this time the Duc d’Enghien will have ceased to live.” She cried aloud, shed tears, and was only told, “Try to go to sleep; you are a mere baby.”’

The policy of Napoleon for the moment triumphed; plots like those of Cadoudal were no more heard of; and, though more than one foreign Court made a protest, the death of the Duc d’Enghien led to the Empire. The restoration of monarchic government in France made, Pasquier tells us, a profound impression on the immense majority of the French people; it seemed to reconcile the Revolution with the past, and to secure the interests created in the new era on the basis of time-honoured traditions; and it was welcomed even in old Europe. The noble classes turned to Napoleon again, and when Austerlitz seemed to have set a seal to the supremacy of France, under an all-powerful sovereign, they thronged his Court and entered his service. Through the influence of Cambacérès, Pasquier obtained the office of *Maître des Requêtes* in the Council of State, an office somewhat resembling a Master in Chancery, but in a political not

a judicial sphere. Pasquier's feelings at this time were those of his order :—

‘I served the Imperial Government sincerely, loyally, and without a reservation. The cause of the House of Bourbon was that of misfortune, and I had been pledged to it; I was associated with it by birth, by my convictions, by the sacrifices of the past; I continued to feel deep sympathy with it, but I recognised that if this cause should triumph it would be at a distant future, and owing to events that could not be foreseen.’

When Pasquier entered the Council of State, Napoleon had become the lord of the Continent, and the all-controlling master of France. The Constitution of the year VIII. existed in name, but it had been made the mask and instrument of arbitrary force; though, like Cæsar and Cromwell, the Emperor veiled his omnipotence in the dead forms of liberty :—

‘Napoleon had secured absolute authority by gaining over one party, by deluding others, and by subjugating all through his unquestionable superiority. He retained the names consecrated by the Revolution, but he had skilfully destroyed part of its work; the promises it had made had proved void: and in spite of so many deceptions the nation, far from being dissatisfied, gave him every day new proofs of its confidence. Take, for example, the deliberative assemblies. The Senate and the Legislative Body, which had existed since the 18th Brumaire, kept their republican state; they had disposed of all things, everyone had bowed to their authority, but they had become the docile agencies of the powerful hand that directed them. A senatorial commission existed to maintain the liberty of the Press, but this had never been so in chains. There was another commission to protect individual liberty, but the State prisons were kept up; the number of their inmates, indeed, was not so large as has been generally supposed, but they were detained without trial by purely arbitrary orders. Of the inheritance transmitted by the Revolution, the new chief of the State protected and accepted one possession only with complete good faith: namely, the guarantees of private interests created by the Revolution.’

Pasquier's estimate of the extraordinary man who had gathered the Revolution into his master hands, had made it a tyranny of the sword on the Continent, and a scheme of gilded servitude in France, is that of the few impartial Frenchmen who survived to see him in the light of history; but it is not our purpose to dwell on it. One characteristic of Napoleon's rule, due in part to his peculiar creative genius, and in part to his isolation from 1789 to 1793, is brought out very well in these pages: the Emperor, unlike the ideologues he despised and the shallow politicians of the Revolution, saw that, if government in France was to be

secure, the present order of things must be blended with the past, and existing institutions must find support in the usages and traditions of centuries. The Consular and Imperial system was distinctly modelled on these principles:—

‘The occupant of the throne was too able not to understand that nothing that stands apart can long exist in this world. He sought for support everywhere, and that in old as well as in new France; he was not one of those who believed that ten centuries could be blotted out by the events of ten years.’

Pasquier gives us vivid and graphic sketches of the leading men around Napoleon’s throne. Lebrun and Cambacérés require little notice: the first was chiefly a skilful financier; the second a profound but timid jurist, who had been silent on the Mountain during the Reign of Terror, and who became the most artful satellite of despotic power. Fouché’s odious image is thus reproduced:—

‘Without a feeling of affection for anyone, false and perfidious beyond all comparison, capable of sacrificing the best friend of yesterday for the most paltry interest, possessing, in the highest degree, impudence if not dexterity in lying, light and superficial, often clever in repartee, and always imperturbably calm in manner and bearing, it cost him little to deceive those around him, and Bonaparte to begin with, though he did serve Bonaparte during the first part of his reign with a fidelity that appeared devoted.’

The portrait of Talleyrand is elaborate, and doubtless correct in some of its parts, but it is not complete or altogether truthful. Whatever were his faults, whatever his misdeeds, Talleyrand was, in no doubtful sense, a statesman; he laboured for peace with England in 1792-93; he repeatedly checked Napoleon’s insane ambition, extravagant views, and violent temper; his services to France in 1814 were priceless. History should set off these great and important merits against the time-serving meanness, the treacherous art, the acquiescence in acts of wrong, the readiness to give evil counsels, when these seemed to fall in with personal ends, the avarice, the corrupt tendencies, and especially the want of personal dignity which Pasquier makes his prominent qualities, to the exclusion almost of all others. This volume, indeed, to our surprise, is pervaded throughout by a tone of contempt of Talleyrand, and even of malicious scorn, perhaps because he was a renegade bishop—an unpardonable offence in the sight of a Catholic Royalist.

The Conseil d’Etat, when Pasquier was placed on its roll, had long been the most important body of the State, not excepting the nominally superior Senate. Under the Con-

stitution of the year VIII., its functions were to propose the laws to be laid before the Legislature and the Tribunal, and to superintend administration in its various branches; and, as the Legislature and Tribunal were little more than nullities, it had practically engrossed the legislative power in the State. It had been from the first a small body, composed of the ablest men of all parties; and it was this circumstance that enabled it to produce the celebrated Code that bears Napoleon's name—a task which a large assembly could not have performed. We commend the following to the multitude in the House of Commons which has been vainly trying within the last few months, though backed by a Minister who has become a tyrant, to unmake the Constitution of these realms, and have set up in its stead a monstrous abortion:—

‘Constitutions, like great bodies of law, have never been the creations of large aggregates of men. In modern and ancient times alike, where they have not been the result of usages and manners consecrated by centuries, they have emanated from a few who have imposed them on society. In my opinion, it would be impossible to obtain from the Corps Législatif constituted by Louis XVIII. the Code Civil given by Bonaparte to France.’

The Conseil d'Etat, in fact, was the best instrument of the Imperial system; Napoleon was often present at its deliberations, and played an important part in them, as we see in the ‘Discussions sur le Code Civil:’

‘It is due to him to acknowledge that he permitted complete liberty of debate, that every opinion was freely expressed, that he listened to what was said with attention and patience, and that he did not seem annoyed at hearing what probably was displeasing to him, even in matters in which he could hardly forego the exercise of despotic power.’

The control, too, not very well defined, over administration possessed by the Council enabled it in some measure to check the volition of despotism, and to supply the place of a legislature in a real sense. The check, however, was weak and inadequate:—

‘The Conseil d'Etat exercised a useful control over the acts of the Government, and especially supplied that which ought to have belonged to the Legislative Body; not that I pretend to say that it was able completely to supply the want of the salutary watchfulness of opinion, enlightened by the publicity of discussions and executive acts, but, in the absence of this check, things took place in this way. Excepting matters directly connected with international policy, especially with the policy of conquest, such as decrees relating to the Continental blockade and the non-payment of the debt of the State—with these exceptions, I

say, the ministers of the First Consul, or of the Emperor, hardly ever presented him an important decree for his signature without referring it to the section of the Council the functions of which were concerned with the matter in question.'

The Council, we should add, had a certain control over abuses of ministerial power, though this was often completely illusory, chiefly owing to the protection given to ministers and their agents by the law and its special tribunals. Pasquier probably makes too much of the good done by the Council in this respect; he cites several instances of frightful wrongs done by ministers, in which no redress was obtained:—

'Did angry protests against the acts of the Emperor's ministers, against the administration of his directors-general or of his préfets, reach his ear, these were referred to the Conseil d'Etat, and became subjects of inquiry in many cases of extreme rigour. This reference to the Conseil became a still more serious affair for ministers and administrators when it was thrown open to individuals through the institution of the Comité des Contentieux, independently of the references made by the Cabinet of the Emperor himself. The establishment of this Committee formed an epoch in the history of the Imperial Government.'

Cambacérès was President of the Council, a personage admirably fitted for the post. The Conseil d'Etat, it may be said, was on the whole the most useful of the bodies of the State; it did a great deal of important work; it gave excellent advice on many occasions; and it mitigated, if it could not restrain, despotism:—

'M. de Cambacérès possessed, in the highest degree, the talents required for this high office; he invariably conducted discussions without raising difficulties, and only intervened when it became necessary to do so—that too in the most admirable manner. He was not loquacious, for he never uttered a word to show himself off: but he proposed and summed up questions with a clearness which compelled even the least enlightened mind to perceive and understand them.'

Napoleon's career of universal conquest and empire, though already foreshadowed, was not determined until 1806. France had begun to feel alarm and misgivings:—

'France, no doubt, was proud of his victories, but she wished to reap the fruits, and the first of these in her eyes was peace; she wished this to be glorious, indeed, but durable. Moderation in success could alone secure this object, and French nature, essentially generous, believed in moderation. People were under the delusion that a potentate who had risen to such heights could not be devoid of the one quality necessary to secure his conquests.'

We may pass over Pasquier's account of Jena, of Eylau and Friedland, and of the intoxication of Tilsit. He is not well informed on the negotiations of 1806; he hardly understands the enormous mischief done to France by the Continental System; he does not dwell on the hollowness of the alliance with the Czar. He mentions, however, that this period—marked by extraordinary success in war and by the omnipotence of the Imperial Government—was that when Talleyrand began to doubt that the Empire would last. Personal feelings of jealousy and growing hatred concurred:—

‘I have since ascertained that M. de Talleyrand had been brought, in consequence of the battle of Eylau, to make serious reflection on the instability of an order of things founded wholly on a single life repeatedly exposed in the most perilous adventures. “What should we have done had he been killed; what shall we do if this happens any day?” he used to say to his chief confidant at that time, Duc Dalberg, and the conclusion then drawn was that Napoleon's brother Joseph should be declared his successor, and that an announcement should be made to Europe that France would enter at once and unreservedly within the frontier of the Rhine.’

Pasquier, meanwhile, had been occupied with a task which might have had the most important results. The Jews in the French Empire remained a peculiar people, largely shut out from the pale of the law; and they had irritated Napoleon by their skill in eluding the conscription and military duty, and had practised usury without stint or scruple. The Emperor, some time before he set out for Jena, appointed a commission of members of the Conseil d'Etat, charged to take evidence and to make reports on the legal position and status of the Jews, on the best method of bringing them to conform to the usages and laws of the Imperial system, and especially on their exactions and their obligations to the State. Pasquier was a colleague of Molé and Portalis, two of the most distinguished of the rising men of France—the career of Molé is well known—and, with the genius of organisation characteristic of him, Napoleon's object, there can scarcely be a doubt, was to make a kind of Concordat with the Jewish faith, and to attach the Jewish race throughout the world to himself:—

‘The policy of a conqueror had certainly inspired Bonaparte in this undertaking. Seeking, as he did, with the assistance of the most enlightened representatives of the Jewish name, the means of raising the Jews out of the abject condition which had been their lot for centuries, he probably said to himself that an act of such beneficence



would bind them to his fortunes, and that wherever they were to be found they would be auxiliaries to second his projects.'

The labours of the commission were by no means fruitless, though scarcely noticed by French historians. A synod of rabbis was assembled, and valuable information was procured on most of the subjects referred for inquiry. As the rabbis, however, did not possess authority to bind the Jewish people, Napoleon consented to convene a grand Sanhedrim of the race of Israel, a kind of ecumenical Jewish council, which was to pronounce upon the questions at issue, and to settle the relations of the Jews with the Empire. The Sanhedrim, composed of learned men and sages collected from every part of Christendom, actually met in Paris in the spring of 1807, and it seemed for a time probable that an alliance between the children of the nation scattered by Titus and the crowned master of revolutionary France would become ere long an accomplished fact. Napoleon, however, had been displeased at the conduct of the Jews in Poland and Germany; he dissolved the Sanhedrim before Friedland was fought, and he never recurred to his Jewish policy amidst the engrossing toils of the later years of his reign. Pasquier and his colleagues, however, did some useful work. Molé, it may be observed, was much less liberal than the other members of the commission:—

'We succeeded, nevertheless, in obtaining the sanction of law, without alteration, to the arrangements which we had with difficulty secured the adoption of, for the organisation of the Jewish religion, and for its internal regulation throughout the French Empire and the kingdom of Italy.'

The events that led to the invasion of Spain are briefly described in this volume, but Pasquier has added nothing to what is already known. He insists that Talleyrand was the chief adviser of this iniquitous and disastrous enterprise, and Talleyrand's *Memoirs* really confirm this view. Napoleon, over and over again, has said the same thing:—

'Talleyrand from this time forward no doubt employed in the Imperial presence a line of argument which he loved to pursue, for I have often heard him dwell on it. "The crown of Spain has belonged since Louis XIV. to the family reigning in France, and it cannot be a subject of regret that the succession of Philip V. cost blood and treasure, for it has secured the preponderance of France in Europe. It is one of the finest parts of the inheritance of the Great King, and the Emperor must make the entire of this inheritance his own, he must not give up a fraction of it."'

Pasquier, too, declares that Talleyrand played false with Napoleon in the celebrated negotiations that took place at Erfurt, and, not to speak of the revelations of Vitrolles,\* this can be collected also from Talleyrand's *Memoirs*. The additional charge of corruption is made by Pasquier :—

‘Talleyrand was desirous, above all things, I have said so already, to become again necessary and indispensable, and for this purpose it was expedient that every means of resistance to the projects of invasion and to the ideas of domination in Germany entertained by his master should not be overcome. Besides, M. de Talleyrand served his turn in a most advantageous way in his dealings with Austria; the treaties that paid him best were those he negotiated with that Power; he owed to them the greatest part of his fortune, for the Cabinet of Vienna knew, as well as any other, how to make the sacrifices required.’

This volume scarcely alludes to the invasion of Spain, conducted by Napoleon in person, after Vimero and the disaster of Baylen. The return of the Emperor to France, after the pursuit of Moore, was due not only to Austrian armaments, but to the intrigues of secret enemies at home, who distracted and wished to subvert his government. Thiers, like almost every other historian, passes lightly over these underhand plots; but they were, perhaps, more formidable than has been commonly supposed. Fouché and Talleyrand, hostile to each other for years, had become reconciled for a common object; and Pasquier asserts that they had made overtures to Murat to fill Napoleon's throne, should the Emperor's life be cut short in Spain—an event considered likely to happen :—

‘The two new friends cast their eyes on Murat, who had just been made King of Naples, and whose silly vanity had not been satisfied by this lofty promotion, for he had reckoned on obtaining the throne of Spain, the only one which he thought he should occupy, and to which he conceived he had a title after his energetic conduct at Madrid during the proceedings at Bayonne. . . . As to Madame Murat, the sister of the Emperor, her ambition was so extravagant that she could be brought to accept anything. This she sufficiently proved at a later period.’

The sudden return of Napoleon put an end to these schemes; the vials of Imperial wrath were discharged on Talleyrand, who was summarily dismissed from his high place at Court. Thiers tones down the violence of the Emperor's language; Pasquier gives it in its more genuine crudeness :—

‘You are a thief, a coward, a faithless creature—you do not believe in

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\* See ‘*Edinburgh Review*,’ July 1884.

God. All your life you have set your duty at nought, have deceived and betrayed everyone; nothing is sacred for you: you would sell your own father. I have lavished benefits on you, but you would do anything to annoy me. During the last ten months you have had the impudence to give people to understand that you have always condemned my policy as regards Spain, because, rightly or wrongly, you had taken it into your head that my affairs there were in a bad way, and yet it was you who gave me the first suggestion, you who steadily pushed me onward. And as for that unhappy man (the Duc d'Enghien), who gave me information of the spot where he was living? Who urged me to take vengeance on him? What are your plots? What do you want? What do you expect? Speak out if you dare! You deserve to be broken like a piece of glass; you deserve it, but I despise you too heartily to take the trouble.'

Talleyrand probably never forgave this outrage, white-livered and supple courtier as he was; but he remained one of the leading men of the Empire, and repeatedly gave Napoleon advice on the most difficult questions of policy. It must be added—a proof of his treacherous nature, one of the most odious vices of the revolutionary age—that he had been congratulating Napoleon a few weeks before on the success of his triumphant advance on Madrid:—

'Napoleon had no reason to suspect Talleyrand's change of conduct, for there was nothing in the correspondence between M. de Talleyrand and himself which could induce him to foresee it; the letters contain no indication of blame or even of warning. So far from that being the case, I have lately seen—I speak of 1829—a letter of M. de Talleyrand, written after the news of the affair of the Somo Sierra Pass, and probably received by Napoleon on his arrival at Madrid; the letter was full of felicitous anticipation, and expressed a conviction that the approaching entry of the Emperor into the capital of Spain would, after so many brilliant victories, cause the Spaniards to lay down their arms, and secure the establishment of the Napoleonic dynasty on the throne of Spain.'

We need not follow the campaign of Essling and Wagram, the last, and a doubtful, triumph of the now declining Empire. Nor shall we dwell on the divorce of Joséphine, or on the deliberations of the Imperial Council convened to examine the grave question of the future consort of the lord of the Continent. Talleyrand was present at it, disgraced as he had been, and spoke strongly in favour of Marie Louise. Pasquier describes the bearing of Joséphine on the last occasion when she held state at the Tuileries:—

'I shall never forget the last evening on which the devoted Empress did the honours of her Court. It was the day before the dissolution of her marriage was to be pronounced. There was a large assemblage;

supper, as usual, was served in the *Galerie de Diane* upon a great number of little tables. Joséphine was seated at the centre table, and men surrounded her, seeking the courteous bow she made to those with whom she was acquainted. I was for a few minutes near her, and I could not help being struck with the perfect propriety of her manner in the presence of the Court which still bore her homage, and yet could not but know it was for the last time—that in an hour or so she would descend from the throne, and would leave the palace not to enter it again. It is a gift of women only to overcome the difficulties of such a situation; but I question if another woman could be found that could emerge from it with such perfect grace and dignity; the attitude of Napoleon was not equal to that of his victim.’

During these events Pasquier had risen by degrees to a distinguished place in the *Conseil d’Etat*. He had been charged with more than one important mission, and he was made a kind of secretary to a committee, with Cambacérès at its head, to regulate the armorial bearings of the noblesse of the Empire. This new creation, as everyone knows, failed to establish an aristocracy in a real sense in France. This was inevitable from the nature of things; but it facilitated the establishment of the Chamber of Peers on the restoration of the Bourbon Monarchy. Napoleon, it appears, would not bestow coronets on the nobles on whom he had conferred titles:—

‘We had to prepare the forms and arrangements of the coats of arms. I only refer to this to mention a trait of singular littleness of mind in such a man as Napoleon. He would never permit that, according to European usage, the escutcheons should have the addition of coronets differing according to the degree of the titles. He seemed to think that there was a usurpation of his rights in the possession and use of these insignia. His susceptibility in this matter could never be overcome; and instead of coronets we had to adopt plumed crests, varying in the number of plumes from one to seven, according to the various titles.’

The following is characteristic of the rude wit of the Emperor in his address to women:—

‘Madame de Montmorency had been made a countess, and she asked to be a baroness only, the title which she bore in 1789, and which had always been preferred by the elder sons of the house of Montmorency, eager to maintain the designation of first barons of Christendom, that had been theirs from time immemorial. Napoleon steadily opposed her request, and alluding to instances of her light conduct in youth, “You are not,” he said, “good Christian enough to have a claim to this honour.”’

In 1810 Pasquier was made president of a commission appointed to examine the evils done to the old Dutch

Republic by the Continental system; it was now the brand-new kingdom of Louis Bonaparte. He gives an account, somewhat different from that of Thiers, of the negotiations with Labouchere, and the intrigues of Fouché as regards their proposals of peace with England; but this does not require our notice. He was struck with the obstinacy of King Louis in resisting the will of his all-powerful brother, and dwells on this characteristic of the House of Bonaparte, as well as on their curious Imperial instincts, a quality attested by many writers:—

‘The Bonapartes, it must be acknowledged, are of no ordinary type; their excellences and defects, their virtues and vices were not of the vulgar kind, and have distinctive features of their own. Their special peculiarity was obstinacy of will and inflexibility of resolve. . . . There was another striking feature in their natures. The moment any one of them had entered the course that led to the rank of sovereign, their most intimate friends never saw them give up for an instant their fixed purpose to reach the most elevated positions; they thought that that was their destiny. They had the instinct of greatness.’

Napoleon’s sisters are less known than his brothers; the following sketch is in the main accurate:—

‘The eldest of the three sisters has almost reigned in Tuscany, with the title of Grand Duchess: she made herself popular; this fortunate country owed to her a consideration not accorded to the other States annexed to France. Her memory is still held in esteem, notwithstanding the disorders of her private life, which were not sufficiently kept out of sight. The Princess Pauline, wife of Prince Borghese, was perhaps the most beautiful woman of the day; this was the one advantage she turned to account. . . . Caroline, wife of Murat, and Queen of Naples, was very like the Emperor. Though her charms were very seductive, she was not so lovely as Pauline; but, if as free from scruple as her sisters, she had much more respect for appearances; besides ambition was her master passion. . . . She was mad enough to imagine that her fortune could survive the catastrophe of that of Napoleon. In that extraordinary race, the most sacred obligations and the warmest affections were disregarded for the sake of the combinations of politics; nevertheless, they had all strong family feelings.’

Pasquier beheld the carnival of the Austrian marriage, the ‘abyss of flowers’ of Napoleon’s fortunes; and tells us how, in the enthusiasm of the hour, even Metternich nearly went supperless to bed:—

‘He seemed as if he had sadly made up his mind to do without his dinner when M. Regnaud invited him to take his chance with us. . . . He was in excellent spirits, and, as he was leaving the table, filled his glass, walked to a window overlooking the gallery that separated us from the crowds in the gardens, and drank to the health of “the King of Rome.”’

This volume scarcely alludes to the Peninsular War, the first decisive check in Napoleon's career, and fatal to the veteran Grand Army. Pasquier concurs in the verdict of the day on Masséna :—

‘ Not one (of the republican generals) conveyed to me so completely as Masséna did the nature of a man born for war, possessing its genius, and endowed with the qualities that assure a victory in the field.’

In 1810 Napoleon appointed Pasquier, with a graceful expression of Imperial confidence, to the office of Prefect of the Police of the capital—an important post of no easy duties. The administrative work of the Prefect was of the most singular kind; it was alike far-reaching and strangely limited; nothing resembling it has been seen in this country. Pasquier had a general superintendence and control over matters of strictly municipal right; for some time he had to look after the lighting of Paris, to take precautions against fire, to visit hospitals, penitentiaries, and the like; and the most arduous task was devolved on him of regulating the supply of bread for the city, a mischievous heritage of the Revolution. But his functions were crossed and thwarted in many ways by the officials of the commune of Paris, by the police of the Tuileries, by the gendarmes of the Garrison, by the secret emissaries of despotic power; and altogether his duties were extremely difficult and perplexing, even for the best trained official. He acquitted himself in this part very well, and especially received the thanks of the Emperor for lessening the venality and base corruption inevitably attaching to a bureau of this type. His paramount duty was, of course, shown by his title; and though Savary, one of the most reckless and unprincipled of Napoleon's agents, was his superior as Minister of Police, he contrived to mitigate in his administration, on more than one occasion, the excesses of the Imperial will. As Prefect of Police he witnessed the long quarrel, fought out for the most part in Paris, between Napoleon and Pius VII.; he describes the debates of the Episcopal Council, the opposition of the reluctant prelates, and the exhibitions of the Emperor's anger; but these scenes, illustrating as they did the conflict between material force in its highest development and spiritual power trusting to moral influence, and forming a most instructive page of history, have been fully delineated by many writers. Pasquier gives us this account of the fierce apostrophe of the incensed Emperor to Portalis, one of the most brilliant ornaments of the Conseil d'Etat :—

‘Having ascertained that M. Portalis was present, Napoleon asked him in the rudest manner of address, “how he dared appear in this hall, after having been guilty of high treason.” . . . “More shameful perfidy had never been witnessed; he had never, in the course of his life, had experience of such revolting treachery, and this in the case of a person who had enjoyed his peculiar confidence. He had not words to give utterance to his indignation.” I set forth in a few lines a philippic that occupied more than a quarter of an hour. As he went on his voice, his gesture, his countenance became terrific, and when all was over the bystanders were struck dumb and stupefied.’

Pasquier executed many of the arrests that followed. Bishops and noble ladies were sent off to Vincennes; but he performed an odious duty with clemency and good taste, and won golden opinions, even in the Imperial circle, for a respectful protest he addressed to Napoleon:—

‘I had performed, with firmness, a duty prescribed to me by my conscience, as well as by my private feelings. My position was made the better by this, not only in the Council, but among the members of the Government, and even among those who were about the Emperor. From this time it was recognised that the newly made Prefect of Police was a man courageous enough to speak the truth, and to defend what ought to be defended, even in circumstances of difficulty.’

Napoleon attained apparent success, at this conjuncture, in his struggle with the Pope. He terrified the Pontiff, and even the Council; extorted from Pius VII. the means of consecration for the vacant sees which had been the original cause of the dispute; and, finally, as is well known, obtained a surrender of the temporal power of Rome. His conduct, however, was not the less impolitic:—

‘He had restored the Catholic religion in France, the Church owed it to him that she had risen from ruin, and was eager to prove her allegiance. From the Pope to the humblest priests, all, with very few exceptions, accepted his dynasty without reserve; all believed that he could do more for them than anyone else. I am convinced that, had his conduct been less violent, he would easily have found a useful and powerful auxiliary in the religious world. He made a pretence to defend, and even to exaggerate, the liberties of the Gallican Church; and this pretension, like that of extending his Empire beyond all rational proportions, led to the same consequences. He ended in being unable to preserve for France her old boundaries, and he exposed us, almost without the means of defence, to the spirit of Ultramontanism, and to the inroads of Pontifical authority.’

The Empire, if throughout undermined, seemed at the height of its grandeur in 1811. It stretched from the Niemen to the Atlantic; it kept a subject Continent in awe; its military supremacy appeared unshaken; it had silenced

Rome and its sacerdotal thunders; it still gave France order and material greatness. Napoleon's addresses to his Senate, Pasquier remarks, breathed the spirit of overbearing and unreflecting pride, so often the prelude to the fall of despots:—

“I have given the Popes,” he said, with the most contemptuous irony, “palaces at Rome and in Paris;” if they have the interests of religion at heart, they will take up their abode in the centre of Christendom; St. Peter preferred Rome to the Holy Land. . . . When England shall have been exhausted, when she shall have felt, at last, the evils she has so cruelly spread over the Continent during the last twenty years, and when half of her families shall be in mourning, a thunderstroke shall put an end to the affairs of the Peninsula and to her armies, and Europe and Asia will be avenged after the termination of this second Punic War.”

The absence of Talleyrand at the Foreign Office—the only influence that restrained Napoleon—had at this conjuncture disastrous effects. Bassano, an abettor of the fatal policy of 1813, had become blind to facts and to the real interests of France:—

‘Instead of convincing me, the enthusiasm of the Duc de Bassano aroused my distrust; I perceived that his admiration perverted his judgement. The marriage of the Emperor with an Archduchess, especially since the birth of the King of Rome, had dazzled him; he would not admit that Napoleon could be exposed to any conceivable dangers.’

This volume contains very curious details respecting the provisioning of Paris with bread—one of the duties, we have seen, of the Prefect of Police. It had been made a charge against Louis XV. that he had traded in corn and starved the city; the popular cry of the ‘Pacte de Famine’ had been worse than that of the ‘Parc aux Cerfs,’ and Louis XVI. had been acclaimed as the ‘Baker’ when he had been removed from Versailles to the Tuileries. The National Assembly, much to its credit, had left the feeding of the capital to free commerce; but the Maximum of the Reign of Terror had followed; and Napoleon, imitating in this the Cæsars, had made it part of his system of government to give the Parisians not only pageants but bread. The winter of 1811, however, was one of dearth; the elaborate precautions which had been taken to enable bakers to sell at a regulated price, and to secure a supply of bread for the populace, had proved, to a considerable extent, a failure, and the neighbourhood of Paris especially was exposed to want. Napoleon, who had the despot's dislike of commercial as well as of



other liberty, and who deemed 'forestallers and regraters' thieves, convoked a special Council to examine this question; and arrangements of the most singular kind were made to provide an adequate supply of corn and flour, not only for Paris, but for the adjoining districts. The trade was taken out of the hands of merchants; the export of flour from Paris was strictly forbidden, after the delivery of a fixed amount to the neighbouring villages, and the holders of grain in the northern provinces were enjoined to send what they had to the markets at hand, and to sell it at a patriotic price:—

'The principal farmers, and possessors of grain in their departments, shall be assembled on Saturday, and shall meet as a jury to determine the quantity of corn or of flour which each can place on the market. They must sign a contract to provide the amount of wheat necessary to feed the department, and to send it to market. When this shall have been done, and when an account shall have been rendered of what they can supply, the Prefect will give them to understand that it would please the Emperor if they would undertake in no case to sell at a higher rate than 100 francs the sack.'

These measures, it is unnecessary to say, were abortive:—

'The dearth became severe; in some departments it was terrible. In Normandy, where troops of starving beggars marched through the country, a dangerous popular movement was set on foot; near Caen there were scenes of rising and pillage, and many mills were burnt; in such circumstances the blind fury of the multitude destroys what it is most important it should preserve. This rising was only put down after the arrival on the spot of a regiment of the Imperial Guard sent by post; the repression of it had been very severe; even women were not spared in the executions that followed.'

Ample evidence from many sources exists that Napoleon was perfectly aware beforehand of the enormous risks involved in the war with Russia.\* In an interview with Pasquier relating to the still pressing dearth, the Emperor let fall these significant words:—

'When I had done, he remained silent and walked from the window to the mantelpiece, his arms crossed behind his back, the attitude of a man in deep thought. I was following, when he turned quickly round and uttered these words: "Yes, what you say is true, it will be a difficulty the more; it will be an addition to the difficulties I shall encounter in the greatest and most arduous enterprise I ever undertook. But what has been begun must be carried out."'

But the campaign of Russia and its effect on France would lead us beyond our limits, and we must defer our notice of these events to our next number.

ART. II.—1. *The Economy of High Wages.* By J. SCHOENHOF. New York: 1892.

2. *Ueber das Verhältniss von Arbeitslohn und Arbeitszeit zur Arbeitsleistung.* Von L. BRENTANO. Leipzig: 1893.

AMONG questions of the day a certain prominence is given by general agreement to those which are concerned with the wages of labour. True, this is no new fact. The position and prospects of the working class have formed the subject of treatises innumerable any time during the last hundred years. The economist has been busy with them, sometimes confining himself to facts observed and recorded, seeking their explanation, marking connexions between them, weaving hypothesis after hypothesis as to their relations, until he can claim to have discovered the laws according to which they rise and fall; sometimes, again, starting with broad general assumptions, and arguing from them independently of the facts, or, at most, seeking in the facts an illustration of their truth; and so he has sometimes elucidated great masses of unintelligible material, and sometimes, it must be owned, has but added to the confusion, and led men further from the road by which truth could be reached. The philanthropist, looking with a single, if somewhat unscientific, eye at the good of his fellow-men, is always seeking to raise wages. If he be carried away by that 'wild passion for action' which is his besetting sin, he attempts to effect his purpose by panaceas which are fantastic and doomed to failure; if his head work together with his heart, he chooses methods which are less showy to the eye, but the good results of which are long-lived in proportion. Living as he does in a state of war against the misery around him, he sees its origin in low wages. Earnestly desiring that all should have the chance, not merely of living, but of making the best of themselves and of their lives, the great obstacle to the realisation of his wishes and hopes is found in the fact that the earnings of a large part of the working-population are incompatible with any such ideal. And lastly, the statesman, who combines the zeal of the philanthropist with the carefulness of the economist, who is being constantly prompted to legislative action by the one and held back from it by the other, who has to consider the welfare not merely of a class, but of the whole community—the statesman cannot but watch with anxious eyes the results of experience and the course of discussion. The interests

involved are so great, the effects of a mistake on his part so widespread, and the history of the past so thickly strewn with the bones of dead projects, that it behoves him to walk warily and to plant his feet with circumspection. Add to all this the fact that the general public is every day taking a larger and a larger share in the settlement of questions between employer and employed. It subscribes to strike-funds, it tolerates public demonstrations which are a public nuisance, it demands a rate of wages which shall satisfy its moral sense, it is firmly impressed with the notion that there is a 'fair wage,' and, vague as its conceptions of fairness often are, it is resolved that such a minimum wage at least shall be paid in all cases. Moreover, it is impatient of delay—it has caught the philanthropic fever, and is convinced that 'something must be done.'

It were difficult enough to devise any means of satisfying aspirations so various, and yet attempts are plentiful. Trade-unionism offers one solution of the problem, by enforcing a minimum standard of living for all workers. Co-operation proposes another, by organising production, wholly or in great part, in the interest of the community considered as consumers, and so eliminating the uncertainty gendered by speculation. Socialism, which is a more highly organised form of co-operation, and now counts its believers by thousands, has propounded a third, and bimetallism, it will no doubt be claimed by its supporters, yet a fourth. It might have seemed as though, in the face of this wealth of counsels, no more was needed than a struggle for existence among them, resulting in the survival of the fittest. But any such optimistic *laissez-faire* has been rudely disturbed by the progress of events. The last few years have brought into prominence a wholly new set of factors which no student or practical man can afford to overlook. To put it shortly, the question has become international. We have seen a keen competition in matters of production and exchange spring up between the various countries which comprise the civilised world. Nations which once were so widely separate as to make commercial relations between them wellnigh impossible, have been placed in immediate juxtaposition by the improvements in transport. A single example will suffice. Thanks to the triple and quadruple expansion engines now used in steamships, a pound of coal will do the work of three pounds a few years back. Such an improvement cannot fail to increase greatly the complexities of modern exchange. On all sides we hear such phrases as

'competition in neutral markets,' 'struggle for supremacy in trade,' 'commercial rivalry.' To the student of economic history, indeed, this is but the echo of old war-cries. He looks back, and he remembers the frantic struggles of the Middle Ages over the lucrative trade in spices; he recalls the commercial policy of the last century, with its mercantile theory and desperate attempts to secure the balance of trade; its colonial administration, which aimed at giving to the mother-country a monopoly of demand and supply; the lost causes and forsaken creeds for which wars were waged and nations perished. True, there is nothing new under the sun; questions take new forms, but the spirit is the same. To-day once more competition between individuals, with its characteristics of underselling, of cheapening production, of securing a market, has been transferred to a wider stage, and in its wake has come a wholly new group of arguments on the well-worn topic of labour and its reward. It is no longer sufficient to criticise proposals from the point of view of a single country and the classes composing it; we must scan a wider horizon. What will be the effect of changes in the rate of wages and the hours of labour upon the commercial fortunes of a country? How far will they strengthen and how far weaken her in the struggle with other countries? Will higher wages and shorter hours improve or damage her prospects in her efforts after commercial supremacy? May they not even endanger her commercial existence? The issues raised are far-reaching, and the interests involved are not merely economic. The actual state of things in a particular country, the relations of labour and capital, of profits and wages, of employer and employed, is a pattern made up of threads which stretch out of sight in every direction.

It was the hope of arriving at some practical solution of these questions that led the German Emperor to summon his Labour Conference at Berlin; and, unfruitful as that gathering proved, it is evidence of a general agreement that some solution is desirable. Meanwhile we have party politicians on either side of the Atlantic calling for legislation which assumes one solution in particular. The protective tariff of the United States is recommended to the working class of that country on the ground that it is the only means of defending them against the competition of the 'pauper labour' of Europe. It represents a policy which is dictated by the fear that American producers may be undersold by the products of labourers whose wages are far

smaller than their own. 'Exclude foreign goods, and you 'have at any rate a monopoly of the home market,' is the somewhat crude appeal of Mr. McKinley and his friends to the self-interest of the labourer. In our own country the same feeling finds expression in a growing demand for legislation restricting the immigration of labourers from abroad and their competition with our own. In both cases the major premiss is practically the same—viz. that low-paid labour can compete, and compete successfully, with that which is more highly paid. It will be our object to investigate the grounds on which this assumption is based in the light of the facts of modern industrial life. These facts are treated at length in the two works of which the names stand at the head of this article, and their writers deal with them from characteristically different points of view. Dr. Brentano writes as a German savant, who, in his professorial chair at Breslau and Leipzig, has handled economic theories to the admiration of all for more than a quarter of a century. Few writers have shown an equal capacity for grasping the general principles which underlie all economic facts; no one, perhaps, has succeeded better in analysing and expounding the circumstances of times and nations other than his own, or evinced a more scientific, yet sympathetic, understanding of the history and present state of the working class. We in England owe him no small debt of gratitude for the light which he has thrown on the history of combinations of labourers, whether in the form of mediæval guilds or of modern trade-unions. With Mr. Schoenhof the case is very different. He is in no sense academical; his time has been spent in going up and down Europe and America, now as a civil servant, now again on his own account, observing and classifying the facts of industry. If at times his zeal for Free-trade makes him find arguments against Protection which are scarcely perceptible to others, no one will deny him the merits of clear-sightedness and patience. His work is distinguished by incisiveness rather than by grasp or finish of style, but it leaves the impression of acuteness and thoroughness. Both our authors deal at length with the question of high wages and their relation to cost of production; both grapple with the problem, 'What constitutes 'cheap labour?' The bearing of the answer on the issues raised above will be obvious at a glance. If it can be shown that high wages, so far from increasing cost of production, really lessen it, then an improvement in the position of a nation's working class will go hand in hand with a growth

in its strength when it comes to compete with other nations. But if it be the case that high wages are incompatible with a cheap product, then all projects which aim at raising wages must be criticised in the light of the effect which they produce on the position of a country in international trade, and its chances in the commercial struggle for existence. In attempting to deal with these several points we shall avail ourselves of both the above-named works and the illustrations with which they abound.

Dr. Brentano does well to remind us, at the outset, of the great change which has passed over men's minds on this subject. Take up any of the older writers on economics, Petty, Temple, Child, and even Arthur Young in his earlier writings, and you find the opinion uniformly expressed that high wages mean small return to the employer. If it be true that want is the parent of work, the converse is also true that comfort begets idleness. Adam Smith notes the complaint, common in his day as in our own, that workmen are discontented, are everywhere stirring to improve their condition, and to attain to a higher standard of food, clothing, and housing. But, so far from drawing the conclusion that this rise has diminished industry, he lays it down that higher wages mean a greater amount of work done. Not merely, he says, does better living increase the strength and efficiency of the labourer, but the prospect of yet higher earnings and a yet better position is the sharpest spur which can be applied to his energy. Nor is his discontent to be taken very seriously, for the better his surroundings the more likely he is to acquiesce in existing institutions. Experience, moreover, he shows, favours this conclusion. Wages are higher in England than in Scotland, yet industry is greater; and the same variations are seen in the neighbourhood of large towns compared with country districts. Secondly, in years of plenty, when food is cheap, labourers are better fed, more robust, and less liable to sickness than in years of scarcity, and consequently their labour produces a greater result. The writings of Adam Smith brought about a great revulsion of feeling on this as on other subjects. The axiom that low wages mean cheap work disappears henceforth from the writings of English economists. When we pass to the present century we find McCulloch and Senior attacking it as a popular error. Does experience, asks the former, show the Irish, the Poles, and the Hindoos, whose wages are uniformly small, to be more industrious than the highly paid Englishman, Dutchman, or American? The cost of

production, says the latter, in France, where wages are low, is far greater than in England, where they are high, if you compare the same industry in the two countries, whilst the amount of capital required for the same amount of production is greater in France than in England, because more labourers are needed and larger buildings and more superintendence. Wages in Ireland are a third only of wages in England, and the work done is in the same proportion. These conclusions are borne out in a striking manner by the experience of the late Mr. Brassey, who found, as a result of his manifold undertakings in all parts of the world, that the cost of unskilled labour, at any rate, was everywhere the same; the actual payments might be higher in one place than in another, but what was saved in wages was lost in efficiency. In Elsass he noticed that the printing-houses imported from England materials which England, with its high rate of wages, could supply more cheaply than they could be produced on the spot, where wages were low. Foreign writers are almost unanimous in endorsing these views. The Berlin labourer does as much in ten days, says Hofmann, as the East Prussian in twenty-seven. The Mecklenburger, adds Roscher, nearly twice as much in a given time as the Thuringian, and their earnings are in the same proportion. Similar observations are reported by Chevalier from France. The same results were reached by two Commissions appointed to investigate the causes of the depression in trade which ruled from 1873 onwards. The English Commission of 1885 heard a variety of evidence on the subject of high wages and their effects. No one point was more laboured by certain witnesses than that the high wages earned by English artisans were the cause of English depression, and that the blame of decreasing trade lay at the door of the various organisations which had sprung into life with the avowed object of raising wages. Yet the judgement of the commissioners is unanimous and clear, that the state of trade and industry cannot with justice be attributed to any such causes. A German Commission, appointed in 1879 to investigate more particularly the depression in the iron industry of that country, gave expression to the same opinions. The rise in wages, in their judgement, had been accompanied by a decrease in the numbers employed, but there was no falling off in the amount of the product, and they reach the general conclusion that any rise in wages, which is justified by the circumstances, raises the efficiency and the *morale* of the wage-earners. In a word, high wages, whether in

England or Germany, did not necessarily mean dear labour. It is interesting and important to follow the chronology a little more closely. Lord Brassey's work, in which the results of his father's experience were formulated and published, appeared in 1872. Now in 1873, the very next year, a depression in trade brought about something of a reaction in public opinion which began to declare itself against the teaching of Adam Smith. In 1876 the Minister of Trade in Prussia writes to the managers of State mines that the high wages paid are producing no equivalent return. The position thus taken up was immediately assailed by the economist Nasse, who showed conclusively that the opposite was the truth. In the great majority of the mines the output had increased at least *pari passu* with the increase of earnings, and wherever this had not been the case special circumstances were present to explain the exception. In one case it was the necessity of sinking deeper shafts; in another the machinery employed was old-fashioned and worn out; in a third the want of hands had led to the engagement of unskilled labourers. Conversely, he showed that in the district of Dortmund, where wages had been reduced, a reduction in the output had followed.

Similarly we must notice for a moment, before we pass on, the history of a question intimately bound up with the foregoing—viz. the hours of labour. It is impossible to omit all reference to it in considering the cost of labour, and, indeed, it is indifferent for the purposes of our argument whether higher wages are paid for the same number of hours' work, or the same wages for a shorter day. The struggle over the duration of the working day practically began with the introduction of machinery at the end of the last and beginning of the present century. The investment of capital in this particular form stimulated its owner to efforts at securing the greatest return in the shortest time, and the best way to reach this end seemed to be in an increase of the hours of labour. The day's work in factories was stretched to nineteen or twenty hours, the employment of women and children was made possible by the substitution of mechanical for physical force, and the argument ran that any one moment of labour cost as much or as little as any other. It was the moral and physical effects of this doctrine when put into practice which brought about reform, but it was effected in the teeth of economists and practical men alike. Senior argued that the profits of the manufacturer were made in the last hour's work, and that a reduction of



hours would mean the ruin of manufacturers and the destruction of industry. Men differing so much among themselves as Mr. Joseph Hume, Dr. Bowring, Mr. Mark Phillips, Lord Ashburton, and Lord Brougham were agreed in resenting any State interference. On all sides gloomy predictions made themselves heard as to the future of English trade. Mr. Bright expressed his conviction that any legislation on the subject would be fatal to the best interests of the country, and in the long run impoverish the working class. Not a single economist raised his voice on the other side. Mill, in his enthusiasm for the doctrine that women should be treated exactly as men, wished to limit the protection of the law to children; and Bonamy Price, the typical conservative among economists, protested to the last against the principle contained in the Factory Acts. Well may Professor Marshall plead that the errors or excesses of economists should not be laid at the door of their science, any more than the cruelties of the Inquisition should be accepted as an argument against Christianity; and well, too, perhaps, may Dr. Brentano retort, on behalf of the economists, 'Save me from 'my friends!' Dickens, who in such matters had a keen eye for the real point at issue, hits off the position in good-natured ridicule of the opponents of the Factory Acts and the grounds of their opposition:—

'Surely there never was such fragile china ware as that of which the millers of Coketown were made. Handle them never so lightly, and they fell to pieces with such ease that you might suspect them of having been flawed before. They were ruined, when they were required to send labouring children to school; they were ruined, when inspectors were appointed to look into their works; they were ruined, when such inspectors considered it doubtful whether they were quite justified in chopping people up in their machinery; they were utterly undone, when it was hinted that perhaps they need not always make quite so much smoke. . . . Whenever a Coketowner felt he was ill-used—that is to say, whenever he was not left entirely alone, and it was proposed to hold him accountable for the consequences of any of his acts—he was sure to come out with the awful menace that he would "sooner pitch his property into the Atlantic." '\*

Where, then, are we to look for the causes which have brought about a change of opinion on the subject of long hours no less than of low wages? They are to be found in the hard facts of experience. Before legislation on the subject was even drafted certain manufacturers had made ex-

periment of shorter hours. The result had been to convince them that so little work was done in the last two hours of a twelve hours' day that a reduction to ten hours lowered the product, not by one-sixth, but by one-twelfth, and, further, that a large amount of raw material was wasted towards the close of a long day by wearied, and therefore careless, workmen. The enforcement by Parliament of a ten hours' day for women and children, and therefore by implication for adults, has justified their conclusions, and has been found compatible with a great increase of production. The consumption of raw cotton in England has increased threefold since 1850, and the value of exported cotton goods has increased proportionally. The argument which would connect higher wages and shorter hours with an increased product is strengthened by a comparison with British India. Indian wages are lower, and Indian hours are far longer, than English, and yet the cost of spinning cotton in India is greater than in England. Two circumstances, no doubt, combine to obscure this fact. The Indian spinner is nearer to his raw material, which is grown on the spot, and nearer also to his market—China. But the fact remains, and the proposal to extend the principle of the Factory Acts to the Bombay mills will intensify rather than weaken the competition with Lancashire. As it is, one of the indirect results of recent currency legislation has been to compel the Indian cotton-spinners to shorten their hours of labour, with a view to reduce the output, and it will be interesting to watch the effect on the cost of production. Some further observations and experiences illustrate the same truth. The Irish who emigrate to America and find work in factories are observed to break down under the strain of a few weeks' trial. It is only after a lengthy experience of American conditions of life that their stamina is sufficient to enable them to work side by side with Americans. The observations of a Manchester manufacturer in Saxony, England, and America have convinced him that short hours are the explanation of American superiority in production. Mr. Scott, a witness before the Commission on the depression of trade, was employed as a shipbuilder by the French Government, and he was struck by the small productiveness of French labour as compared with English. Careful consideration convinced him that it was due in part, if not wholly, to the length of the working day, and he found great improvement follow on the shortening of hours. The list of local experiences might be enlarged almost indefinitely. Massachusetts, New York,

Victoria in the New World, the mining interest in the North of England, the cotton-spinners of Muhlhausen and Switzerland, the corset-makers of Wurtemberg, the engine-makers of Sunderland, all add their voices to the chorus of agreement in the statement that shortened hours have resulted in greater production, and consequently have been to the gain of the employer as well as of the employed.

That high wages and short hours of labour may and do go hand in hand with a low cost of production is now regarded as an economic truth proved by experience. If the popular mind has not yet fully grasped this truth, the reason must be sought in a fallacy which underlies much popular reasoning on the subject—viz. the assumption that any one hour of production and the labour expended in it is as good as any other, whereas the labour should be taken strictly in connexion with its results before any comparison can be made. How erroneous is this assumption may be seen by a few examples, in which the rate of wages and the work of production are compared, as they are seen side by side or at different times in the same industry. The making of pig iron is a comparatively simple process, in the cost of which labour is the principal item. Now, in the ironworks of Alabama wages are two-thirds only of those in Pittsburg, and yet the cost of production per ton is nearly the same in both places; for in the Southern State a greater number of labourers must be employed to produce a given result. In the coal mines of Prussia the average annual earnings of a labourer may be put at 45*l.*, in Pennsylvania they are 67*l.*, yet the cost of labour per ton varies inversely, being in Pennsylvania not much more than two-thirds of the cost in Prussia. The explanation is to be found in the fact that the annual output per head in Prussia is 256½ tons, whereas in Pennsylvania it is 560 tons. In the making of nails the differences are enormous. The nail-making districts of England, the state of which as set out by the Lords' Committee on Sweating comes as a revelation to many people, show an average wage of about 12*s.* a week. The American nailer earns upwards of 1*l.* a day, and yet American nails are but half the price of English. Here again we find the explanation in the fact that the American turns out two and a half tons whilst his English rival is making two cwt. In the chemical works on the banks of the Tyne, which employ some 19,000 labourers, wages increased 37½ per cent., whilst the price of the products fell 40 per cent. Take again the American manufacture of flint-glass. Here a fall of some 70

or 80 per cent. in the price of tumblers, lamp-shades, bowls, &c., has not been found incompatible with a rise in wages of 70 or 100 per cent. and a considerable shortening of hours. In the French wool manufacture wages have risen from 1*l.* 50*c.* a day in 1816 to 5*l.*, but the cost of weaving a metre of cloth has gone from 16*f.* to 1*l.* 45*c.* in the same time. Lastly, in the Illinois Central Railway the cost per mile run of a locomotive has been reduced by one-half in the last thirty-five years. Yet the wages of engine-drivers and firemen are half as much again as at the earlier date.

If we pause at this point to ask what are the reasons for these differences, and how it comes about that low wages are compatible with a high cost of production, and *vice versa*, we are thrown back upon the infinite variations in the efficiency of labour in different places and at different times. But these variations themselves may be traced to a comparatively small number of causes. In the first place, much will depend upon the standard of living attained by the working class of any given country or time, including under this head the total amount of necessaries which the ordinary labourer can command, and interpreting necessaries to mean those things which go to increase his strength, his vigour, his physical fitness. *Ceteris paribus*; in proportion as the labourer is well fed, well clothed, well housed, so will be the value of his labour, and his wages, therefore, may be regarded as an investment by his employer, which will bring in a greater or a smaller return as they are on a liberal or a niggardly scale. On this point wide differences may be noted, and Mr. Schoenhof has collected, in the course of his travels, a great deal of evidence. Here, for instance, is his description of the manner of life common at Crefeld, where the weavers earn some 10*s.* a week:—

‘I came to one of these weavers at dinner-time. They were husband and wife, two children, and a baby on the breast. Their dinner consisted of soup and sourcrout, sausage and bread. Under a plentiful supply this might be considered a fair meal. But the soup was water with milk. I could not detect a trace of fat even on the soup, though an evidence of it would have shown on the soup in the plates. The children, however, seemed to relish it. Remarking on the character of their soup, and on my question what else the dinner consisted in, the wife lifted the cover off the pot on the stove in which I saw sourcrout enough to fill a soup-plate not over full, and one little sausage of the size of a Frankfurt. Low as this fare is, and little strength as it can impart to the people who are raised, live, work, and die under it, it is by no means the lowest which supports the life of the working classes of this and other districts of Germany. In the Eastern pro-

vinces, Silesia for instance, the sausage, even, is not an everyday occurrence.\*

And yet these people have to work 12 hours a day before they can command even as much as this! Can we wonder that they are pallid, emaciated, undersized, and bloodless, or resist the conclusion that better-fed labour would produce more valuable results, and be, in the long run, more economical? The Greeks expressed the same idea in their own way when they dwelt upon the high dietary standard enjoyed by Heracles, 'the cheery worker,' whose story embodies so many traditions of natural obstacles overcome by efficient labour. Compare, again, the command of necessities possessed by a working-man at two periods of history in our own country. A hundred years back, Sir F. Eden tells us, a family of three persons earned between them 12s. 6d., to which the parish added 1s. 6d., making a total of 14s. a week. This was spent as follows:—Bread, 12 loaves at 11d., cost 11s.; butter, 3 lbs., sold cheap by the employer, cost 1s. 6d.; clothing and other expenses, the remaining 1s. 6d. Rent had ceased to be demanded for their cottage, or the parish allowance must have been greater. In the family of a weaver at Kendal things were a little better. The man, his wife, and seven children earned in all 20s. a week, of which 14s. were spent in provisions, with the result that the daily consumption of nine persons comprised 7 lbs. of bread,  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. of meat, 1 quart of milk, 5 or 6 lbs. of potatoes. At the present day, a potter at Hanley, with a wife and three children, earning a total of 36s. weekly, spends on food 15s. 7d.; on other things, as rent, taxes, fuel, clothing, 14s. 2d.; and has a balance over of 6s. 3d.; whilst, shilling for shilling, his money gives him a greater quantity and a greater variety of food. Meat has practically been added to the dietary, tea and sugar are necessities now, instead of being luxuries as formerly, his clothing is warmer, his furniture more sufficient, and the result is to give a finer specimen of humanity, stronger, more active, more enduring, and therefore, which is the important point for our argument, more productive. It is not too much to say that the German labourer's standard of comfort is no higher to-day than was the Englishman's a hundred years ago, and here we must look for the explanation of his low wages, and of the difficulty which his employer finds in competing with the products of highly paid English and American labour. An

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\* Schoenhof, p. 52.

anarchist on his trial for sedition at Leipzig dwelt on the misery in which the German working class habitually lived, and gave the court his own experiences in the United States. When he landed in that country, so poor was his physique—thanks to a low standard of living at home—that it was a full year before he was able to compete on anything like equal terms for employment; only after twelve months' experience of good food and good conditions of life generally could he take his place in the mills and work side by side with the native American labourers. This experience is borne out by many witnesses. Newcomers are to be found in the manufactories of the United States working with the old hands, but it is at a different rate of wages, and the difference in wages just marks the difference in efficiency. Where this is not so, it will generally be found that the immigrant has brought with him some technical knowledge or some inherited skill, for which there is a constant demand at high wages. The average immigrant is not at first employed in the higher or finer kinds of manufacture; he begins with the crude processes, and he gradually, as he attains greater efficiency, works up to the better-paid employments. The same fact has often been observed where Irish labourers are employed in England.

We might pursue this branch of the subject almost indefinitely. Good food is but one of the many conditions on which the physical efficiency of the labourer depends. Let us notice one more before we pass on. It might at first sight seem as if the air we breathe was the same for all mankind: the 'common liberties of light and air' have passed into a proverb. But air varies not a little in quality, and the variations affect profoundly the condition of a working class. Thus the typical English town suffers from the fact that it has a history. It is often built on low-lying or swampy ground, raised, perhaps, by the rubbish of centuries, but waterlogged and unwholesome. Its houses are quaint or picturesque, tumbled together in a confusion which cheers the artist's soul, but is the despair of the sanitary inspector. There is no free circulation of air about the houses, and within them it is stagnant and heavy. The windows are on one side only in the majority of houses, and so do not admit of a thorough draught. The houses themselves stand in narrow courts often blocked at one end, their materials are old and decaying, the atmosphere is charged with particles of rotting timber and crumbling plaster. It is amid such surroundings that the working

classes too often live and sleep in an old country, crowded together to an extent which would be dangerous, even if other conditions were favourable, but which in their stifling quarters is deadly. In Berlin, e.g., it has been calculated that 159,639 of the population live in overcrowded dwellings, and technically overcrowding is taken to mean six persons or more in a one-roomed and ten persons or more in a two-roomed dwelling—a not very severe interpretation. Now set side by side with this the picture, drawn by a traveller, of the conditions under which the American labourer lives. At the manufacturing town of Winsted, in New England, the labourers' cottages are not only roomy and comfortable, but often very attractive in appearance. They have basements of cut stone, surmounted by a tasteful superstructure of wood, a wide verandah; kitchen, parlour, and bedroom on ground floor, and three bedrooms above. When these pretty houses, with their clean faces, well-tilled quarter-acre lots, and windows aglow with geraniums, are scattered amid beautiful mountain glens, they suggest (says the writer\*) that an American labourer lives in an atmosphere characterised by something which is more than comfort, if less than culture. Or take again his description of South Manchester, a seat of the American silk trade, a town designed to minister to the health, comfort, instruction, and enjoyment of its people. 'The cottages for the married employés have each ample room, a good garden, and gas and water supply; while there are excellent boarding-houses for the single and those who prefer not to keep house. There is not a fence in South Manchester, but the pretty white houses lie scattered with regular irregularity about wide and tree-shaded lawns. There is a fine public hall, free library and reading-room, ample accommodation for religious worship, but, as a matter of course, no liquor-saloons.' Herein lies the secret of the high earnings of the American labourer—at least, in part; and it is noteworthy that the employers who have given most time and trouble and expense to improving the surroundings of their workmen deprecate all notions of philanthropy, and broadly state that they find it pay them. Their labourers are active and capable, ready for mental and nervous strain as well as for physical exertion; and they are almost wholly free from that craving for alcohol which is so often the result of

\* Mr. D. Pidgeon, in 'Old-World Questions and New-World Answers.'

crowded rooms and a vitiated atmosphere, and which lies at the root of so much bad work and waste of time on the part of our labourers at home.

Among the conditions on which the efficiency of labour in modern times depends, a chief place must be given to knowledge. Low wages are found, as a rule, to go with ignorance, but it is the educated labourer who is really productive, and to whom, consequently, his employer is able and willing to pay high wages. The truth of this doctrine has made its way slowly, but steadily. We need not here fight over again the battle of elementary education; it is enough for our purpose to note that a general education is the best preparation for a technical training. The principles, rules, and processes of the one are easily understood and mastered in proportion as the workman has profited by the other. The drill sergeant can pick out those among his recruits who have 'passed their standards' by the quickness with which they learn their drill, and if this be true of one of the most mechanical of exercises, it must be *a fortiori* true of the more complicated and delicate crafts. Now, knowledge affects production in two ways: as art it enters into the manufacture of finished articles, commonly described as those of use and fashion; as science, its field lies rather in the preparation of raw material. In both cases it may be described as part of the workman's equipment, only in the former it is a habit of mind, in the latter an external force. Here in England art training in industry dates from the Exhibition of 1851. We learnt there for the first time how poor, how lifeless, how lacking in beauty were our goods in comparison with those of France, and the result was South Kensington. Few institutions have been more severely criticised in their time. Its system has been denounced as wanting in elasticity, as resulting in excessive uniformity, its instruction as superficial, and its examinations as injurious. Yet Mr. Schoenhof bears witness to the impetus which South Kensington has given to technical education, and the good results which have followed. Those results, he says, are seen in the freshness, the briskness, the cleverness of English workmen who have had some artistic training, no less than in the superiority of certain English products, as glass, pottery, and metal, over those of all other countries.\*

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\* It may be doubted whether our supremacy in 'cotton velvets' and 'seal plushes,' on which Mr. Schoenhof lovingly dwells, is equally a matter for congratulation.



The Technical Education Act is doing much to widen the foundations on which South Kensington builds, and the action of the Government is supported by private enterprise in all directions. Thus at the Worcester Royal Porcelain Factory we find a technical school for apprentices, a museum filled with models brought from all parts of the world regardless of cost, a library stocked with books of patterns and designs, and a body of workmen trained in hand and eye to their calling, who give a quality to the products of the firm which is hardly rivalled. On the Continent, France is making great strides in the same direction. The Frenchman starts with a purer taste and a finer sense of form and colour, and for years he was content to rely upon that alone; but of late the Government has taken up the matter, and has covered the country with a network of technical schools and similar institutions, radiating from the central *Ecole des Beaux-Arts* in Paris, and so has spread the spirit of art far and wide through the various kinds of production. A recent visitor to the Museum at Nevers, the ancient home of pottery, found

‘white-capped housewives, blue-bloused peasants, raw recruits, mechanics with babies in their arms, thronging the charming rooms, all acquiring knowledge and love of beauty, basking to the full in the “joy of civilisation.” As a natural result of these intellectual and artistic opportunities, we find that the old spirit animates living craftsmen. The local museum in France is something more than a little centre of culture, a place in which to breathe beauty and delight. It is a school of the moral sense, of the nobler passions, and also a temple of fame. Here the young are taught to revere excellence, and the ambitious are stimulated by worthy achievement.’\*

A similar development in Germany dates from the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876. In ornamentation, in design, and in colour, the German artisan now rivals the English, but it may be doubted whether there has been any corresponding advance in the intrinsic value and quality of German goods, and whether their competition has done more than give a stimulus to our manufacturers which has enabled them to hold their own. It is noteworthy that in the matter of technical training Mr. Schoenhof confesses to great shortcomings on the part of his own countrymen. No doubt he sees in this the cloven hoof of Protection, which by securing the home market has diminished the motive to improvement; but, even apart from this, he notices a difficulty in founding

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\* M. Betham Edwards, ‘France of To-day.’

and maintaining art schools. Private munificence has done something, as in the Drexel Institute of Art, Science, and Industry of Philadelphia; individual States have founded such institutions as the Metropolitan Museum of New York and the Technological Institute of Massachusetts; but the fact remains that, as a whole, the movement does not succeed. Consequently American goods do not so readily find a market as those which are produced by more highly trained workmen. Possibly this is just one of those cases in which the federal system is at a disadvantage. A strong central government can give a unity and a strength to a technical education, and can direct it with a breadth of view and a conception of high aims which a local government frequently lacks. Be this as it may, it is not to his artistic knowledge that the American owes his high wages. In science it is far otherwise. Science is supreme in American production, and the Americans have outrun us all in its application. They were the first to utilise electricity, not merely in the developement of telegraphy and the kindred arts, but as a powerful ally in manufacture. In the welding of metals, for instance, it now plays an important part. It has reduced the price of aluminium from 2*l.* to 2*s.* a lb., and the metal has now, in consequence, passed into common use; it enters into the fabric of the bicycle, it is made into shoes for the horses of Russian cavalry, it is embodied in the enigmatical figure which crowns the Shaftesbury Memorial. In iron and steel, the use of highly developed machinery, which is no more than the application of science, has revolutionised production. The new drop-hammer has brought down the price of American ploughs to less than 1*l.*, and in the making of all sorts of agricultural implements it is calculated that 600 men can now produce as much as 2,145 a few years ago. Where a single workman could make three dozen pairs of sleeve-links in a day, a boy can now make 9,000. The manufacture of pins still holds its own as an 'object lesson;' but whereas Adam Smith notes with astonishment and admiration ten men turning out 48,000 pins a day, the modern American manufacturer finds no difficulty in supplying 7,500,000 in the same time, as the result of the labour of five pairs of hands. Compare this with the state of things at the time of the War of Independence, when imported pins sold for 7*s.* 6*d.* a dozen, and when, to encourage home industry, the Government offered 50*l.* for the best twenty-five dozen of pins, made in America, equal to those imported from England! The important point to

notice here is that the tendency of increasing improvement in machinery to cheapen production is not at the cost of wages. Far from it. Most of our readers are probably familiar with that triumph of delicate, exact machinery, a Waterbury watch. At a recent exhibition the representative of the company took fifty watches to pieces, distributed the various parts in heaps, and then put together a working watch out of parts selected at random by the bystanders from the various heaps. Yet the Waterbury watch made by the workman earning on the average 45s. a week can be sold cheaper than those made in the Black Forest by workmen who earn but 8s. or 9s. The explanation of the paradox is to be found in the developement of machinery and its substitution for human effort. Thanks to it, the American turns out 150 watches whilst his European rival is making 40, and at the Waltham Factory they are produced at the rate of 600 a day, or exactly one a minute. Nor is the supply of labour working at low wages by any means an advantage to an industry. The weaving of wool in Ireland, by reason of the abundance of labour, earning very low wages, ought to defy competition ; but it is stagnant, if not actually disappearing. This is largely due to a want of enterprise and inventiveness in the use of machines, few mills being thoroughly equipped, and large quantities of cloth being still woven upon hand-loom throughout the country. To put the matter shortly, the value of modern labour turns almost wholly on its equipment, whether this be the skill and knowledge of the labourer himself, or the mechanical appliances on which he relies to aid him in his work.

But improved machinery stands to high wages in a two-fold relation ; it is at once cause and effect. The better the machine with which a man works, the more productive is his labour, and the more valuable consequently to his employer. On the other hand, the higher the wages paid, the greater is the inducement to the employer to use more and more productive machinery, and so reduce his expenses. Not only is the labour employed in connexion with improved machinery more highly paid, as we have seen, than any other, but the increased cost of it is a powerful stimulus to further improvement. Thus a strike among the boot and shoe makers of Massachusetts, a few years back, resulted in the invention of a machine which reduced the numbers employed in the operation of 'lasting' by 80 per cent. And in this connexion we notice a curious paradox, viz. that machinery should not be made to last too long. In times of

depression it is the firms which use old-fashioned machinery which are the first to suffer—as, for instance, visiting Oldham in 1886, Mr. Schoenhof found that the cotton-spinners were making no profits at all, whereas at Rochdale a newly built mill, fitted with all the latest and best inventions, was doing well; the reason being that not only was the expense of working less, but waste had been greatly diminished. Such improvements are often resisted, or at least viewed with little favour, by the workmen themselves, who see in these improvements a means of superseding their own labour. But they have not grasped the key to the situation, and have not understood how closely their own earnings are bound up with their equipment. On the Continent such conservatism is far stronger. It is a matter of pride to the manufacturer that his machinery outlasts that in use here; but, so far from being an advantage to him, the fact really handicaps him in competition with his English rivals. And such conservatism is possible only when a large supply of workmen is available at low wages, for if new machinery is to be employed a higher stamp of workman is needed. In the industry of silk-throwing, for instance, there is a remarkable difference between England and America in this respect, for the wages paid in America are far higher than with us, and yet the cost is far less. We give the explanation in Mr. Schoenhof's own words:—

‘I stated in my report that one mill in America had lately exchanged old machinery for new, by which change the speed had been increased from 5,000 to 7,500 revolutions a minute. When my report was published in England, a silk-throwster who read it told me that, if they ran machinery at such speed in their mills, all their girls would run away, as they had not the nerve-power to stand such a rate of speed. Later on, I found mills in America that ran their machinery at 10,000 revolutions a minute, and one which ran at 12,000 or even 13,000 revolutions. Of course, to keep in time, all others have to follow the same rate of improvement.’

Now the growth of nerve-power necessary for work at such tremendous pressure is possible only when the conditions of life are favourable—in short, when wages are high. The question may perhaps be asked at this point whether improvement is infinite. The answer is not easy, nor can we say how near we have come to the limit, if limit there be. Improvements in machinery are partly the result of increased power, partly of greater simplification and specialisation. In many industries probably this last has

been carried as far as is possible, but in others—e.g. weaving—there is still room for further developement.

A painful illustration of the truth of much of the foregoing is seen in the position of the so-called domestic industries at the present day. They represent an early stage in the history of production, but they often survive long after the occasion for them is past and they have ceased to serve any good purpose. The reason for their tenacity of life lies in the fact that they offer an apparent advantage in the low wages which those employed in them are paid, and the small amount of fixed capital required. In many parts of Ireland, for instance, we see industries still existing as they were a century ago, when the division of labour was almost unknown. Agriculture was then, as now, the main source of livelihood, and the inhabitants of a small district were 'self-sufficing,' as Aristotle would have phrased it, building their own houses and making their own clothes. The growing wish to live better grafted on to agriculture the various industries for which the Irish became famous. Whilst the men migrated from time to time in search of additional employment, the women made use of their natural and inherited abilities to make goods for sale and so increase the family income. Hence the fine needlework, the embroidery, the linen-weaving in which they were once so extensively employed. In the same way lace-making took root in Buckinghamshire and the neighbouring counties; kid-glove-making, fine sewing, and the various feminine arts among the peasant women of France and Germany, wood-carving in the Black Forest, toy-making in all its various branches in Thuringia. The fact that these manufactures, in the literal sense, were bye-products and not the whole source of income in so many cases, depressed the condition of those engaged in them, whilst the abundance of workers, their ignorance and weakness in competition, combined to force wages down to starvation point. A painful contrast was often set up between the fineness of the work and the misery of the worker. It was no uncommon thing to see the makers of the most beautiful lace huddled together over their midday meal of potatoes, served, for want of a dish, in the bottom of a chair. The physical and moral condition of those engaged in such industries was too often pitiable to behold, and only a misguided sentiment can regret their extinction. At the present day their revival is often urged and sometimes attempted, on the strength of idyllic and fanciful pictures, but not by those who are familiar with the

deplorable misery which accompanied them. Their time is gone by ; they served a purpose, and that purpose exists no longer : they have been crushed by competition, the competition of labourers who enjoy a higher standard of living and a larger measure of happiness.

At first sight many of these conclusions seem to lose their validity in face of the fact that certain industries conducted on a small scale, and on the domestic system, persistently hold their own against competition, even when their rivals are assisted by the best machinery and the most efficient labour. In Lyons, for example, silks are made which are without equal in the market, yet the industry is commonly practised on handlooms, and in small workshops, whilst the earnings of the labourers are very low. So, too, English print goods have a practical monopoly of the market, and all the attempts of American manufacturers to oust them have hitherto failed. The explanation seems to lie in a variety of circumstances. At Lyons there is a wealth of inherited capacity which is brought to bear on manufacture. The Lyons workman throws more feeling into his work than does the American, his handloom admits of a slighter and cheaper material than can be used on a power-loom, the scale and character of his work make a close personal superintendence possible, and in the case of fine goods this means a greater taste and finish. It is quality against quantity and low price. In England, on the other hand, the advantage lies in variety. An English manufacturer is producing mainly for the foreign market, and therefore he is constantly endeavouring to satisfy a great variety of tastes. He is ready at a moment's notice to print off the colour or pattern which is in demand, and no small part of his capital is locked up in consequence. The American manufacturer specialises to a far greater extent ; he confines his energies to one particular product, with the result that, whilst he reduces his expenses to a minimum, his wares are monotonous, and he fails to secure the same amount of custom. In England, too, and in France, and in all countries, it may be said, in which industries have been long established, there is a wealth of tradition, an atmosphere, so to speak, which secures a high standard of taste, and at the same time a greater individuality both in the workman and his product.

'Our colourings,' says Mr. Schoenhof, 'show a certain crudeness against the English, which makes them somewhat hard to the eye. Theirs have more softness and pleasing depth. Skill in colour-making there is more or less a matter of rule of thumb. Art schools and technical

schools have not had much to do with the forming of the staff of English factories, but if the secure possession of the world's trade is a proof of the superior quality of the goods, then no one can deny that skill is inherent there which we do not possess.'

Let us now summarise Mr. Schoenhof's somewhat optimistic views. High wages cheapen production in two ways. They make the labourer more efficient—he is stronger, more capable, more alert, and consequently the product of his labour is greater, increasing proportionately faster than the rise in wages. They also provoke, and indeed necessitate, a constant growth in the productive power of machinery, and give the maximum of stimulus to the inventiveness of its makers. Short hours of labour produce similar results, for employer and employed are under every inducement to greater application on the one side and economies on the other, lest the volume of production should be lessened. And in proportion as wages rise, so does the demand for the products of industry rise also; for the working class—i.e. the great majority of consumers—are able to purchase more. What, then, is needed in the present and the future? More light and air for production; the abolition of all restraints, protective or otherwise, upon exchange of commodities; the increase of competition everywhere. At the same time, no agency should be neglected which will help to increase the labourer's efficiency. His home, his food, his surroundings should be jealously guarded; art schools, museums, libraries, all that goes to improve his mind, should be provided without stint. Rarely, perhaps, has economic wisdom been more justified of her children. The teaching of Adam Smith, with his powerful plea for the abolition of all obstacles to freedom of production and exchange, no less than his reserves in favour of what may be termed 'educational interference,' is recalled to the mind by every page of Mr. Schoenhof's book. It is only right to add that our author is at times haunted by the spread of over-population. It is the corpse at the industrial banquet. The chapters in which he endeavours to deal with this difficulty are among the weakest in the book, and the strength of their assertion impresses us rather as the language of a man who talks loud in order to encourage himself. He applies to agriculture, in some detail, the principles which he sees triumphant in manufacture. Profoundly impressed by the results of the application of science to the cultivation of the soil in the past, he is sanguine of its effects in the future. He takes no account of the inexorable law of diminishing returns,

and the possibility—nay, the certainty—that the fruits of labour and of capital applied to the earth will show a great falling off in the near future. We may safely, he thinks, relegate the food question to future generations; the source of poverty is not to be found in increasing populations, but in the imperfect organisation of the machinery of distribution of the products of toil and service. Is there not a trace here of the policy of the ostrich, and do not the words recall the type of reasoning which was popular at the end of the last century, and which in practice produced such disastrous results?

Whilst Mr. Schoenhof writes throughout as a practical man of business, Dr. Brentano, as befits a professor, takes a somewhat more philosophical view of the situation. For him, too, high wages are bound up with a low cost of production, and he has his own explanation of the fact. The history of the working class—and the same is true of mankind at large—shows an ever-growing range of wants. Not merely do men require a greater amount of the same commodity to satisfy themselves as time goes on, but they crave also a greater variety. The simple diet and clothing of previous generations are no longer sufficient for the modern workman, from whom so much more is required, and not only so, but he has now a whole group of mental requirements, an appetite for knowledge, and a consequent desire for the means of satisfying it, and he has a passion for locomotion and for change which is common to all classes. In short, every year finds him with a wider range of wants. Hence he requires two things—higher wages and shorter hours. How are these requirements, at first sight mutually exclusive, to be met? Clearly, if shorter hours stood alone, smaller wages would be earned, and if higher wages caused no compensating increase of product, the profits of employers would be reduced to a point at which employment itself would become less. The only means of satisfying both demands lies in improving the quality of his labour. The workman is urged by the pressure of his own ambitions to make himself more efficient, and to apply himself more thoroughly in order that—to borrow a phrase from another science—what his labour loses in extension it may gain in intensity. In proportion as he does so, his labour becomes more valuable, he earns higher wages; or, which is the same thing, he works shorter hours at the same wages. No doubt in practice the two often appear as rival interests. Adam Smith points out that the desire of the labourer to



improve his position may lead him to excessive exertion, with a consequent loss of strength; and in the same sense a modern shipbuilder says 'overtime is the curse of the trade.' But, granted that a sound intelligence directs his actions, the modern labourer will enjoy the advantage of a shorter working day without any reduction in his earnings and without any loss to his employer. The evidence that this has been the case of late years is very strong. Here, for instance, we have the experience of a large engineering firm in the North of England. 'The shortening of hours has reduced, and not increased, the cost of production; it has given us a more intelligent set of labourers, and given rise to many incidental economies. On the men themselves the effect has been great. They do more work, and they do better work; they spend most of their evenings, especially the younger generation, in attendance at technical classes.' In the same sense a large firm of chemical manufacturers report that they have never seen any reason to regret the shortening of hours, whilst to the men it has been the greatest boon—improving their health, decreasing drunkenness, and reducing to a minimum the necessity for police interference.

But in sketching broadly the results which might be expected to follow from higher wages and shortened hours, we must draw a distinction between those which are immediate and those which are permanent, or, in other words, as the causes which produce them are temporary or lasting. The habits of men change but slowly in the physical and in the moral sphere, and sudden improvements in their position are likely to lead only to waste. A striking instance of this in the East, that home of long-lived custom, is given by Mr. Brassey, who found that on the Indian railways

'the great increase of pay which has taken place has neither augmented the rapidity of execution nor added to the comfort of the labourer. The Hindoo workman knows no other want than his daily portion of rice, and the torrid climate renders water-tight habitations and ample clothing alike unnecessary. The labourer therefore desists from work as soon as he has provided for the necessities of the day. Higher pay adds nothing to his comfort; it serves but to diminish his ordinary industry.'

In this case it will be noticed that Dr. Brentano's postulate is unfulfilled: the rise in wages does not follow a rise in the labourer's standard of living, and consequently the professor's reasoning is not touched. It is hardly necessary

to point out that the statements so common a few years back as to the effect of high wages, and their tendency to produce extravagance, drunkenness, and vice, are equally beside the question. Let us now examine some further instances, in which the increase on the two sides, the advantage to the labourer and the gain to the employer, has not been proportionate. In 1871 the hours for miners in Northumberland were reduced by  $16\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., but the increase in production did not exceed  $8\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. So, too, in the Westphalian coal-fields in 1871, the working day was reduced from 10 and 14 hours to 8, and the average product of the mines fell from 1,072 tons per week to 919, a fall considerable in itself, but not, it will be noticed, proportionate to the reduction of hours. The results agree with the experience of Mr. Chamberlain's firm in Birmingham. Under the Factory Acts a 10 hours' day was substituted for one of 12 hours, a reduction of 17 per cent., and the product suffered to the extent of 8 per cent. A year later the firm spontaneously fixed the worker's day at 9 hours, and there was a further fall of 5 per cent. in the product. Thus it will be seen that the whole result must not be expected to follow immediately. The shortening of hours will ultimately make men apply themselves more thoroughly; they will work the harder whilst they are at work, in order that they may earn the old wages, but this more intense exertion is only possible when high wages allow of a liberal diet, and the strength of nerve and muscle which go with it. Further, it is to be noticed that these results will depend largely upon the co-operation of employers. The product of labour cannot be very greatly increased by an improvement in the labourer alone; essential as this is, there is needed in addition a continuous improvement in the machinery used. Mr. Chamberlain, for example, attributes the small reduction of output which followed on the shortening of hours to the introduction of labour-saving machinery of every kind into his factory, by which, in many cases, the work of the labourer was reduced to watching the machines and stoking the fire. Improvement, too, must be made in the organisation of labour, its division must be carried further and further, not merely among the labourers, but among the manufacturers themselves, who must specialise more and more in their various products. As these changes work their effects, old inventions which have been neglected for a time, owing to the low rate of wages, are found serviceable, and are adopted. The process tends to revolve in a circle, for here again we find

that all these improvements can be made only when a highly paid class of men is employed. The strain upon labourers grows greater as the use of machinery is extended and the motive power grows stronger. Qualities hitherto by comparison neglected come rapidly into demand. It is no longer muscular power which is the sole or the principal qualification; mental clearness, grasp and elasticity, moral self-control and trustworthiness, come more and more to take its place as characteristics of a valuable labourer; for the direction and control of machinery so costly, complicated, and delicate cannot be safely entrusted to the ordinary workman. Every year the number of spindles which a man supervises and the pace of them grow greater, and it is nerve-power which is needed for their management. Thus, in the face of constantly improving processes, the puddler, with his rude muscular strength, has almost disappeared from the iron and steel industries. The Australian farm-labourer uses a plough and a shearing-machine which would be useless in the hands of his English prototype. In the cotton industry, where, in every sense, the 'pace is tremendous,' all these conditions are present. Labour is every year more concentrated and more systematically divided, machinery of an improved type is constantly being substituted for the inventions of a few years back; as a result child labour is rapidly disappearing, and a better class of workmen is coming every year to the front; wages have risen in the last fifty years from an average of 2*8*l. 12*s.* a year to 4*4*l. 4*s.*, the amount of the finished article turned out by each labourer has doubled, and the cost of producing it has fallen from 2*s.* 3*d.* to 1*s.* 9*d.*

Let us now see what general conclusions may be drawn from our survey of the facts of industrial life, and their bearing on the question of international trade, on the ceaseless and growing competition between countries in the sphere of production and exchange. In ordinary trade success is the reward of the manufacturer who produces at the smallest cost. He buys his raw material in the cheapest market, being guided in his purchases by a thorough knowledge of quality and a sound judgement as to times and seasons. For him the cheapest article is not necessarily the lowest priced; but he gives to considerations of quality and price their proper value. He forecasts possible fluctuations in demand and supply, and has a shrewd idea at any given moment of the circumstances which control them. Having purchased his raw material, his capacity

next finds a field for its exercise in manufacture. He employs the best labour, because experience has taught him that in the long run it is the cheapest, and the high wages which he pays are justified by the efficiency of his workmen. He uses the latest inventions in machinery, adopting each new discovery as it is made, renewing and replacing all that is antiquated or worn out, watching with an eagle eye all the improvements around him, and appropriating them to his own business. He suits the working hours of his factory to the efficiency of his men, and so not merely does he have the maximum of product, but he avoids, as a rule, those difficulties between employer and employed which are the source of so much heartburning and mental strain, and lead to so much waste in production. And, lastly, he finds the best market for his produce. For him the world is a field for constant study; the capacities and prospects of each country, and the probable demand for the commodity which he manufactures, are always in his thoughts. The first sign that a market is becoming glutted with his wares is a warning to him to leave it; the developement of the resources of a new district attracts him as a possible opportunity for 'placing' his goods. The combination of all these qualities may be said to make 'mankind's epitome;' but such a combination is essential for the highest type of success, when business is so complicated as we see it in modern times. The community in trade is but the individual 'writ large;' the same causes co-operate to ensure success in the one case as in the other, and the same weaknesses mean failure. The first requisite for success in foreign trade is cheap raw material, whether destined for actual manufacture or for the food of labourers. The defenders of free imports into this country seem at times not to have the courage of their convictions, and not to state the case as strongly as it may be stated. It is the command of cheap raw material in every department of production on which the commercial supremacy of this country rests. The competition of America is weakened, if not destroyed, by a protective tariff; and we venture to predict that if that tariff be modified or suppressed, and Free-trade be adopted on the other side of the Atlantic, we shall be embarked upon a struggle far more severe than any in the past. In manufacture we trust that enough has been said to show that 'the race is to the swift,' that the advantage lies with that nation which has the most efficient and the best equipped working class. The rate of wages in a country

must be considered strictly in connexion with the 'productivity' of its labour, and the statement that we are and can be undersold by 'cheap labour' must never be accepted without a thorough examination of its exact meaning. No amount of apparent economy under this head in production will compensate for the absence of physique, of skill, of moral qualities on the part of a nation's workmen. The possession of a highly organised and productive machinery goes with a highly paid and efficient working class; for a high rate of wages is the best stimulus to the adoption of improved machinery, and at the same time the standard of living which it implies among the labourers makes the use of such machinery possible. It is the possession in a high degree of these various advantages which has made the competition of this country dreaded far and wide. In Germany, for example, wages are lower, hours are longer, machinery is old-fashioned, concentration in production is in its infancy, and the cry is constantly going up for protection against England. Well may Mr. Mundella say that the long hours of labour on the Continent are our chief protection against competition from that quarter.

And the future of the labourers themselves is bright with hope. We have outlived the theory that wages must of necessity represent the minimum which will support human life; we have gone behind the somewhat vague explanation which refers them to supply and demand, and we have come more and more to see that wages stand in immediate relation to the product of labour. The apprehension of this truth has not been without its effect on practice. Everywhere we see efforts made to increase the efficiency of labour. Trade-unions have gradually given up their fallacious hopes of raising wages permanently by reducing the number employed or the amount produced in any occupation. They rely rather on the guaranteed superiority of their members as the ground of their claim for higher pay, a result due in part to the discipline which organisation implies, and in part to the imposition of tests of membership, such as sobriety and sustained industry. Co-operative societies among working men not only help to make demand more regular and constant, but they also, by cheapening the necessities of life and improving their quality, increase the physical fitness of their members, whilst they foster habits of self-government and self-control. Nor is the State idle in the same field. The guarantee of wholesome workshops and dwellings by a system of inspection, the provision of the requisites

The *mens sana* in the form of general and technical education, libraries and museums, and the like—all make in the same direction, and if they do not immediately raise the standard of life, are, at least, conditions precedent to its rising. It is it necessary or wise to attempt to fix the limits of labour activity on the part of the State. How far, for example, should control the hours of labour is a question which will probably be decided by the general consideration at what point is authority needed to bring up the laggards, to enforce on the more backward of manufacturers, in the interest of labour, the lessons which unaided self-interest has taught the more capable. In all such matters the general lines on which legislation should proceed may be said to be settled, for our generation at least, irrespective of party, and in the twentieth century we may hope to see the progress of the nineteenth continued, whilst the errors which have marred that progress, and have led many to speak of it with bitterness, are remedied, and, as far as may be, avoided.

ART. III.—1. *Letters to Marca*. By GEORGE B. LESLIE, R.A. London: 1893.

2. *Birds of Devon*. By W. S. M. D'URBAN, F.L.S., and the Rev. MURRAY A. MATHEW, M.A., F.L.S. London: 1893.

3. *Sport and Nature*. By T. E. KEBBEL. London: 1893.

A MARKED feature in English literature during the last forty years is the great increase which it exhibits in works relating to rural life and natural history. What has been called the 'return to Nature' received a new impetus about the middle of the present century from a class of prose writers who then began to appear upon the scene, and gave a new turn to the reaction which had its origin in the Lake school of poetry. It would be unjust, indeed, to Wordsworth's predecessors to ascribe the sole credit of it to the movement with which his name is associated. But he breathed a new spirit into the culte which Thomson had revived, and a craving for something more than the mere external beauty of landscape to which 'The Seasons' is exclusively confined, helping at the same time to diffuse among all classes of readers a new interest in those delightful studies which in the days of Gilbert White were only appreciated by a select few. In fact, botany and entomology

are singled out for ridicule in the fourth book of the 'Dunciad' as pursuits beneath the dignity of the human intellect; and we imagine that curiosity in such things as bats, newts, and tortoises would have fared no better in the hands of the satirist, had he been equally familiar with them. It was not till nearly a century afterwards that the love of bird, beast, and insect began to give rise to a literature of its own, distinct from the sympathy with inanimate nature of which Wordsworth is the best known exponent, and was shared with experts and connoisseurs by that very representative personage, the general reader. The two tastes may now be regarded as one. But they are still one with a difference; for, though all zoologists are lovers of Nature, all lovers of Nature are not zoologists; and if we contemplate the two interests under their exclusively modern aspects, we shall find considerable unlikeness in the sources to which they are traceable.

Washington Irving, whose love for English scenery shows itself so strongly in the 'Sketch Book'—and who in the impressions which he received from it, on his first landing in England, strikes a note in harmony with much that will be found in these pages—calls attention to the close observation of Nature which is peculiar to the English poets, and to the delicacy and fidelity with which, from Chaucer downwards, they have depicted all natural objects. He is thinking, however, chiefly, we imagine, of the Elizabethan and Caroline poets, with whose disappearance the stream was for a time frozen up, and only began to flow again towards the middle of the next century. We need not carry our inquiry further back than that period, and, speaking broadly, we may date the revival of this taste from the publication of Thomson's 'Seasons.' It made its way, however, very slowly, and continued for the next fifty years to be redolent of the eighteenth century, with all its materialism, its unsuspecting cheerfulness, and its general satisfaction with 'the system of things.'

Thomson had rather an eye than a heart for nature. Whether he is painting the flowers of spring or the heats of summer, the fruits of autumn or the storms of winter, his descriptions are accurate, delicate, and vigorous. But there is no longing, no questioning, nothing wistful in his glance; no sense of any mystery in Nature, no evidence that he hears any of the myriad voices with which she speaks to a later generation. His view is purely objective, which, indeed, according to Mr. Ruskin, is a note of superiority; but of that

more hereafter. He revels in a great luxuriance of epithets, and shows marvellous powers of expression and composition. But there is an end of it. He draws entirely from the outside. A primrose to Thomson was only a primrose after all. The moral influence of Nature was a sealed book to him. We must be on our guard against supposing that conventionality of language—and Thomson is artificial and conventional throughout—implies triteness or poverty of thought. But the sincerity of Thomson's raptures cannot always be taken for granted. When we are in the midst of roses and haycocks, cataracts and thunderstorms, Savage's description of the bard is seldom long absent from our minds.

Thomson's love of Nature was the love of an artist who regards her beauty simply as a fine subject for his pencil. It was not given to him to hear the horns of Elfland, or the reed of Faunus piping in the distant hills. And what is true of Thomson is true also of Goldsmith, and partially of Cowper. Goldsmith sketches a pretty little rural scene in 'The Deserted Village'—the sheltered cot, the cultivated farm; but not for its own sake. It is for the sake of a contrast—to point a moral. In Cowper, however, the beginnings of a change become perceptible. Without that profound sympathy which was to be the note of a new school just then coming into existence, we see in the author of 'The Task' a genuine love of Nature for her own sake, something quite distinct from the sincerest admiration of beautiful or sublime scenery which was the source of Thomson's inspiration. Nature in her most ordinary and least picturesque attire was sufficient for Cowper. And this is the true test. Thomson describes the valley of the Thames at Richmond, the glories of Hagley Park, the lightning flashing among the Welsh mountains, the hurricane and the flood sweeping away herds and harvests. But Cowper sees poetry in the flat scenery of the midland counties—the Ouse winding through the level meadows, the grassy lanes and thick hedgerows, with the tall elm trees springing out of them.

'Scenes must be beautiful which, daily viewed,  
Please daily, and whose novelty survives  
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.'\*

It is not that the novelty survives, but that the 'sweet monotony' never palls. No true love of Nature can be dependent on her external beauty. She is as much with us

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\* The Sofa.



in 'the long gray fields' of Lincolnshire or Leicestershire as in the woody depths of Sussex, or the purple moors and rocky glens of Perthshire or Carnarvonshire. This is a truth which Cowper exemplifies constantly, thereby drawing a line between himself and Thomson which forms a very notable and serviceable landmark in literature.

But, though the lines which we have quoted from 'The 'Sofa' might almost have been written by Wordsworth, and breathe a feeling for Nature different from anything that we find in previous writers, we have not yet reached the stage when 'the poetic interpretation of Nature' assumes the form so minutely analysed by Mr. Ruskin. In all the eighteenth-century writers the feeling is cheerful, simple, and detached. If there is any exception, Collins affords the only one; yet it will hardly be contended that in the 'Ode to 'Evening' there is anything really sad. The description is exquisite and superior to anything we have in English poetry upon the same subject. But some emotion, deeper than anything of which the eighteenth century was conscious, was required to stir men's hearts and minds as Wordsworth and Tennyson and Matthew Arnold were stirred. The great social problems, the 'still sad music of 'humanity,' which drove Thyrsis from his 'happy ground,' were unknown to that comfortable age which, basking in the sunshine of material prosperity, took things as it found them, knew little of misery or destitution, and acquiesced quite cheerfully in the enormities of kings and priests. We have, perhaps, a slight premonitory whisper of what was to come in Cowper's sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, where he could escape from the wickedness which stalked abroad upon the earth. The feeling expressed by this well-known passage, though bearing some apparent resemblance to the Duke's speech in 'As You Like It,' is in reality quite different. The Duke and his courtiers suppose themselves disgusted with the world on account of a particular injury sustained at the hands of an individual. There is bitterness, but no touch of real sadness, in their language. Cowper's longing is for the solitude and repose of nature; the 'confirmed tranquillity' of Wordsworth: for deliverance from the tumult of human passion, the strife, contention, and ambitions of mankind at large. He was sick of the *res Romana perituraque regna*. But to resume the thread of our discourse, it may be said upon the whole that the love of Nature in the poetry of the eighteenth century, which started into fresh life with Thomson, did not go beyond the external physical

beauty of natural objects in their softness, richness, or sublimity, as the case might be, and partook in no degree of that peculiar sympathy which, even if it be morbid and a violation of true art, has a great fascination for a very large class of readers, and perhaps after all is only condemned by those who cannot understand it. At all events, we are here concerned only with the origin of the pleasure which such writings afford, and not with its critical propriety.

Here, then, with Cowper, may be said to end the upper reaches of the stream which we are exploring. So far, it has scarcely held its own with the literature of society, of criticism, and of human passion which formed the staple of the Twickenham school. But with the end of the eighteenth century the channel expands and deepens, and with the appearance of Wordsworth we take an entirely new departure. The growing taste for the beauties of Nature resuscitated by the earlier poets, whom we have already named, now mingles with the modern spirit, the offspring of the French Revolution. The parent stream receives into its bosom the waters of a tributary destined to change its whole colour and character. We now find Nature brought into more immediate contact with the varying moods and passions of the human mind and heart, and Wordsworth and Scott are the two great storehouses from which illustrations of the change are to be drawn. The whole poem on Tintern Abbey may be said to form a complete exposition of it:—

‘For I have learned  
To look on Nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence which disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.’

We may compare with this the opening of the ninth book of the ‘Excursion,’ and especially the lines

‘Ah, why in age  
Do we revert so fondly to the walks  
Of childhood; but that then the soul discerns  
The dear memorial footsteps unimpaired

Of her own native vigour: thence can hear  
 Reverberations, and a choral song  
 Commingling with the incense that ascends  
 Undaunted, towards the imperishable heavens  
 From her own lonely altar.'

It was some time before Wordsworth made much impression upon the general public. But, helped on by Scott, the poems in which his sympathy with Nature was most strongly expressed gradually began to exercise an unacknowledged influence on his contemporaries, and a slowly increasing number of readers began to look with pity on the wretch

'Who never caught a noontide dream  
 From murmurs of a running stream.'

And thus by degrees the general conception of Nature in poetry and literature began to undergo a change, culminating, as we suppose Mr. Ruskin would say, in the pathetic fallacy. Wordsworth at the same time was teaching the public to take a new interest in natural history. Perhaps no words have ever better described the feelings which the contemplation of bird life is calculated to excite in us than in the 'Fountain':—

'The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
 The lark above the hill,  
 Let loose their carols when they please,  
 Are silent when they will.  
 With Nature never do they wage  
 A foolish strife: they see  
 A happy youth, and their old age  
 Is beautiful and free.'

It would never have entered into the head of Thomson or of Cowper to write such lines as these.

In the hands of Wordsworth Nature had come to assume the aspect of a living personality, remote indeed from the 'creed outworn,' the 'fair humanities of old religion,' as Coleridge has it, but still very different from the Nature whose *vates sacer* is poet of 'The Seasons.' Scott's poetry was the channel through which these conceptions passed into a later phase, in which natural sights and sounds are brought into harmony with the mood of the spectator at the moment, or with the feelings excited in the reader by situations described in the context. This sympathy between nature and humanity, acting as the harbinger of battle and slaughter, is very finely expressed in the 'Lady of the

‘Lake,’ where the minstrel chants to his dying chieftain the story of a Highland battle in which the Gael were victorious :—

‘There is no breeze upon the fern,  
No ripple on the lake,  
Upon her eyrie nods the erne,  
The deer has sought the brake;  
The small birds will not sing aloud,  
The springing trout lies still,  
So darkly glooms yon thunder-cloud  
That swathes as with a purple shroud  
Benledi’s distant hill.

Is it the thunder’s solemn sound  
That mutters deep and dread,  
Or echoes from the groaning ground  
The warrior’s measured tread?  
Is it the lightning’s quivering glance  
That on the thicket streams,  
Or do they flash on spear and lance  
The sun’s retiring beams?’

Nature is mute, motionless and gloomy in expectation of the coming strife. How finely, too, is the sense of impending calamity conveyed in that splendid picture of a stormy summer evening to be found in the ‘Antiquary!’ Thomson has noticed all the same features, and painted them well, but without rousing in us for a moment any of the same sensations. In Scott, the winds and the waves seem to intend to create the feelings of dismay and terror which the human beings undergo who are exposed to them. There are other passages in Scott appealing still more directly to that communion of Nature with humanity which is the keynote of Wordsworth’s poetry. But the best known of them seem to us more artificial than the example given from the ‘Lady of the Lake.’

‘Call it not vain ;—they do not err  
Who say, that when the poet dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies;  
Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone  
For the departed bard make moan;  
That mountains weep in crystal rill;  
That flowers in tears of balm distil;  
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,  
And oaks in deeper groan reply;  
And rivers teach their rushing wave  
To murmur dirges round his grave.’

He explains this by saying that the voices we attribute to Nature are the voices of departed spirits, whose joys and sorrows, whose glory and greatness, lived again in the poet's song; or may now, by his untimely death, remain unsung.

‘The maid’s pale shade who wails her lot,  
That love, true love, should be forgot,  
From rose and hawthorn shakes the tear  
Upon the gentle minstrel’s bier, &c.’

This is a charming fancy, and beautifully expressed; but it rather weakens the force of the preceding passage, since the one hypothesis is not more credible than the other. And if it is really the maid who speaks to us through the murmuring of the trees and rivers, then it is no longer mute Nature mourning for her worshippers to which we listen.

The power of so describing Nature as to intimate without naming it the existence of some mysterious harmony between herself and the moods of the human mind under particular circumstances is specially characteristic of Tennyson. In the ‘*Morte d’Arthur*,’ when Sir Bedivere returns to the king a second time, Arthur asks him:—

‘breathing heavily,  
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?  
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere,  
I heard the water lapping on the crag,  
And the long ripple washing in the reeds.’

What a wonderful sense of loneliness and desolation and deep melancholy these words convey to us! No other sound; as though Nature herself were giving utterance to her sympathy. But Tennyson is full of such passages. We must quote one more, and then proceed to other themes:—

‘When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,  
You’ll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;  
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool,  
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass and the bulrush in the pool.’

Here, again, is a picture set before us wherein by a few touches we are made conscious of a gloom and a melancholy appropriate to the situation introduced. The lonely pool in the corner of the long grey field, on which the evening shadows are just sinking down, is suggestive of one knows not what images of mysterious gloom and dangers. Nor must we omit to notice the telling contrast between this and the preceding stanza:—

‘The building rook ’ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,  
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea.’

Here the poor girl is recalling the cheerful sights and sounds which she so well remembers; and, what is more to our present purpose, here we see what class of objects it seemed likely to the poet that her dying thoughts would be fixed upon. The building rook and the tufted plover would not have figured in any eighteenth-century sick-bed scene. Here is the new love of Nature peeping out in very unmistakeable colours.

It is to be noted, further, in confirmation of what was said a few pages further back, that Tennyson's love of Nature was not nurtured on her more beautiful and romantic aspects. It is born, like Cowper's, in the comparatively tame and uninteresting scenery of the Midland Counties. But to the true worshipper of Nature, as we have already said, she can never be tame or uninteresting. In his address to Memory, his own memory, he writes:—

• Divinest Memory !

Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall  
Which ever sounds and shines,  
A pillar of white light upon the wall  
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried :  
Come from the woods that belt the grey hillside,  
The seven elms, the poplars four,  
That stand beside my father's door,  
And chiefly from the brook that loves  
To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,  
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,  
Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,  
In every elbow and turn,  
The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland.  
O ! hither lead thy feet !  
Pour round mine ears the live-long bleat  
Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,  
Upon the ridged wolds.'

In 'Thyrsis' and the 'Scholar Gipsy' we see the same affection for pure Nature in her humblest robes, yet in her humblest robes more lovely than Solomon in his glory. Matthew Arnold was evidently impregnated with it; and we should say that he was specially alive to that sweet moral influence which Nature exercises over her true votaries, and of which some perception may be traced even in the poet Gray.

Thus by many minds and in divers manners has been developed a kind of Nature-worship peculiar to our own age; an affection for Nature as a living, conscious being who can sympathise with both the happiness and the misery of the sons of earth, or as a musical instrument which by

the art of the poet can be made responsive to our own moods and passions—a very different thing, mind, from making the sound an echo to the sense. And we see that in all the most popular books of either natural history or field sports which have recently appeared the study of the habits of animals is combined with the same portraiture of nature conspicuous in our modern poetry, but absent both from Gilbert White and Isaac Walton. But we have still to ask why in this nineteenth century such should be the case; why, with all its varied social interests, the public mind should turn away with such unmistakeable zest to the perusal of the fields and woods; why an age indifferent to the ‘problems of humanity’ should have devoted itself to the study of human nature, while an age in which these problems are always forcing themselves on our attention seems to prefer the study of natural history.

That the ‘return to Nature’ of which Wordsworth was the herald was part of the general revulsion of feeling which accompanied the Great Revolution is one answer to these questions which lies, of course, upon the surface. The new idol here set up was simplicity, and simplicity according to the ideas of that day was to be looked for in the country. Descriptions of Nature stood in no need of ornament, and poetic diction was thrown off together with laced ruffles, velvet coats, and powdered hair. The old literary system, like the old political system, appeared to be worn out, and a new one, young and vigorous, and eager to vindicate itself against effete canons, was rising in its place. These are all truisms, implied in what we have already said, and standing in no need of illustration.

But there are some practical reasons to account for the change in public taste which have not been so generally noticed. The French Revolution drove England back upon herself. When the London season was over, accomplished gentlemen, who would at one time have spent the next three months upon the Continent, were obliged to spend it at home, at their own or their friends’ country houses. Hence that love of rural life which had never entirely deserted the English aristocracy received a powerful stimulus, and the soil was made ready for the seed which literature was now about to cast upon it. To the same cause may be attributed the great developement of the English love of field sports, and especially of fox-hunting, which till the beginning of the present century had been scarcely regarded as a fit pursuit for men of fashion. But now, having nothing

else to do, the men about town carried their wit into the country, and took their pleasure with the hounds. Such a society as was to be found at Melton about the middle of the present century would have been a simple impossibility in the reign of George II. The fourth decade of the present century brought the Highlands into fashion also, and diffused a taste for scenery among sportsmen. Thus by degrees the country came to be regarded as their real home by the English gentry, where their highest pleasures were to be found, and both art and literature, responding to the sentiment, produced that school of poets and painters which is still, perhaps, the favourite of the public. The change in the habits of society, and the change in the character of our poetry, acted and reacted on each other, and the strength and breadth of the result are shown by the very badness of the landscapes and poems which find their way to the gallery and the printing press. The Lancashire manufacturer in 'Coningsby' 'loved a fine free landscape by 'Lee that gave him the broad plains, the green lanes and 'running streams of his own land; or a group of animals 'by Landseer as full of speech and sentiment as if they were 'designed by Æsop.' He was not insensible to the higher art, if higher it be; but these were his favourites. And he would equally have loved the poetry of Tennyson and the prose idyls of Kingsley. But works far inferior to any of those meet with public admiration, and find a ready sale among such as delight in the subject and are pleased by the general effect without being either qualified or inclined to criticise the style.

To the above-mentioned causes may be added increased facilities for travelling and the better education of the middle classes which distinguish our own generation. People now visit the Trossachs who would at one time not have got beyond Margate. And those who once were satisfied with the Highlands now explore the Danube, the Nile, and the Mississippi. If the love of Nature thus engendered is not always a very lasting or intelligent emotion, it is, at all events, enough to make such persons buy at the railway station books which treat of scenery or natural history, and, if they have money enough, pictures too. Thus production is encouraged, and perhaps at the present moment is in some danger of being overdone. So far, however, our account of the matter has been based on circumstances open to general observation. There are other and more deeply seated causes conducing to the same result



which are considered by Mr. Ruskin in his chapter on Modern Landscape-painting. His view of the subject is profoundly interesting, and suggestive of comparisons more interesting still; though it will scarcely cover the whole ground which we are traversing in the present article. Landscape is the only branch of art in which the English school of painting of the present century can claim a supreme degree of originality and excellence. The love of nature has inspired it. It was idealised by Turner; it was cultivated with a faithful and conscientious simplicity by John Constable, by Crome, and many of their followers. The 'Letters to 'Marco,' which we have placed at the head of this article, is a charming volume, showing that Mr. Leslie has inherited not only the artistic talent of his family, but their affectionate interest in all the phenomena of nature. He takes us to his cottage at Riverside, near Wallingford, and describes all its surroundings in language that the Vicar of Selborne would not have disowned.

In Mr. Ruskin's opinion, men now fly to Nature as a relief from the ugliness and the sadness of modern life. It is to the absence of the picturesque or romantic in modern manners, in modern architecture, and in modern costume that he attributes the inclination of modern painters to throw themselves into the arms of Nature. They fly from Gower Street to Hampstead Heath. The flowers of the field have always been more gorgeously arrayed than the lords of creation. But still in the high days of feudal pomp and pageantry, in the rich and graceful garb of the Stuart Cavalier, and even in the brocade and powder of the eighteenth century, there was the beauty of colour on which the eye dwells with satisfaction, and which readily lends itself to the painter's art. As regards modern literature, however, we cannot attribute much of the altered tone which Mr. Ruskin detects in it to the actual physical ugliness of modern life. But we may attribute something to its moral ugliness, producing what Mr. Ruskin calls, as aforesaid, the sadness of many modern writers. The nineteenth century, with all its progress, has been one of doubt, disappointment, and anxiety; and in the most cultivated minds of the present day there is much to remind us of the mental and moral condition of the educated classes at Rome in the beginning of the Empire. Italian virtue, Italian faith, and Italian freedom were all gone. What was there left? The 'sadness' of Horace, of Virgil, and of Propertius needs no illustration. In Horace the feeling is of a more blended character than in

either of the other two; and sometimes he affects to believe that Cæsar has restored the old character, the old manners, and the old piety which were the foundation of Roman greatness. But his more sincere convictions are probably to be found rather in such odes as the Sixth Ode of the Third Book ('*Delicta majorum*') than in the '*Augusti Laudes*,' the Fifteenth of the Fourth Book. Propertius asks a question only too familiar to modern times. He wants to know whether, after all, there is anything in the popular mythology, and the doctrine of a future state with its rewards and punishments.

'An ficta in miseras descendit fabula gentes,  
Et timor haud ultra quam rogos esse potest.'

But the note sounded by Virgil is much deeper, much more in earnest, and bespeaks a more settled melancholy than we find in either of the others. He pays no such hollow compliments to Augustus as are paid by Horace. He only prays that the ancient gods of Rome will allow him to become the saviour of society, in which the distinction between right and wrong is almost lost.

'Dii patrii, Indigetes, et Romule Vestaque mater,  
Qua' Tuscum Tiberim et Romana Palatia servas.'

The task which Virgil set before himself was to restore the dignity of labour, to resuscitate, if possible, the old rural tastes and happy agricultural life which he loved himself. But he does not pretend that it still survives in Italy. He draws a picture of what it was and what it might again be, and then tells us that this is the life which was led by the ancient Sabines and Etruscans, by Romulus and Remus, and that through the virtues which it fostered Rome became the mistress of the world. His glance is retrospective. His sympathies are with the old race of Latin husbandmen from which he was descended, and whose prowess he had celebrated in the latter half of his great epic. It is probable that no one knew better than himself the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of any such revival after the old spirit was extinct, and the character of the rural population so completely changed. The old class of small proprietors, the Italian yeomen, had yielded to an inexorable law, and their holdings were swallowed up by larger estates. But he would do his best; and he has left behind him a poem which in its mingled sweetness and purity, its perfect art, its perfect fidelity to Nature, has no equal among all the books which have been written. But it is the work of a poet in

whose eyes the world is out of joint, and the days are very evil; to whom the paths of ambition seem fit only to be trodden by the unprincipled, the covetous, and the selfish; and who finds in Nature the one thing left which can neither deceive nor betray, and in rural scenes the last remaining home where the ancient religion and ancient manners, whose disappearance he laments, may still linger.

The study of Nature has been to many of us like a spring of water in a dry land, and from Nature to natural history is only one step. The augmented interest which is now taken in studies of this description is one branch of, or at least a vigorous offshoot from, that general revival which began with the birth of this century. One thing springs out of another, and already a newly awakened interest in our native fauna, and a laudable desire to preserve many interesting species from extinction, have in turn brought the sportsman into the field of literature with his own views of the subject to expound. The process, however, has been gradual. The father of sporting literature in England is undoubtedly Isaac Walton. But it would detain us too long to reascend the stream as far as the 'Compleat Angler.' The three books which in our own time have done the most to popularise these tastes among us are undoubtedly White's 'Selborne,' Waterton's Wanderings and Jesse's 'Gleanings.' But these are too well known now to make any description necessary. But from the loins of these delightful writers have sprung another class in whose pages sport, landscape, and natural history are more evenly mingled than in theirs, and who have, in fact, created a literature of their own, which Mr. Kingsley calls 'a tenth muse.' We refer to such men as Mr. St. John, Professor Wilson, the authors of that very interesting book 'The Birds of Devon;' Mr. Bromley-Davenport's 'Sport;' Mr. Atkinson and his 'Forty Years in a Moorland Parish;' Charles Kingsley himself; and, last not least, Mr. Jefferies, 'A Son of the Marshes,' and Mr. T. E. Kebbel. The purely sporting writers, such as Scrope, Hawker, and the authors of the Badminton Library, together with the pure naturalists, such as Buckland, Broderip, Sir John Lubbock, and others, hardly come within the scope of the present article.

In this class of literature the book which took the public most completely by storm was no doubt 'The Gamekeeper 'at Home,' by Mr. Jefferies. Since its first publication, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, so many books of a similar kind have been written that the public has now got

used to them; and few persons, perhaps, remember the effect that was created both by the novelty of the subject and the freshness of the treatment which distinguish these popular sketches. The book was devoured by hundreds who did not know an oak from an ash, or an owl from a woodcock. In fact, if we want to see the secret of its success, we have only to compare it with another of the same kind, 'The Autobiography of a Gamekeeper,' which is far more realistic, and in our opinion gives a far truer picture of a gamekeeper's life, but is deficient in what painters call atmosphere, and in the prose poetry of 'The Gamekeeper 'at Home,' which literally smells of the woods. Mr. Jefferies followed up this success with some other works of the same kind which maintained, but did not extend, his reputation. He, perhaps, knew as much about natural history as the marsh man, and more, we should say, about sport. But his style is less pictorial, though not less graphic, nor does he cover so much ground as the writer who may in some sense be considered his successor. Neither of the two, however, is guilty of the pathetic fallacy. Where their prose is poetic it is purely descriptive. In 'Sport and Nature' we find passages which touch a different key, and appeal more closely to the imagination. But the author, though he communes with Silvanus and the Nymphs, is not in the technical sense of the term a Naturalist like a Son of the Marshes. Such seem to be the distinctive characteristics of these three writers, who in common with those that we have named, and some that we have not named, have drawn their inspiration from the 'tenth Muse.'

It is in an age of rapid change and social revolution that the contrast presented by the stability of nature is the most impressive. The hills and the fields, the trees and the brooks, remain unchanged. We see them in our age as we saw them in our youth. Life goes on as before. It is far otherwise with the removal of ancient institutions, the repudiation of venerable traditions, the rupture of immemorial associations. These things, abuses or the reflection of abuses though they be, have been part of our inner life from infancy, and no one tintured with that moral conservatism so well described by George Eliot but will seek at times in the contemplation of Nature the tranquillity and permanence which have fled before the footsteps of progress.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Annals of Tacitus*. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by HENRY FURNEAUX, M.A., &c. &c. In two volumes. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1884-1891.
2. *The Histories of Tacitus*. With Introduction, Notes, and an Index, by the Rev. W. A. SPOONER, M.A., &c. &c. London: 1891.

IT is no longer possible to win a reputation for originality by an edition of any of the great writers of classical antiquity. Of course, from time to time new material accumulates, but it is homogeneous with that pre-existing, to be sifted by the same tests and classified on the same principles. Had either of the editors whose works are prefixed to this article enjoyed the treasure-trove of the entire fifth book of the 'Annals,' or of a manuscript containing the yet larger lost portion of the 'Histories' of Tacitus, there is ample proof in the excellence of their present work that they would have done full justice to so brilliant an opportunity. But, as it is, the ground is so thickly trampled with the footprints of predecessors that there is no margin left for a successor to impress his own. Here and there, indeed, an inscription turns up to close some open question of detail, or a coin may drop into and fill some slight *lacuna* of chronology; and for such small mercies, when they fall in his way, a modern editor has to be thankful.

Mr. Spooner, who edits the portions of the 'Histories' which we possess, remarks that

'Tacitus was one of the earliest classical authors to command the attention of scholars at the revival of learning in the fifteenth century. This was natural. It was as models of style that the works of the ancients were at that time most eagerly studied, and such a master of style as Tacitus was not likely long to escape notice.'

It is difficult to agree with this *dictum*. In the first place, three styles at least are distinguishable in the extant works of Tacitus, if with the consensus of the majority of scholars we reckon the Dialogue 'de Oratoribus' as his. As this, however, is his first fruit of authorship before his literary genius was fully matured, hardly equalling in bulk the first book of the 'Annals,' we may reduce the three to two—the more loose and flowing style of the 'Histories' and the more condensed *defrutum* of the 'Annals.' This latter, although dealing with an earlier period, yet, as being that to which the gradations of his form were throughout tending, and as that approved by his ultimate judgement, may be taken as

the characteristically Tacitean style. But neither in his middle nor his latest period does the influence of Tacitus on the literary form of cultured Latin, as the vehicle of fifteenth or sixteenth century thought, appear anywhere considerable. Indeed, the distinction between the golden and silver ages of Latinity was early assumed by scholars, and the dictum of Quintilian adopted by Erasmus—*ille se multum in Latino sermone profecisse sciat, cui Cicero valde placebit*—represents probably the matured preference towards which the drift of scholarship was tending throughout the fifteenth century. Suetonius forms an anecdotic fringe on the robe of Tacitus, has little literary merit, is even prosaic, but, owing to the unflagging interest of his subject, never prosy. He trundles, as it were, in the same wheelbarrow the pathetic and the grotesque; but no book in the first flush of its recovery from the wreck of ages was ever more popular than the ‘*Vitæ Cæsarum.*’ Its first printed edition of which the date is known appeared in 1470 A.D., and before 1500 *fifteen* editions had seen the light.

The ‘*Annals*’ of Tacitus were first published in Rome by Philippus Beroaldus in 1515. They were unknown in the fifteenth century. But as Machiavelli lived till 1527, he doubtless became cognisant of the later work. All references to the work of Tacitus prior to 1515 do not include the ‘*Annals.*’

The interest felt in the subject-matter of both may be taken as the more probable reason for this wide and rapid acceptance which each secured. Europe was, in fact, settling down into Cæsarism everywhere; but into a Cæsarism differentiated everywhere, save in the papacy itself, by the hereditary principle. Our own Tudor dynasty and the *regale* of Louis XI. and Francis I. in France are the nearest examples of the set of this current of despotism. The papacy itself, after the failures to temper it at Constance and Basle, was by reaction become more doggedly absolute, as well as more indecently corrupt. But the most significant fact of all is to be found in the change of the Holy Roman Empire, not in form but in fact, from elective to hereditary, which took place in the accession of the House of Hapsburg to a practically secure inheritance. Frederic III. of that House was elected emperor in 1440, and his reign nearly fills the rest of the century. ‘From his ‘posterity’ the imperial dignity ‘never departed except in a ‘single instance, upon the extinction of his male line in

‘1740.’\* Actual experience had taught Germany the mischief of the elective principle, in the struggles which threw her into confusion for several years together at every change of dynasty, and almost at every demise of the crown. But the object lesson of Roman Imperialism, given in the pages of Tacitus, drove the warning home, in that awful picture of nearly two years of civil war which followed the death of Nero; crowned by that butcherly struggle in the streets of Rome, its *saturnalia* of carnage and plunder, and the conflagration of the capital itself, which threw a lurid horror over the writer’s own boyhood, and forms in his narrative one of the most tremendously impressive of his descriptive pieces.† In the testimony of Tacitus elective monarchy stood condemned, especially when united with institutions predominantly military. No crown was worth such risks, no protection conferred by it could ensure against such atrocities.

The exhumation of the remains of Tacitus was marked by the reanimation of history in Machiavelli. The latter is in time *longo proximus intervallo* to the former, and between them there stands none worthy to be rated with either. In his ‘Florentine History’ (ii. 1, § 3) he quotes ‘Ann.’ i. 79, where Florence is classed as a *colonia*, for a trifling incident relating to that city. His career (1469–1527 A.D.) covers the period when the ‘Annals,’ published through the zeal of his own friend and patron, Pope Leo X., were making their influence felt in the world of letters. But in his ‘Prince,’ though dwelling more than once on the Dictator Julius, and reviewing the careers of a series of the later Cæsars (chap. xix.) he exactly skips all mention of those whose newly recovered portraits shone before him in the genius of Tacitus—the only great ancient historian of despotism, as such. Tacitus wrote to uphold amidst that ‘darkness that might be felt’ the beacon of moral principle, and show that under its blight high ideals were yet possible. The virtues which he revered existed in spite of it, not flourished by means of it. The ‘Prince’ assumes the purely selfish standpoint of the despot’s interest; who is to cultivate only the virtues consistent with a safe supremacy, to be retained, in Horace’s

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\*Hallam, ‘Middle Ages,’ ch. v. Compare the same writer’s remarks on ‘The Progress towards Absolute Government,’ ‘Literature of Europe,’ ch. iv. sec. ii. 19.

† Hist. iii. 71–83.

words, 'si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo.' Or, as Juvenal asks,

'Quis enim virtutem amplectitur ipsam,  
Præmia si tollas?'

Machiavelli would answer, 'he would be a fool who did so, 'being a prince; the *præmia* are the things to secure.' Thus his moral tone is not only below that of Tacitus, but is absolutely a zero of neutrality. He assumes as tenable that which Tacitus detests; but having a profound sense of the decencies and a strong regard to consistency, he studiously, as it seems, avoids any reference to one before whom his 'genius would stand rebuked.' But when in chap. vii. he refers to the 'emperors who from a private station arrived at 'empire by corrupting the soldiery,' in chap. ix. to 'the 'prince who owes his exaltation to the favour of the people,' and to the 'risk incurred' by 'the prince who seeks to 'change a civil principality into an absolute rule,' we can hardly doubt that his mind's eye rested on Otho and Vitellius, Augustus and Tiberius; or that the sphinx-like impenetrability with which the last-named baffled the Senate, eager to read 'the 'day's disasters in his morning face,' inspired the sentence in chap. xviii., 'It is necessary to disguise the appearance of 'craft, and thoroughly to understand the art of feigning and 'dissembling.' The Florentine hierophant of statecraft must have closely sympathised with the politic secrecy which falls like a veil on the face of Cæsarian history, and baffled the penetration of Dio, its later historian, of whom Mr. Furneaux says :—

'He, with all the materials before him which we have, and much more which we have not, finds himself, at the establishment of the principate, passing from daylight into comparative darkness, deepening, no doubt, towards his own time, as publicity was more and more suppressed.

'In former days, public affairs were discussed before Senate and people, by persons of every shade of opinion; now the forum was silenced, even the minutes of the Senate no longer public, and the vast departments centred in the princeps received their intelligence and transacted their business in private, and communicated no more than they thought fit. What was divulged could not be tested, and those who disbelieved the information had only surmise to substitute for it. Sometimes, no doubt, light was afterwards thrown on a dark place, through the record of their own transactions by public men, or authentic private communications which found their way into history, and exposed the falsifications of an imperial bureau.' (Vol. i. *Intro.* p. 17.)

Traces of the influence of Tacitus's Dialogue 'de Oratoribus,'



the earlier part of which is a controversy on the respective attractions of oratory and poetry, may be found in Sir Philip Sidney's 'Defence of Poesie,' especially as regards the declamatory spirit which pervades it; and the illustrative enlargement added by Lord Bacon to his original ten 'Essays 'Civil and Moral' in the later editions seems enriched from meditations on the Cæsars.\* The episode of Sejanus in Ann. iv. and vi. gave Ben Jonson his play of that name, in which several scenes come directly from the Latin of Tacitus. To the 'Dialogue' we shall have occasion to recur.

Our editors alike enrich the reader with a wealth of literary aids which results from their own and others' industry. They write as though nothing had been told while anything remains untold, and pile Pelion upon Ossa in masses of historical and critical elucidation. No doubt the convenience to the man of literary leisure is great when he finds between the boards of his volume all and more than all which is necessary to understand and even enjoy his author. The editions before us seem compiled for such, and comprise the Tacitean specialties of a well-found library thoroughly up to date, besides opening side-doors of reference, alike tempting and enabling further research. They are thus intellectual *éditions de luxe*. But to the student, even of matured powers, attacking his author *à la nora*, the mountain-pile of preliminaries is rather bewildering. By such the 'sources of information' to, and the 'use of his materials' by the historian—both the outcome of modern controversy over his trustworthiness—would be taken for granted. Mr. Furneaux is especially abundant in these highly readable excursions. To take his first volume only, the 'Introduction,' following a 'Preface' of five pages, contains nine chapters, as follows:—Chap. i., Life and Works of Tacitus, 6 pp.; chap. ii., Genuineness of the 'Annals,' 3 pp.; chap. iii., Sources of Information, nearly 9 pp.; chap. iv., Use of materials by Tacitus, nearly 10 pp.; chap. v., Syntax and style, over 30 pp.; chap. vi., Constitution of the early Principate, 12 pp.; chap. vii., Rome under Augustus and Tiberius, 27 pp.; chap. viii., Character and Government of Tiberius, 25 pp.; chap. ix., Genealogy, with Notes, 14 pp. All these, except v. and ix., are thickly studded with references and occasionally with original quotations in

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\* This is most conspicuous in the Latin form of the essays. See, for a good instance, Essay ii., 'De Morte,' which has three or four textual quotations from Tacitus or Suetonius.

the footnotes; in the excepted chapters they are dispersed, more suitably to the subjects, in the body of the page. The total of the dimensions of this vast portico to the following structure of text and comment, which two divide about equally the remaining pages, is over one-fourth of the entire volume, and its proportion in the second volume falls but a very little short of the same. Nor is Mr. Spooner much less liberal. His preface is short, but his introduction of a hundred pages in seven sections includes in the fourth of these an entire review of all the provinces of the empire, following and popularising Mommsen; and in the last, a close and copious *résumé* of that intricate passage of history, the revolt of Civilis. Each editor has industriously affixed his index, but the only map in either is one of Armenia at the end of Mr. Furneaux's vol. ii., which might have been more conveniently placed close to the essay on 'Parthia and Armenia.'\* We regard this essay, from the difficulty of the subject and the lucidity of the treatment, as the most masterly of the whole. Tacitus, it should be noticed, is here at his worst. His editor finds therein occasion, and takes it, to be at his best; and it is hardly possible to bestow greater praise. The narrative of the 'Annals' breaks the subject into four portions interrupted and resumed,† but with such an absence of chronological data and such a total unconcern about geographical, as to make it impossible to assign with certainty the year of each campaign, or to trace its movements on the map. Their geography indeed, as the editor remarks, is the standing reproach of all Roman historians. We have no trace of the existence of official maps among the *tabularia* of Rome. Not only here, but in his British campaign of Claudius, the gravest doubts as to the lines of march indicated by Tacitus remain insoluble. He seems to cover the area, but never to touch the ground; and the modern editor, bent on hopeless accuracy, toils after him in vain.

But in both our editors every one of these separate sections of illustrative digest shows an enthusiasm of thoroughness likely to fix and certain to reward the attention of the student; but we fear the whole mounts up to a bulk no less certain to cloy his appetite and overload his powers of assimilation. We would gladly have seen the bulk of historical disquisition shrunk by one-half, and the deficiency, if any,

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\* Vol. ii. Introd. chap. iv.

† Hist. xiii. 34-41, xiv. 23-26, xv. 1-18 and 24-31.

made good by a dozen serviceable maps, illustrating such points as the Pannonian revolt in the 'Annals,' the areas of Upper and Lower Germany, the march of Galba upon Rome, the two battles of Bedriacum, and the topography of the great Neronian conflagration in the fourteen quarters of the city.

At the same time there is no diffuseness in either editor. The wholes are compact, and the parts are distinct. It is the profuseness of this cornucopia which we deprecate; and, as deprecating, must refrain from following its lead into many a flowery corner of historical research. We will venture a hint to Mr. Spooner that his frequent transitions from the past proper to narrative into the present of liveliness—and back, do not, especially in an epitome, such as his work necessitates, tend to lucidity. A few remarks on one or two leading samples of these richly stored essays seem, however, due to the editorial care which has grouped their materials with an almost overpowering liberality.

In chapter vi., on 'The Constitution of the Early Principate,' we have the pith of so much of Professor Mommsen's 'Römisches Staatsrecht' as refers to the subject, blended with an appreciable *quantum* of original and independent matter. Here the successive instalments of constitutional power which gradually invested Octavian with all the attributes of supremacy are carefully examined. Among them the title 'Imperator,' in a permanent sense, distinguished from the spontaneous enthusiasm of victorious legions greeting their leader in the moment of victory, is specially noticed. It was not, however, peculiar to Octavian, for whom Mr. Furneaux quotes an inscription in Orelli's collection, 'Imp. Cæsar iii vir R.P.C.' Precisely the same style *mutato nomine* is given to Mark Antony, one of whose coins shows 'M. Antonius Imp., &c.,' and on the obverse, 'iii vir R.P.C.\*' One remark may be added on the 'tribunitial power,' which we think would be better rendered 'capacity' or 'function,' according to the distinction between *potestas* and the more abstract *potentia*. 'It appears that in some form he (Octavian) had received 'it in 718 B.C. 36.' It was in fact a constitutional necessity that he should, or at any rate that one or more of the triumvirate should, receive it. For without it the bestowal at once of 'consular power' and 'military (pro-consular) imperium'† would have overridden the ordinary

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\* Figured in Sir W. Smith's Dictionary of Biography, i. p. 216.

† Introduction, p. 61.

tribunate and left the mass of the citizens without a protector. The *tribunitia potestas* was therefore the proper complement to balance, at any rate in theory, these two powerful weights of absolutism. Its early attribution might almost have been assumed, if not expressly mentioned. Indeed, as Mr. Furneaux notices in a note,\* the Dictator Cæsar had previously united the same *potestas* with his *imperium*, referring to Dio, 42, 20, 3. And Suetonius mentions the reception of that *potestas* (which he calls *perpetua*, as, in fact, it became) by Octavian in the same section in which he deals with the 'triumvirate' (Suet. 'Aug.' 27). The distinction, which Dean Merivale failed to make, between the '*princeps*' as a common imperial title, though rather popular than formal, and the *princeps senatus*, which Octavian and his successors also bore—although not found upon extant inscriptions earlier than Pertinax—is duly impressed by our editor. 'Princeps,' without an epithet, is rarely inscribed, as he rightly informs us. Tiberius is called in one inscription *principis et conservatoris*; but it may be doubted whether an instance can be quoted of *princeps* standing alone as a formal title; although in the Ancyran Monument Augustus expressly claims it, as well as that of *princeps senatus* distinct from it. That each expresses an idea independent of the other seems clear from this last fact. But, if further evidence be sought, we have it in a lost portion of Cicero's treatise 'de Republica,' referred to by himself in his letter 'ad Atticum,' viii. 2, and quoted by Augustin, 'De Civ. Dei,' v. 13, as follows: 'Tullius dissimulare non potuit in iisdem libris quos de republica scripsit, ubi loquitur *de instituendo principe civitatis*, quem dicit alendum esse gloria.' Cicero himself uses to Atticus (*ubi sup.*) the term '*moderator reipublicæ*, quo referre velimus omnia.' But as this part of the text of the 'De Republica' is lost, we know not by what adjustment he contrived to make it fit existing magistracies, or by what limitations he would have guarded it from mere irresponsible absolutism. Practically the question was solved by consolidating in one pair of hands the *imperium*, the tribunate, and, when necessary, the censorship, together with the filling up the senatorial roll (*lectio senatus*). It was like staving so many old casks, and pouring their contents into one reservoir. As for limitations, there were none, save the *ratio ultima* of conspiracy and assassination. But of these powers, in the case of Augustus, the tribunate only, when once fully

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\* Introduction, p. 64.

and formally bestowed, was, as Suetonius says, 'perpetual.' The imperium was bestowed for successive limited terms, beginning B.C. 28-7, for ten years, then for two *quinquennia*, then again for three *decennia*, but every time by a distinct act of renewal on the part of the S.P.Q.R. The last of these was in 13 A.D., and in the very next year Augustus died at Nola, from which point, *ab excessu divi Augusti*, the 'Annals' of Tacitus begin their tale. In the earlier periods Agrippa, in the later Tiberius, received by a similar vote the imperium and the tribunate, but neither in perpetuity, as it were colleagues in supremacy; but by no public act on either of them, or on Augustus himself, was the title of 'princeps' ever formally conferred. It is noteworthy that the censorship exercised thrice, and the *lectio senatus*\* thrice or four times, by Augustus, always coincides with the commencement of one of these periods of limited tenure. The imperium which has been described as 'proconsular' by the microscopists of Roman constitutional law was, however, in effect consular also, i.e. supreme and unlimited; so that by it the death even of a senator could be ordered and executed even within the walls of the city. It included also the right of convening and 'referring' to the Senate, while the *tribunitia potestas* gave the initiative of all legislation. It should be further noted that, by the result of the above renewals of office, Tiberius was already invested with both that potestas and the imperium, each with nine years yet to run, when Augustus died. This is a powerful factor in our estimate of his position at the moment of demise.

Thus the principate gathered into one, like the licitor tying up his rods, all the staves of empire. The forms of the constitution only were not strained, its spirit was destroyed. Distributed, these various elements of authority had checked one another in favour, at least theoretically, of liberty; but by their assemblage every check was removed,

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\* The 'Monum. Ancy.' mentions three only of these; but gives no clue as to where they come in. Our knowledge of this is due to Dio (lii. 42; liv. 12-14, 26; lv. 13), who speaks of four such *lectiones*. The reconciliation is probably to be found in Suet. 'Aug.' 35; where, indeed, two only are spoken of (*duabus lectionibus*), but of these the first was conducted *ipsorum arbitratu*. This therefore, probably, in the 'Monum. Ancy.' is not counted. At the first renewal the princeps felt so far from secure, that he presided in armour with an escort of ten able-bodied senators, and only admitted the 'Conscript Fathers' one by one, after searching each personally. (Suet., quoting Cremutius Cordus, *ubi sup.*; cf. Dio, liv. 14).

and henceforth the public liberty and safety were staked on the virtue and wisdom of a single man. Once only in the history of our own country has a state of things somewhat similar endured for a brief while. The period was that of Richard I.'s captivity and his brother John's threatened usurpation. Hubert Walter, the crusading comrade of Cœur-de-Lion, after burying his primate, Baldwin, who had also taken the cross and with it the sword amid the battle-fields of Palestine, succeeded to his chair of Canterbury, became also High Justiciary of the kingdom, was left, through his command in the Holy Land and Richard's captivity, generalissimo of the army, besides being chief administrator and financier. In this last capacity he raised the needful ransom for his prince's freedom; in his judicial, he brought to instant trial the leading partisan of the treacherous John; in his archiepiscopal, he excommunicated that prince; in his military, he captured the rebel castles; in his administrative, he granted numerous charters to towns, and, by thus furthering municipal liberty in the present, paved the way for general liberty under the Great Charter in the future, and died just ten years before it was signed. In his collective grasp of sword and crosier, mace and baton, we have a domestic, if transitory, type of that assemblage of all the powers of the State in a single person which constituted the Roman principate.

The only one of Mr. Furneaux's dissertations which dissatisfies us is the important one on the 'character and government of Tiberius.\*' Certainly either here or in the previous essay, 'Rome under Augustus and Tiberius,' he should have found occasion to point out how the policy of the latter was a shrunken and shrivelled-up edition of that of the former; in short, a pedantic copy of its negative points, as well as wholly lacking in positive energy and personal initiative. The negative points were, not to seek a more extended empire, not to increase the numbers of the standing army, and not to undertake any war unless the contingent gain was likely to more than counterbalance the losses. But Augustus† had done his utmost to raise the social standard and estimation of every order in the State—of the common citizen, of the equestrian order, and of the Senate. We have seen how, at least three and probably four times, he held a *lectio senatus*, and not only purged it of the unworthy or the impoverished—the latter often by making up their legally re-

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\* Vol. i. Introd. chap. viii.

† Suet. 'Aug.' 38, 40.

quired revenue from his own resources—but gave promotion to the more distinguished provincials by enrolling them in it.

Dean Merivale, after commenting on the duties required of the senators, and their capacity individually for the higher administrative posts, says, in reference to the reigns of Tiberius and his successors :—

‘ Hence the expediency for the frequent revisions of the list of the Senate, such as under the republic had been executed by the censors at rapidly recurring intervals, and had been repeated more than once by Augustus. But the last of these solemn inquisitions . . . had taken place as far back as 757 A.U.C.\* Tiberius had shrunk from the labour, or the odium, of renewing them. Caius had wantonly neglected to do so. It was left for Claudius . . . to follow the example of the founder of the empire.’

Thus the Senate, deprived of the freshening flow of promotion, soon found itself a stagnant pool, ever losing by evaporation, and ever gendering putrefaction. Can we wonder that it became what we find it in the ‘ Annals ’ ?

But, beyond this, Augustus had contrived to offer the most frequent public openings to the greatest number,† and find a career if possible for every capacity. His care of the city and its buildings had the attractions of an illustrious example and encouraged public-spirited munificence.‡ He was also a considerable law reformer,§ and devoted his personal energies to purify the channels of public justice.|| Only in this last item did his successor in any degree copy him. As regards the first, his generous policy was largely reversed. Tiberius, as a rule, never changed his officers when he could help doing so. Men vegetated for years in the same legation or prefecture, and even when successors were nominally appointed, he sometimes forbade their leaving the city, and kept them not at but from their official duties indefinitely. Thus all avenues were blocked and public spirit stifled. Honourable careers were denied, and the loathsome trade of the *delator* was left almost alone in possession of the field.

Yet more, the personal energy of Augustus carried not only his policy, but his presence, into every province of the empire except Africa and Sardinia,¶ while Tiberius was to them all a mere ‘ image and superscription ’ on the coinage.

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\* In a note he qualifies this by supposing that in 767 some special cases of removal occurred.

† Suet. ‘ Aug. ’ 37.      ‡ Ibid. 29.      § Ibid. 34.      ¶ Ibid. 32, 33.

¶ Ibid. 47.

Yet while he remained in the capital—until he sank himself out of sight at Capræ—the one Julio-Claudian Cæsar who never marched, whom no errand of war or policy could lure from Rome, he yet did nothing and encouraged nothing for the civic welfare and safety to compare with the aqueducts of Agrippa,\* the Esquiline gardens of Mæcenas,† or the urban police of Augustus.‡

Thus the densely crowded *insulae* of the *Velabrum*, or the squalid shops and taverns of the *Subura*, remained as the most salient and mortifying feature of the outlook from the terraces of his own palace. The unsavoury mass of slums packed away in the lower levels, with their choking labyrinth of lanes,§ ‘angiports,’ and *culs-de-sac*, continued, with no general attempt to modify or purify, until the great Neronian conflagration swept an area at last for reconstruction.|| Had he been called off by foreign wars or frontier questions from the scene, or given largely his personal presence to the provinces, there would have been some excuse for this neglect. It is because he stuck to Rome as a snail sticks to a wall, and devoted to sapping the *morale* of the Senate the intellectual powers which he might have bestowed on improving the *physique* of the city, that he stands condemned for it.

Another grave domestic question was the corn supply of the capital. The system of quarterly or monthly rations and frequent *congiaria* to something like 200,000 persons was reluctantly and against his sounder convictions continued by Augustus, because, he said, he felt convinced that, if he abolished it, some successor would be sure to curry popularity by restoring it.¶ It was indefensibly vicious, and its defects and dangers must have been patent to Tiberius. He had ample leisure, large experience, superior abilities, and advisers who would have been trusty had he cared to trust them. Domestic security was the keystone of any policy which it is possible to ascribe to him. Why could he not have grappled with this, its foremost problem, and disproved the despondent anticipations of his predecessor? Or, granting that the system was too deeply rooted, and the risk of

\* Suet. ‘Aug.’ 42.

† Hor. ‘Sat.’ i. 8, 7–16.

‡ Suet. ‘Aug.’ 30, 32.

§ See Furneaux, vol. i. Introd. p. 88.

|| A serious fire in the Aventine region is mentioned in the last year of Tiberius (‘Ann.’ vi. 45), who assisted munificently in making good the damage.

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change too great, yet why was the *annona* of Rome ever hovering on the brink of precariousness as we find it? Africa was one great corn-growing area. Of the mercantile mechanism which brought her harvests to the wharves of the Tiber we know little or nothing. But that there was an army of investors, 'forestallers and regraters,' who let no opportunity slip of manipulating the trade in their own interests, and found that opportunity in the public necessities, can hardly be doubtful. Africa was barely two days' sail from Ostia. Had Tiberius taken the field in person against Tacfarinas, or even, leaving the troubles of generalship to Dolabella, proceeded thither in person to organise anew the benefits of peace restored to the province, he might have tracked this standing peril to its source, have taken security for an adequate enlargement of wheat culture, and placed a strict supervision on the tricks of the speculators. As it was, he left the gravest of public perils to grow without lifting a finger to check it.

These, however, are examples at worst of remissness, but that beyond these faults of omission his positive measures directly fomented the two gravest public evils which stamped permanent infamy on the imperial system, is equally clear. The foremost of these was the practice of delation. On his indirect encouragement of it, by denying a career to useful ambition, we have already touched; but he did worse. When he had been ten years on the throne, on the occasion of a trial which, by its unnatural features of atrocity, revolted the not very fastidious humanities of Roman sentiment, a motion was made in the Senate 'for abolishing 'the rewards of accusers in case the victim forestalled 'sentence by voluntary death.' 'And this,' says Tacitus, 'would have been carried, had not the Emperor, with a 'harshness contrary to his usual manner, taken the accuser's side, complaining that enactments would be reduced 'to impotence and the public interests jeopardised, and 'that they had better abolish the law itself than cast off its 'guardians.' He thus avowedly erected the odious practice into a pillar-principle of judicial administration. 'Thus,' adds the historian, 'the *delatores*, a class of men found 'pestilent to the public, were not only never duly repressed 'by penalties, but were being stimulated by premiums on 'their mischief.\* This fact, being presumably recorded among the senatorial *acta*, is incontrovertible, if anything

\* Ann. iv. 28-30.

can be which took place in A.D. 24. The 'manner' of the august advocate of turpitude, in controlling the division and ensuring the rejection of the motion, may of course be a colouring of senatorial prejudice. The apologists of Tiberius are welcome to that suggestion, if they care to make it. The fact alone is conclusively damnatory.

The second capital blot on his policy was his gathering the Prætorians, at the suggestion of Sejanus, into one strongly fortified camp just outside the Servian *agger*. Augustus had never allowed more than three cohorts of armed men,\* besides the ordinary armed *vigiles* enrolled to keep the peace of the streets, &c., to be quartered in Rome. These household troops were kept in an almost constant idleness, and pampered with pay, donatives, and privileges, until their insolence became boundless, while their position made them the arbiters *urbis et orbis*. It surely needed far less political sagacity than that of Tiberius to forecast the certain result. That such a force thus concentrated should continue under the direct command of Sejanus, on whom he was then relying for civil administration also, was altogether a minor absurdity. By this arrangement the whole power at the point of contact with any public emergency was vested in one man's hands, who might thus obviously force a *coup d'état* at any moment. To rescue himself from this imminent peril tasked his astute statecraft to the utmost; and the atrocious massacre and nameless horrors which followed the downfall of Sejanus were really the Emperor's vengeance against that peril in which he had virtually placed himself. But his relations with Sejanus were personal to Tiberius: his general policy was disastrous to the empire. By reducing the Senate to impotence and making its members earn the wages of shame in mutual self-destruction, he overthrew the deliberative branch of government; by concentrating and dignifying the Prætorians, he substituted for this the element of brute force. Can there be a more decisive master-stroke of impolicy than this?

His latest stage was that of retirement at Caprea, where, one may say, he drew the curtains before he went to bed. An erratic impulse led him once to flutter again, like a November fly, around the walls of Rome, or, as Dio relates, the marriage of Caius (Caligula) drew him forth to Antium. But if the Prætorians were his protection, why did he not

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\* Suet. 'Aug.' 49.

keep under their sheltering eagles? If he resolved on seeking safety in that 'natural island fortress,' what need of the Prætorians? In his absence at Caprææ what else was their camp than a standing menace to the empire and himself? The abject inertness into which the Senate had been cowed, and the leaden weight of terror which lay upon all hearts, are nowhere perhaps so manifest as from this negative fact, that such an opportunity as this offered for years together was never seized. Probably all the bolder spirits had fallen victims already. There was no hand left capable of striking the blow and seizing the helm. 'What 'was going on behind those curtains?' is a question keenly debated between his apologists and his detractors. His own ostensible answer was, that he was 'cultivating the *literæ humaniores*, with other studies, some elegant, some occult, 'in the refined society of erudite Greeks.' 'Plunging into 'the foulest orgies and direst atrocities that ever revolted 'humanity,' was the answer on the lips of Roman society. Whichever be true, or nearer the truth, he certainly was *not* employed in governing the Roman state, which alone is our present point. The great machine of empire hung together at its work by that *vis inertię* which, as it resists the change from rest to motion, no less resists the change from motion to rest. Perhaps he calculated that the momentum would last his time. And here we may quote with entire concurrence Mr. Furneaux, who, after noticing one or two 'flashes of vigour' in this haze of stagnation, continues:—

'In general, however, the administration is described as sinking into neglect and disorder; ambassadors and suitors are unable to get a hearing, even the "album judicium" is no longer filled up; the best men hang back from public service, or are kept for years from going to the province nominally entrusted to them; others are left year after year at their posts with apparent indifference to their merits; whether they were judicious as Poppæus Sabinius, cruel and oppressive as Pontius Pilate, or contumacious and dangerous as Gætulicus. Even the senatorial provinces, as Asia and Africa, seem to feel the effects of the general irregularity; and even the security of the frontier is said to be no longer fully maintained.\* (Vol. i. pp. 131-2.)

But habitual indecision, thus inducing inertness and falling under the creeping shadow of imbecility, is again

\* 'A thorough procrastinator, if ever a king or autocrat was so,' is the estimate of Tiberius expressed by Josephus, and cited on p. 131 (1) from Joseph. 'Antt.' xviii. 6, 5.

purely personal to the man. The grave errors which we have been dwelling upon struck deep into the vitals of the Cæsarian supremacy, and left the deepest trace of all in history, until Constantine, three centuries after their rise, finally dissolved the Prætorians.

Lastly, Tiberius early in his reign extinguished the Comitia by transferring their functions to the Senate, and only leaving them once in a reign the *pro forma* plebiscite which conferred on the prince his tribunitial capacity.\* Augustus had emasculated their power by exercising either a 'commendation' or a 'nomination' of certain candidates, but left them the form—a *congé d'élire*, in short. Tiberius trod out this last spark, and reduced the commonalty to functionless impotence, retaining only the resource of uproar. Having thus merged its powers in the Senate, reducing the august S.P.Q.R. to the first letter only, he proceeded to destroy the independence of the Senate itself. What then remained?—*L'état c'est moi!*

The result of this condensation of all institutions into Cæsarianism was the extinction of the Cæsars. Dean Merivale tells us how

'with Nero, the adoptive race of the great dictator was extinguished. The first of the Cæsars had married four times, the second thrice, the third twice, the fourth thrice again, the fifth six times, and lastly the sixth thrice also. Of these repeated unions a large number had borne offspring, yet no descendants of them survived. A few had lived to old age, many reached maturity, some were cut off by early sickness, the end of others was premature and mysterious; but of the whole number a large proportion, which it would be tedious to calculate, were victims of domestic jealousy and politic assassination. Such was the price paid by the usurper's family for their splendid inheritance; but the people accepted it in exchange for internal troubles and promiscuous bloodshed.'†

Civil war was, in short, extinguished for the rank and file of citizens, but with it Roman citizenship too. Its struggles were transferred from the Forum and the Campus to the steps of the throne; and *Furor impius*,‡ become a domestic fiend, now tore in pieces the imperial family. Tiberius

\* Furneaux, i. Introd. vi. p. 70.

† History of the Romans under the Empire, vol. vii. pp. 48, 49, ed. 1865.

‡ 'Claudentur Belli portæ; Furor impius intus,  
Sæva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus ahenis  
Post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.'

Virg. 'Æn.' i. 294-6.

began that long proscription-list of princely blood in Agrippa Postumus, of whose murder, whether principal or accessory, he cannot be held guiltless; and regarded his own kindred as 'wolves' to be 'held by the ears.'\* But, further than this, the worst excesses which ever made absolutism odious, during the three successors of his house and throne, were the direct corollary of the precedents fixed by his reign, and that reign largely shared and wholly inaugurated the most atrocious half-century in the known annals of earthly empire. 'The evil which he did lived after him;' like Atreus in tragedy, he stamped his sceptre with a curse for his descendants, and that is why we arraign his policy at so much length, and regret, amidst the excellency of the editor's work, the insufficiency of the light thrown upon its main features.

But both editors are entitled to our thanks for their annotations, always adequate and often excellent. Perhaps there is a slight hesitation now and then in Mr. Spooner's notes. That on '*armaque palam depositi*,' p. 388, n. 9, is an instance; there can be no doubt that '*palam*' is, as he doubtfully inclines to view it, equivalent to an adjective, such e.g. as '*manifesta*.' We heartily wish them both an early second edition.

We have already touched on the opening sections of Tacitus's early work, the Dialogue '*on illustrious orators*,' as containing a friendly rivalry between oratory and poetry considered as pursuits. The assumption which seems to underlie the discussion is a curious one, viz. that a man might at his choice succeed in either. Yet the dictum of Horace must have been well known to Tacitus, which forbids mediocrity in poetry,† while admitting it in oratory and other pursuits into which utility largely entered.

The pith of the '*Dialogue*,' however, is found in the further rivalry between the older and the newer style of oratory itself, which occupies three-fourths or more of the whole. Our reason for dwelling briefly upon this prolusion is that it forms a key to the ultimate literary form which the '*Annals*' embody. In style Ciceronian, it declares under the *persona* of M. Aper a revolt against Cicero, founded on the demands of the imperial age, and it leaves the weightier of Aper's arguments unanswered by Vipstanus Messala, on whom

\* '*Ego lupum auribus teneo*.'—Suet. '*Tib.*' 25, cf. '*Ter. Phor.*' iii. 2, 21.

† Hor. '*Ep. ad Pisones*,' 368-378.

rests the defence of the earlier school. But that earlier school is one of oratory, not of literature as a vehicle of narrative. Yet, by ascribing to the later school which has displaced the old one those identical rhetorical features which distinguish the narrative style of the 'Annals,' he proves indirectly, but with sufficient clearness, that the genesis of this latter lay in the schools of rhetoric.

The grand arena of the Ciceronian age had been the forum itself. Our modern use of the word 'forensic' tends to obscure its own origin. The forum, as understood by the republican age, was not merely the site of the law courts, but the scene of mass meetings, with all the elements of political life concentrated in its area. The *rostra* formed the real professor's chair for the public speakers' training. Not in the rarefied atmosphere of the Senate or in the specialised surroundings of the law courts, but in the broad open air of the *contio* and the *comitia*, they drew their breath of life. But on the Senate, too, the stifling vapours of imperialism had settled for half a century when Tacitus wrote, and no question involving great public issues came before the law courts. To the sensitive impatience of that later day the *beatissima ubertas* and *felicissima facilitas* which Quintilian ascribes to Cicero would have seemed a tedious prolixity.

Terseness and point, rapid incisiveness, epigrammatic brilliancy, were now the leading requirements. The result of such an ideal, under the teaching of the rhetoricians of the empire, was to sink in petty smartness all the broader and grander aims of the orator of the past. On Tacitus himself its effect was to narrow the lights and deepen the shadows of his narrative style, to accumulate in a single phrase, or even a single word, the force of a whole clause; to make clauses do the work of sentences, and make sentences bear the weight of paragraphs, and often to squeeze, as it were, the thoughts out of shape by the closeness of the packing. But the strain thus put upon the attention is fatal to the enjoyment of the reader. The condensation of the matter overtaxes average powers of mental analysis, as we read. The vehicle of language itself under this treatment, however undeniably full of masculine vigour and nervous sententiousness, becomes often rugged, often obscure. We find the clenched fist, and would prefer the open hand; or, to quote a memorable saying, we find 'the nodosity of the oak' as well as 'its toughness,' and long for a smoother fibre and a less corrugated grain.



The 'Dialogue,' however, remains one of the highest masterpieces of Latin critical effort. We doubt whether there is any equal and continuous bulk of Quintilian which will bear comparison with it, and probably the 'Brutus' of Cicero is the only one which a judgement ripened in the long Italian summer of Roman literature would venture to put before it. As the work of a comparatively young author, it is by far the most marvellous of all. If we make Cicero carry 'weight for age,' even the 'Brutus' must yield to it, and the 'Brutus,' we know from his own testimony, was by him regarded as his own masterpiece in its special kind.

That the greatest masters of Roman oratory flourished in the decadence of the republic, and drew their inspiration from the Titanic convulsions which tore it to pieces and left its fragments to be picked up by Octavian, has seemed a paradox to some. Let us quote, in reference to this, a single sentence from the 'Dialogue,' in which, after noting the enormous interests at stake, the wide influence and patronage accruing to successful eloquence, and the vastness of the theatre which echoed with its applause, Messala continues, concerning these stimulants:—

*'Quantum ardorem ingeniis, quas oratoribus faces admovebant! non de otiosa et quieta re loquimur, et quæ probitate et modestia gaudeat: sed est magna illa et notabilis eloquentia alumna licentiæ quam stulti libertatem vocabant, comes seditionum, effrenati populi incitamentum, sine obsequio sine servitute, contumax, temeraria, arrogans, quæ in bene constitutis civitatibus non oritur.'*

But over and above these world-wide incentives to the union of genius with ambition there came the heritage of the great models of Greece to guide the development and fix the ideal. These shone likewise before the eyes of Tacitus, while all around him were political debasement and moral degeneracy. He had probably deeply studied Thucydides, whose spirit was most congenial and whose point of view the nearest to his own. But to a mind so full of original power as his, the more profound the study of such a master, the more highly spiritualised would be the resulting influence of the lessons. We may hang them side by side as companion portraits, but any likeness depends upon a subtle harmony which transcends all material elements of feature. Thus, without any scrutiny of turns of expression, or threads of reflection, we draw attention to the strong sympathy of genius shown in the following parallel, which, however, only touches the general idea of the respective works:—'Before,'

says Tacitus,\* 'I enter on the task I have set myself, I ought to call up before me the condition of the city, the temper (*mens*) of the armies, the attitude of the provinces, what was sound and what morbid in the whole area of empire, so that not only the turns of particular events, but their reasons also and causes, may be studied.' Thucydides (i. 23), revolving the question 'why so great a war set in upon the Greeks,' says: 'The real reason, although the least obviously avowed, I consider to have been the increase in Athenian greatness, and the fear thus caused in the Lacedæmonians, which impelled them to war; but the causes superficially alleged were as follows.' To the same view he recurs later (c. 83), viz. that 'Sparta declared war, not so much through the persuasion of her allies as through her own dread of the overweening power of Athens.' He then proceeds to such a review of the upgrowth of that power as is closely matched by the outlook into the conditions of the empire which Tacitus proposes above, and which he proceeds to take in the following context. The student can draw his own conclusion.

Our author's earlier style, as shown in the 'Dialogue,' was formed by his own reading. Probably the 'Brutus' itself was one of its most copious tributaries. But as he grew to be, in Mr. Furneaux's words, 'the most finished pleader of his age,' and adopted, as every great pleader must adopt, the characteristics which that age demanded, it would be strange if, after twenty years or more of successful practice, those characteristics had not reacted on his own literary form. Our editor further adds: 'Historical style was all the more likely to be rhetorical owing to the custom of oral recitation. From many instances in which the effect on the ear seems to be studied, and others in which oral emphasis would have removed an ambiguity, it is not improbable that Tacitus may have adopted this general practice.'

In dealing with Mr. Furneaux's admirable summary of the peculiarities of Tacitean 'syntax and style' (chap. v.) we do not for obvious reasons go beyond a few examples. Both are dominantly those of the poets, cast, as hinted above, in the mould of the rhetoric fashionable at the time. In a context from which we have already quoted, he says (i. 32, 33):—

'The old criticism, tracing the characteristics of the style of Tacitus to poetic colouring, and to the study of brevity and of variety, will be

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\* Hist. i. 4, 1.

seen to be well founded, and to be capable of explanation from the circumstances of his life and nature of his subject. . . . To these should be added the most truly personal of all his traits of style, the elevation and dignity (*αειμώρης*) known to have characterised the orator, and which in the relation, not only of great matters, but also of what is trivial or even revolting, appears never to be lost sight of by the historian.'

As regards brevity, whenever a word can be 'understood' by implication of sense, or by having cast its shadow even anywhere on the previous context, then to leave that word in ellipse is a leading principle. To stamp the effect in a metaphor instead of stating a fact, to infer a motive by an epithet in narrating personal conduct, to weed down language like a modern studying to keep a telegram within the limits of sixpence, are valuable subsidiary rules. There is hardly a chapter of the 'Annals' which Caesar or Livy would not have enlarged by at least half its bulk.

Hence in part arises the disproportion manifested between them and the 'Histories.' Four books of the latter cover rather over a year, the first four of the former comprise fourteen. This condensation, as it were by hydraulic pressure, must have cost the author no little study, and calls for yet more on the part of the student. Instead of aiming at what Byron calls 'the art of easy writing what should be 'easy reading,' Tacitus imposes the maximum of effort on himself, and taxes the reader in at least equal proportion. But for many of us even this treatment has its own charm. The kernel is found so fully and finely flavoured that we gradge not the toughness of the shell.

Regarding Thrasea and Agricola not only as models but as martyrs, Tacitus, with an irony of attitude just noteworthy in passing, assumes a stern denunciatory tone against the Christians in what is therefore the best known passage in the 'Annals' (xv. 44), albeit impeached as a Christian forgery. That Christians are in it held up to detestation, although acquitted of Nero's trumped-up charge, is one of those 'camels' which the higher criticism is found capable of swallowing. That an artful Christian, forging in Tacitus's name, should entirely throw over his friend Pliny's letter to Trajan, is a minor inconsistency. On the question of the notoriety and numbers \* of the Christians in Rome at the date of Nero's fire, Mr. Furneaux seems to show less than his usual acumen in gathering and sifting evidence.

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\* Vol. ii. App. ii. p. 572.

From the time of Nerva the institution of burial clubs at Rome is distinctly traceable, and is presumably older as a fact by at least a generation than the earliest definite evidence of it. These burial clubs were often also benefit societies, gathering contributions from their members, and receiving benefactions and even legacies, and also having their stated solemn days of meeting. As the entire organisation of an early Christian community might easily take the colourable form of such a *collegium* for burials as was sanctioned by Roman law, it seems very likely that the first relations of such a community with that law were of this character. And this supposition leads easily to the well-known facts relating to the *hypogæa* or 'catacombs.'

Our editor notices (vol. ii. 575, note 7) three Christian sepulchral inscriptions bearing definite dates, A.D. 71, 107, 111; but contents himself with adding, 'It is maintained that Christian cemeteries were set apart and used as such from a very early time.' But De Rossi—the 'Old Mortality' of the Eternal City—gives good evidence that in a mutilated inscription of two lines, one of which ends in . . . . RVM, and the other in . . . . ORVM, with an anchor, one of the oldest Christian symbols, below, he has found the title of *Sepulcrum Flaviorum*, the tomb of the (Christian) Flavii,\* some of whom were descendants or relations of the Emperor Vespasian.

The union of the nephew and granddaughter(?) of Vespasian, both believed to have suffered for the faith,† makes it likely that their children, the younger Vespasian and Domitian, were reared in the same faith; and, as they would be too young to succeed to empire on Domitian the elder's death, were for that reason, or because they were Christians, or through the hatred felt for their grand-uncle, set aside in favour of Nerva. This, as De Rossi observes, confirms the statement of the 'Acta Martyrum,' that at once after the death of the Apostles, i.e. of St. John, who outlived the rest, the Empire had a narrow escape of a Christian succession. The

\* For the evidence adduced in support of the statements and conclusions of Comm. de Rossi in the text we must be content to refer to the 'Bullettino di Archeol. Crist.' 1865, No. 6, p. 46; id. iii. 4, p. 152; ii. 5, pp. 15-17.

† For Fl. Domitilla (1) and (2), and the marriage of Fl. Clemens with the latter, see 'Dictionary of Biography,' s. nn. For T. Flavius Clemens and Fl. Domitilla (3), see Euseb. 'H. E.' iii. 18 (109, 16). The degree of relationship of Fl. Domitilla (2) to Vespasian, being uncertain, is marked with a (?).

original germ of the Christian catacombs is believed by De Rossi to be found in the Flavian sepulchre above mentioned, known as that 'of Domitilla.' There was further discovered among various mural *graffiti* at Pompeii in 1864 one which unquestionably contained the words *audi Christianos*.\* As Pompeii was sealed up in the ashes of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, Christianity must have been in evidence there before the popular eye at least as early as that year. But why on such a question as the early growth of Christianity at Rome is the evidence of St. Paul's Epistle to the Roman Church itself, dating not later than 58 A.D., i.e. seven years *before* the Neronian fire, to be omitted? The effect of this letter, reinforced by the later (61-63 A.D.) presence of its writer in Rome, armed with the privileges, although imprisoned, of a Roman citizen, must probably have been largely to stimulate that Church's growth in those seven years. We have St. Paul's own testimony that his preaching had reached the 'prætorium,' and that he counted some of 'Cæsar's household' † among his converts. But the most emphatic testimony to the 'numbers' is that of the salutations in Ep. Rom. xvi. Unless the multitude of believers in Rome was proportionably very large in A.D. 58, that long list is simply inexplicable. Of course, as the editor suggests, the 'ingens multitudo' of 'Ann.' xv. 44 may as easily have been an exaggeration as the 'immensa strages' of vi. 19.‡

Taking together the existence of the burial clubs, the hardly doubtful identity of the Flavian sepulchre, the spread

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\* As read by De Rossi, the scrawl was 'Pro Vie(o) S(acro) audi Christianos sevos olores,' but the last word seems doubtful, and 'sevos (= severos) obsoniis' has been suggested. That some invectives of Christian teachers against luxurious gluttony (obsoniis) should have attracted some attention in a place of fashionable resort seems not unlikely; and their known custom of open-air preaching would explain 'Pro Vico Sacro.' Another such scrawl seemed also to relate to the Christians, but obliquely, and with no direct mention. Three *sarants*, two Italian and one German, are named by De Rossi as attesting the undoubted fact of *audi Christianos* being two of the words. Mr. Furneaux, of course, cannot have seen these statements and attestations, or he could not have written, as he does on ii. p. 574, n. 6, 'The letters CHRISTIAN seem to have been at one time traceable, . . . and the attempts at a restoration of the other words rest on no real evidence.' The whole series of words is carefully facsimiled by De Rossi in the 'Bullettino.'

† St. Paul, Ep. Philip. i. 13, iv. 22.

‡ See Mr. Furneaux, vol. i. Introd. p. 120; 80 vol. ii. App. ii., p. 575.

of Christianity to the Flavian dynasty, its public notoriety at Pompeii—and why should Pompeii be deemed exceptional?—all characterising the period of Domitian,† and the evidence furnished by the Pauline Epistles, it seems hardly open to doubt that in Nero's time the number of Christians in Rome must have been large, and, as they were not yet driven by persecution to concealment, their existence a notorious fact. Of course the fact of the imperial household furnishing recruits to the faith would bring Christianity under Nero's notice whenever he had a purpose to serve by noticing it.

It is a curious question whether Tacitus's vilification of the Christians was not a contributory cause to the scarcity of his works; so that we only possess them, and that very incompletely, in forms dependent ultimately on two archetypes.‡ The destruction of his monument at Terni, by Pope Paul V., 'as that of an enemy of Christianity,' shows the light in which he was regarded. The obscurities of his peculiar style, which had not, and probably could not have, any imitators, would no doubt concur; and Church writers who affected superior Latinity would certainly not look to him as a model. If he thus acquired, as seems not unlikely, the character of one who calumniated the early martyrs in bad Latin—the oldest and, in spite of his obscurity, the ablest *advocatus diaboli*—we ought perhaps rather to wonder that so much of him has been preserved. He would not commend himself by either peculiarity to the librarians of the Western monasteries, and has had, in fact, a narrow escape of oblivion.

\* For brethren found at Puteoli by St. Paul, see Acts xxviii. 13, 14.

† It should be noticed that the facts above referred to throw their light backward, and imply a growth of at least a quarter of a century in the Christian community at Rome. There, too, until the attention of the Government was pointedly turned upon them, the Christians would, at this period, be safest, owing to the confluence and toleration of all foreign religions in the capital. We see from the Acts of the Apostles that their molestation in Gentile centres was due to Jewish enmity. Accordingly, as the influence of Poppæa was greatest about this time, and she is believed to have favoured the Jews, she may possibly have suggested Nero's atrocities against the Christians, as shown by Mr. Furneaux, ii. App. ii. p. 574. How an 'apparently small number of brethren' can be inferred from Acts xxviii. 15 (ib. p. 575) is not easy to see. But from Ep. Rom. i. 8 foll. it seems unlikely that that number was inconsiderable, especially as, from the tenor of the Epistle, it clearly included both Jewish and heathen converts.

‡ 'Annals' i.-vi. depend solely on the first Medicean; 'Annals' xi.-xvi. and the 'Histories,' in MSS. of various groups on the second Medicean: see Furneaux, vol. i. Introd. p. 5, ii. Introd. p. 4, Spooner, Introd. p. 2.

The term 'Annals' has no real authority as a title. The books so called were originally known as those '*Ab excessu Divi Augusti*,' i.e. they took their title from their point of departure. The earlier 'Historiæ,' planned as they are on the years with which they deal,\* might just as well have been termed 'Annals' as the others. Both series of books are unhappily defective.

The 'Histories' are merely a considerable and continuous fragment; but, if entire, would carry us to the end of Domitian's principate. The three sections with which 'Hist.' i. opens have a distinct character, and abound in those marks of style and syntax to which, as far more copiously stamping the 'Annals' than the other works, Mr. Furneaux, as already noticed, has devoted his introduction, chap. v. It seems to us that these sections, written thus in his later manner, were added by the historian when the work was completed, perhaps even after the 'Annals' were begun, and joined by the single word *ceterum* to the first sentence of the body of the work. That sentence § is so remote from that later manner that it might almost have been written by Livy. The opening sections exhibit the writer's personal standpoint, and express the fact that he had reserved for his old age (*senectuti seposui*) the completion of the 'Histories,' to include Nerva and Trajan. This must be allowed to suit exactly the case of one who was either meditating or had commenced a work like the 'Annals,' to intercept the completion of the 'Histories.'

As the historian sometimes scatters his events about the Roman world to preserve the unity of time, so the editor of the 'Histories' vindicates the unity of place by going *seriatim* through the provinces of the empire and showing 'the parts which they played in the events of the year' 69 A.D. Thus between them the unities of the historical drama are preserved, the editor being largely but honourably indebted to Mommsen. It seems ungracious to ask, after so much pains taken, 'Is the game worth the candle?' It has the ill effect of discouraging the student from all personal

\* This is plain from the fact that at 'Hist.' v. 14 the narrative of Civilis's revolt is resumed from iv. 79, the events at Alexandria and those of the Judean war, because they fell in the same year, being interposed. See especially the phrase, '*eiusdem anni principio*,' with which Book v. commences. Thus we are transported in iv. 80-v. 13 to Egypt and the East, and thence back to the West and the Rhine, local continuity giving place to sequence of time, as in Thucydides.

research into his author, and for students we presume the edition is intended. The very act of thus locally digesting the historical material, when made by his own effort, becomes a valuable mental discipline to the tiro in Tacitus. To find the whole done for him converts it into a mere load upon the memory. There is a further section on the characters of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius. They are not collectively worth the ten closely printed pages they occupy, and any corrections of Tacitus's estimate of them might be told in three.

In Mr. Spooner's Introduction, sect. vii., the story of the revolt of Civilis is given with painstaking fidelity, but we want the relief of prominence thrown upon the dominant events and situations, rather than a flat *silhouette* of every incident. Of course it is difficult to exemplify how this should be done without virtually rewriting a large portion of the essay. But the editor omits to notice that the rising was probably much more nearly successful than Tacitus suggests, and was compromised rather than crushed. 'Triumphati magis quam victi' is the verdict of Tacitus himself on the German tribes ('Germania,' 37), and this seems to exemplify it. The narrative breaks off in the 'Histories' (v. 26) with Civilis's speech half spoken. But any substantial Roman success would probably have been indicated in the 'Germania,' published apparently while the writer was engaged on the 'Histories.' In it the Batavi, Civilis's tribesmen, who were the backbone of his effort against Rome, are not only respectfully mentioned, but signally extolled. Nay, the verdict above cited stands in a context clearly referring, although in general terms, to that effort, as shown by the phrase, 'etiam Gallias affectavere.'

The movement was bound to fail, as Mr. Spooner shows, and the reasons for this, with the lessons learned by Roman policy from the attempt, form the most valuable portions of his essay. It was, as he also shows, a premonitory shock of the grand upheaval of the north-western nations, which it required yet nearly four centuries to mature and concentrate upon the empire. But in 69 A.D. Germany was not yet ripe, and Rome was not yet rotten.

The reason why Tacitus will ever, by a large class of sympathetic readers, be placed *facile princeps* among historians is not far to seek. His grand elevation of moral dignity has never been surpassed. He has no relish for the ridiculous side of absurdity, but ever gravely unfolds its unreason, and writes like a man who had never enjoyed a hearty laugh.



Of all the pasquinades in which the cultured high-life of Rome avenged itself on its imperial tormentors, he has preserved not one; although possibly some of its bitterer sarcasms may have served to point the deeply mordent comments which ever and anon clinch the intervals of his narrative. Of all the ancient historians preserved to us, he had the fullest imaginative power and the most profound moral consciousness. In these characteristics Tertullian—apart from his Christianity—most nearly of ancient writers resembles him. But Tacitus never loses his temper, as Tertullian frequently does, and never accompanies the thunder of judgement with the hailstorm of vituperation. His is ‘a landscape on which the sun never shines;’ but his gloom is always a calm, and by its very calmness the more intense. His word-pictures remind us of the legend of the Pilatus mountain, which, as it darkens with mist, throws out on that sombre background the phantom of the spectral suicide. His virtue has the pungency, but also the robustness, of persecuted righteousness,—

Per damna, per caedes, ab ipso  
Ducit opes animumque ferro—

and makes us feel perpetually the ‘*sæva et infesta virtutibus tempora*,’ which threw a blight on his earlier life.

But we fail to find in Tacitus the austere impartiality which is superior to the bias of personal feelings strongly enlisted. His patriotic sympathies forbid him to state the unvarnished tale of Roman losses in defeat against a foreign and barbarian enemy. His account of the Jews, their religion and their origin, betrays prejudice steeped in ignorance—an ignorance founded on disdain of inquiry. You would never gather from his narrative that the eminently readable works of Josephus, in spite of their enjoying the patronage of Titus, had for him any existence, or that to consult any Jewish authority in respect of that unique people was a suitable homage to historical truth. Contempt seems with him not merely to have excluded research, but to have quenched even curiosity. And if this was so with the historically most curious race which ever crossed Rome’s march of empire, and whose death-struggle must have filled some of the most profoundly interesting of his perished pages, how much more so with the struggling sect of Christians, whom he probably regarded as bred from the decaying refuse of that Jewish nation!

- ART. V.—1. Da G. D'ANNUNZIO:—*Terra Vergine*. Roma: 1883. *San Pantaleone*. Firenze: 1886. *Il Piacere*. Milano: 1889.
2. Da G. VERGA:—*I Malavoglia*. *Vita dei Campi*. *Novelle Rusticane*. *Primavera*. Milano: 1881. *Per le Vie*. Milano: 1883.
3. Da Signora SERAO:—*Storia della Fanciulla*. Milano: 1886. *Vita e Avventure di Riccardo Joanna*. Milano: 1887. *All'Erta Sentinella*. Milano: 1889. *Addio Amore*. Napoli: 1890. *Il Paese di Cucagna*. Milano: 1891. *Fantasia*. Torino: 1892. Ediz. 3<sup>a</sup>.
4. Da A. DE NINO:—*Usi e Costumi Abruzzesi*. 5 vols. Firenze: 1891.
5. Da S. FARINA:—*Il Signor Io*. Torino: 1882. *Amore ha Cent' Occhi*. Milano: 1885. *Mio Figlio*. Milano: 1885.
6. Da DE AMICIS:—*Bozzetti Militari*. Firenze: 1869. *Alle Porte d'Italia*. Milano: 1888. *Il Romanzo d'un Maestro*. Milano: 1892. Ediz. 12<sup>a</sup>. *Cuore*. Milano: 1893. Ediz. 146<sup>a</sup>.
7. Da A. FOGAZZARO: *Malombra*. Milano: 1886. *Fedele*. Milano: 1887. *Il Mistero del Poeta*. Milano: 1888. *Daniele Cortis*. Torino: 1891.

THE time is past when students of Italian can complain of a dearth of novels and light literature. A long list of authors lies before us, some of whose works have been translated into various languages and whose names are well known out of Italy. A large and brilliant contingent—Signor D'Annunzio, Signor Verga, Signora Serao, Signor Salvatore Di Giacomo, Signor Capuana, Signor De Nino, Signor Farina—come from Southern Italy and the islands where still linger so many traces of the fine and subtle Greek intellect. Unfortunately many of these writers have a passion for dwelling on morbid and unwholesome themes, on moral and physical putrefaction—a taste which appears to have impregnated the literature and the art of the present day in Italy.

Incomparably the greatest stylist of the modern Italian school is Signor Gabriele D'Annunzio, a native of the Abruzzi, but educated in Tuscany, and already favourably known in France as a poet. His tales and sketches of peasant life glow with local colour. 'Terra Vergine,' written, we believe, whilst Signor D'Annunzio was still in his teens,

are pictures described by a poet in exquisite prose. How charming are Fiora, the wild goat-girl, sitting under a black-berry bush and singing—singing out of pure enjoyment of life, and sun, and summer weather—and Tulespre, the young goatherd, who flings himself down in the damp grass to cool the blood boiling in his veins, fermenting like fresh grape-must—intoxicated by the warm scent of new-mown hay, half dazed with the buzzing of insects and the beating of his own heart, which kept time to the rhythm of Fiora's stornella. For a while he listens.

• Then, creeping along the ground like a lizard preparing to spring at his prey :

“ Ah ! ” he suddenly cried, and with one jump stood upright before her, laughing aloud : short, very muscular, with reddish hair, and eyes glittering with health, courage, and love.

“ The goat-girl was not afraid. Her lips curled an indescribable affectation of scorn.

“ Well ! What did you think you were ? ” said she defiantly.

“ Nothing.”

“ They remained silent, and behind the distant bluff the Pescara roared among the thick woods lying at the foot of the bare mountain.”

And the bronzed fisher-lad Dalfino, the famous diver and swimmer, whose mother died when he was born, and whose father was drowned at sea.

• That evening when the south-wester howled like a hundred wolves and the western sky was flooded with blood. The immense stretch of water had ever since exercised a strange fascination over him : he listened to the waves as though he understood what they said, and talked to them as he had once talked to his father, with sudden gushes of love and childish affection, which ended in wild songs shouted at the top of his voice, or in long drawn-out couplets full of melancholy.

“ He is down there asleep,” said the lad one day to Zarra, “ and I shall go there too. He is waiting for me : I know he is, I saw him yesterday.”

“ You saw him ? ” asked Zarra, opening those eyes as black as the keel of the fishing-boat.

“ Yes, there, just behind the point of Seppic ; the sea was like oil, and he looked at me, he did.”

“ A shiver of fear ran down the girl's back. . . .

“ Oh ! what is there in thine eyes, Zarra, this evening ? ” murmured Dalfino. “ I'd swear now that thou art one of those fairies who live in the high seas, far, far away, and are half woman, half fish ; and when they sing you remain there a stone ; and their hair is all alive like serpent ; it is ; some day thou wilt again become a fairy and jump into the sea and leave me here bewitched.”

Poor Dalfino ! Zarra's eyes were his ruin, and sent him under the curling white waves to join his father.

In 'San Pantaleone,' a volume of sketches of peasant life, the first tale positively throbs with the dazzling white heat and the dust of Southern Italy, and the pagan idolatry, which passes for Christianity in those remote regions, is drawn to the life in the bloody feud between two villages about the merits of their respective saints. In the second tale, 'Annali d'Anna,' we seem to be assisting at an anatomical lecture by some skilful surgeon. Every nerve is laid bare. We follow the gradual atrophy of Anna's intellect until hysteria and epilepsy supervene, when the nuns of the convent, where she is a lay sister, regard her as an inspired being—almost a saint. As sometimes happens in hysterical affections, the muscles of the vocal chords suddenly refused to act. Anna loses all power of speech, and as suddenly she regains her voice in church during the Vesper hymn. The religious fervour and the fanaticism of the nuns, who are persuaded that they are witnessing a miracle, are depicted with extraordinary realistic power; while some pages have the simplicity and almost childish grace of the great writers of the fourteenth century. Much in these tales is as vivid and incisive as anything written by M. Zola, and, like M. Zola, Signor D'Annunzio prefers to insist on the grotesque and bestial side of human nature.

As a poet or a writer of short tales Signor D'Annunzio is far more attractive than as a novelist. In spite of the brilliancy of language and grace of style which distinguish 'Il Piacere,' it is an unpleasant and an unhealthy book. We regret to see so much talent lavished on an attempted idealisation of vulgar and coarse immorality, and should be sorry to accept it as a faithful picture of high society in Rome. The men are nearly all, to use a slang expression, cads, and the secret of the hero Andrea Sperelli's successes is explained by his consummate hypocrisy, his power of lying, and his shamelessness. In the latter quality he is almost surpassed by his mistress, Donna Elena Muti, Duchess of Scerni. At their first meeting in Palazzo Roccagiovine Andrea 'envelopes her with a glance like flame,' and tells her she must be made like Correggio's Danaë in the Borghese gallery. The Duchess replies, 'O Sperelli!' and after a pause asks him if he has often been in love. She marries an ignoble personage, Lord Heathfield, who seems to be dragged into the story to show that the author is an accomplished bibliophile. The well-known acute and poetical critic, Signor E. Nencioni, himself a master of the purest Italian, after bestowing unstinted praise on the musical

grace and supreme elegance of Signor D'Annunzio's style, exclaims :—

'I can only hope that the poet who has written these pages ("Il Piacere") will henceforth use his marvellous powers in describing less exceptional and more genial episodes of life. . . . Leave,' he cries, 'and leave for ever, the study of such morbid, exceptional, and artificial personages.'

Maestro Mascagni's charming music has made the title of Signor Verga's tale, 'Cavalleria Rusticana,' popular in England. 'I Malavoglia' (translated into English under the name of 'Under the Medlar Tree'), 'Vita dei Campi,' 'Novelle Rusticane,' and 'Nedda,' the last story in 'Primavera,' are as faithful pictures of Sicily as 'Per le Vie,' a collection of humorous but sad tales, is of Milanese life. We all know Bigio, the cabman of Piazza della Scala, who

'spends five centimes while waiting for a fare, in order to study the wrongs and abominations in the world, and gives vent to his ire afterwards in the very words he has read in print.

"The paper was right. We must put an end to the injustice and the wrongs committed in the world. God made us all equal. No more cloaks worth a thousand francs, no more girls running away to seek a fortune, no more money to be spent in seducing them. No more expensive carriages, no more tramways to take the bread out of the mouth of a poor cabby. If carriages there must be, then only those in Piazza della Scala, belonging to the profession, should be retained, and even then that No. 26, who always contrives to put himself in the best place, must be sent about his business."

Signor Verga is a real artist, and 'Nedda,' in which he describes his native island, Sicily, is a wonderful study of peasant life. The heroine, with her wavy black hair tied with a bit of string, her flashing white teeth, her shoulders prematurely bent by overwork, and her poor scratched hands, seems to haunt us, asking, with inquiring blue-black eyes, why so much sorrow and poverty should exist.

The scene opens in the large kitchen of a farm on the slope of Etna. Women who had been picking olives stand drying their wet clothes before the fire, and the old 'massaia' is spinning, so that the oil lamp should not burn for nothing. While waiting for the songs the girls dance on the broken brick pavement of the smoking kitchen; but Nedda does not join them, and refuses to sing. She is thinking of her mother lying ill at home. With the others she goes to receive the week's earnings—a miserable sum—for when it rains there is no work.

'The poor girl dared not say anything, but her eyes filled with tears.

"And you grumble into the bargain, cry-baby!" screamed the bailiff, who always raised his voice to show how conscientiously he defended his master's interests. "You are paid like the others, though you are poorer and smaller. And we give a better day's pay than any other proprietor in the whole district of Pedare, Nicolosi, and Trecastrone! Three carlini besides soup!"

"I am not grumbling," said Nedda timidly, pocketing the few sous which the bailiff paid her in centimes in order to make them appear more.

"Now complain of God," said the bailiff roughly.

"Oh! not of God, but of myself who am so poor."

"Pay that wretched girl a full week's wage," said the owner's son, who had come to see the olive harvest; "it is a question of so few sous."

"I can only give her what is her due."

"But if I tell you to do it."

"All the proprietors of the country round would turn against you and against me, for making such an innovation."

"You are right," replied the son of the owner, who was a rich man, and had many neighbours.

Nedda gathered up her few rags in a little bundle, and said good-bye to her companions.

She had heard her mother was dying, and refusing the young shepherd's half-joking offer to accompany her, the poor girl starts on her solitary walk across the mountains to Punta. She sings aloud in order to persuade herself she is not afraid, and trembles at every stone sent rolling by the rain and at every gust of wind in the trees. An assiola\* utters its melancholy cry, and her courage is only kept up on that dark and lonely walk by the small lamps flickering before the wayside shrines where she stops to say a short prayer for her sick mother.

Nedda loses her way in the dark, and cuts one foot against the sharp lava, but at length she hears the clock of her native village, and smiles as though in the midst of strangers she had found a friend. The mother dies, and after setting the miserable hut in order, Nedda goes out and sits upon the doorstep looking up at the sky.

A red-breast, the chilly little bird of November, began to sing among the boughs and the blackberry bushes which crowned the wall opposite the door. He occasionally glanced at her with knowing little eyes while hopping among the brambles and the sprigs, as though he wished to say something; and then Nedda remembered that the day before her mother had listened to his song.

In the orchard near by some berries had fallen from the olive-

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\* Scops-eared owl.

trees, and the magpies came to eat them; yesterday she had thrown stones to frighten them away, in order that the dying woman should not hear their funereal croaking; now she looked at them without caring, and did not move. When the lupin-seller, or the innkeeper, or the carters, who talked loud to drown the noise of their carts and mule bells, passed down the street, she said "That is such a one, and that is so and so." Then when the Angelus rang and the first evening star rose, she remembered she need no longer run to Punta for medicine, and as all sounds died away along the road, and darkness fell upon the orchard, she sadly thought she need no longer light the lamp.'

Poor Nedda! The village girls scoffed at her for working the day after her mother's death, and for not putting on mourning, and the priest scolded her for sewing on Sunday at an apron she had had dyed black, and preached a long sermon in church against those who did not keep holy the Sabbath day.

The love scene between Nedda and Janù, who has just returned from the 'accursed plain' where reigns intermittent fever, is like a breath of fresh mountain air laden with fragrance of the pines. The two young people leave in quest of work at Bongiardo, where a mountain side is being transformed into a vineyard. Under one shed men and women slept pell-mell in the cold night air. Six months pass before the girl returns to the desolate room in which her mother had died, to wait for her lover, who had again gone down to the malarious plain for the harvest. He returns pale and fever-stricken, having spent in quinine the money he had saved for their marriage. In spite of her entreaties, he goes up into the mountains to pick olives off the tall trees. A bough breaks and Janù is brought back dying. The piteous tale ends with the birth of Nedda's baby, and its death from starvation because the mother lacks bread, and she blesses the Virgin for taking her child out of such a world of sorrow.

'Eros,' 'Tigre reale,' and 'Eva,' with their elegant perfumed heroines dressed in silks and satins, lack the truth, the originality and the poetry of Signor Verga's popular tales. We involuntarily think of Millet's 'Angelus,' while reading of those grave, sad, ignorant peasants with their old-world ideas, their quick passions, and their sordid avarice. .

What a picture of the latter Signor Verga draws in 'La Roba,' one of the tales in 'Novelle Rusticane'! Mazzaro, the peasant who never drinks, or smokes, or takes snuff, whose one thought is economy, and who little by little buys the land, the vineyards, the farms, and the palace of his old

master ; to whom at last nothing remains but the great stone coat-of-arms above the door—that he refuses to sell ! Mazzaro does not care for coin. Property is his passion. He wants to have as much land as the king. When he grows old his only grief is that he must leave his land where it is. ‘ God is unjust—after toiling a lifetime to acquire ‘ property, when we have got it and want more, we have to ‘ leave it.’ And for hours he sits with his chin resting on his hand, gazing at his vineyards sprouting beneath his eyes, at the cornfields waving in the wind like the sea and the olive groves embracing the mountain sides like a blue mist. When a half-naked boy passes by bending under a heavy load like a tired donkey, he throws his stick between the child’s legs from sheer envy ; muttering, ‘ There, he will have a long ‘ life because he has nothing.’ So that when they tell him it is time to leave all he has, and to think of his soul, he goes out into the courtyard like a madman, staggering, and with a stick he kills his ducks and turkeys, crying, ‘ You ‘ are mine ! come with me !’

As in the songs of Southern Italy, the sad minor key is often struck in Signora Serao’s sketches of her native city, Naples, so that she has been sometimes called a pessimist and an imitator of the French novelists of the present day. Signora Serao is a keen observer, and has the faculty of creating real people, not puppets dressed up in picturesque costumes. She excels in descriptions, but her very facility occasionally leads her to dwell too long on secondary details. Her novels lack the poetry and the truth of her sketches of popular life, the dialogue is apt to be monotonous, and the Neapolitanisms (if we may coin a word) into which the authoress sometimes slips are out of place. Hysteria, adultery, and suicide take too prominent a position, and we refuse to believe that Lucia Altimare, the heroine of ‘ *Fantasia* ’ (which has been translated into English) or Anna Acquaviva and her odious sister Laura in ‘ *Addio, Amore* ’ are correct types of Neapolitan women. In ‘ *Fantasia* ’ the opening chapters are admirable. The scenes in which the hysterical heroine horrifies the whole class by her intimate knowledge of things a young lady is supposed to ignore, and in church, when several of the schoolgirls almost faint with sensuous delight at the music, are humorous and charmingly written. But that any woman, however silly, could sit by and not see that her school-friend was deliberately enticing her husband away ; or that any man, however decrepit, should fail to perceive the love tokens, described so graphically by Signora Serao,



given by his wife to his friend Andrea, is impossible and therefore, as art, false. We also doubt whether a woman, after warning her lover that she carries sorrow in her train, would, on receiving his first kisses, turn to a statue of Venus rising out of a lake, and exclaim :

‘O distant sky! O passing clouds! O waving trees reflected in the lake! ye are witnesses that I have told him the truth. O sad willow! O tranquil water! O water-flowers! you have heard my words. O mother Venus! O goddess Venus! I have foretold the future to him. Nature, who dost not lie, thou seest that I have not lied. He it is who wills it.’

And big foolish Andrea thinks this bathos beautiful, and says :—

‘How divine thou art, O joy of my life!’

‘Addio, Amore’ contains some exquisite descriptions of Naples and the surrounding country, but the story is disagreeable and improbable. The tears, sobs, and incessant complaints of the heroine are so wearisome that we are almost fain to condone the love-making between her husband and her sister. ‘Vita e Avventure di Riccardo Joanna,’ though rather diffuse, is a powerfully written story of the life of a journalist. A novel without a heroine and without a love scene; but interesting and curious as the study of a character, and of a peculiar side of Roman life. The intensely Neapolitan ‘Il Paese di Cuccagna’ is the strongest indictment against the Government lottery that could be written. Only a very acute observer could pen such a lifelike, humorous, vivid, and intensely sad description of that infamous tax, which is to Italy what the ginshops are to England. Men let their wives and children starve, women sell their household furniture and then themselves, children beg and steal in order to gamble at the *lotto*. This is in our opinion the best novel Signora Serao has written, containing the same elements which make her short stories so charming.

‘All’ Erta Sentinella,’ the first tale in the volume to which it gives its name, is a touching description of the life of a governor’s family of the convict prison on the Island of Nisida. The gentle young wife’s horror of the convicts; her unconquerable conviction that the life of her only child, a delicate, nervous boy, is being undermined and contaminated by such an atmosphere; her struggle to overcome her feelings in obedience to her husband’s grave but kindly admonitions that the convicts are ‘poveretti,’ to be pitied rather than blamed, are drawn with a master-hand.

One of the prisoners, a young fellow who murdered his father in a fit of blind rage, attaches himself with a passionate love to the fragile little boy. Won over at last by the dumb supplication in Rocca's blue eyes, the governor's wife allows him to enter the house to sit by her child on a terrace overlooking the blue sea.

"Who gave you your dress, Sciuirillo?" asked fair-haired little Mario, calling Rocco Traetta by his nickname.

"The government."

"And your cap too?"

"Yes, sir."

"The government is good," said the boy.

The convict looked at him, but did not reply. Had the child insisted that it was night at midday, Rocco would at length have said, "Yes, it is dark." After a while the boy began again:

"What did they give you to eat, Sciuirillo?"

"Bean soup, sir."

"And for your second course?"

"Also bean soup."

"And for dessert?"

"Beans," laughed the convict.

Then they both laughed. All at once the child became serious.

"I ate maccheroni, Sciuirillo," he said, reflecting.

"Health to you!" cried Sciuirillo, laughing.

"Do you like maccheroni?"

"Yes, sir."

"Another time I shall eat less and keep a plateful for you."

"Don't think of such a thing," said the convict, much touched.

"Yes, yes. You shall eat them," cried the child, angrily.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; don't get cross about it," quickly answered Rocco Traetta, getting alarmed.

Listlessly the child turned over the pages of his picture-book.

"Read this," said he to Sciuirillo, pointing to some lines under a picture. "You don't know how to read? Oh, how silly you are!"

"If I knew how to read I should not be here," sadly murmured Rocco Traetta, after thinking a little.

"You are here because you are a scoundrel," said the child laughingly.

"Yes, sir," assented the convict—"but those who can read don't go to prison."

"You are a scoundrel, and they have put you in prison," insisted the boy angrily.

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," humbly answered Sciuirillo.

The chapter ends with the child being lulled to sleep by the sad convict song:—

E a San Francisco  
Ce stanne e ccancelle,  
E' ninne chiù belle  
L'a stanno a penà.

Little Mario falls ill; the convict forgets to eat, and heedless of punishments contrives to leave the dormitory at night, and stands like a faithful dog watching under the window of the child's room. 'How is that peccerillo?' he asks anxiously of all who leave the house. The child dies, and according to Neapolitan usage the body is exposed to the public. Rocco Traetta gently kneels beside the bed, and without a word or a tear kisses the cold little hand, and carefully puts a small sheet of paper between the fingers—a letter to the Virgin of Sorrow entreating her to give him grace. As the boat bearing the coffin garlanded with flowers leaves Nisida at nightfall for the mainland, the convict disappears, and is found next morning dead under the cliffs.

In the same volume are three other tales. 'Terno Secco,' 'Trenta per cento,' 'Giovannino o la Morte.' The first is a humorous description with a pathetic ending of the famous numbers given by a monk for the Government lottery. 'Trenta per Cento,' a realistic picture of the frauds perpetrated by the Ruffo-Scilla bank on the ignorant Neapolitan populace and the peasants of the country round, is evidently drawn from life. In the last short tale Giovannino is almost a Neapolitan rival to George Eliot's Florentine Tito. Handsome, unprincipled, and intensely lazy, he forsakes his pretty little love Chiarina for her stepmother, a fat widow who keeps a pawnbroker's shop, and squeezes the poor unmercifully. Chiarina discovers the treachery, and throws herself into a well.

'Il Romanzo della Fanciulla' contains descriptions of Neapolitan girls in various grades of society. The monotonous existence of the female telegraph clerks, their small jealousies and their love affairs are depicted with wonderful insight in the first tale. With a few brilliant touches the character of each girl is put before us, and although the canvas is crowded there is no confusion. The sadness of that Christmas evening spent in an icy room makes one shiver. Maria Vitale, with a bad cold, envies her family who are at the Fondo, a day theatre, and refuses to be comforted. We seem to hear the nervous flutter in the room as minute after minute slips by, and the director slowly and methodically examines the hours marked on the last telegrams.

"Aquila says good night."

"Reply immediately that his watch is wrong, that it wants ten minutes to nine, and that I will thank him to remember in future not

to presume to telegraph good night, but to wait until Naples sends it to him," said the director.

'Fifty-five minutes past eight! the boredom of seven hours spent in the office doing tiresome and intermittent work at last enveloped all the girls in a leaden shroud of fatigue. They remained immovable; even the effort of rising from their chairs seemed too great. Intense longing for nine o'clock had consumed their energy, and now that the hour had come—incapable of nervous reaction, dead tired of waiting, of enforced idleness, and of silly gossip, they no longer cared for anything. A purely animal longing for food and sleep possessed those who were going home, while—worn out, exhausted, and with stiffened joints—the girls who had been looking forward to an evening spent at the theatre or in dancing no longer felt any desire for amusement or admiration.'

'Per Monaca' introduces us into high Neapolitan society, with its flirtations and its balls, but the gay chatter of the bright young girls ends with the lugubrious ceremony of taking the veil by the beautiful Eva Muscettola. In 'Scuola Normale Femminile' the intimate knowledge of girls possessed by Signora Serao, and her power of keeping every character distinct in a crowd of personages, are very remarkable.

Lovers of folklore will find a mine of wealth in Signor Antonio De Nino's five volumes of 'Usi e Costumi Abruzzesi.' With infinite patience he has collected the fairy tales, the sacred legends, the quaint customs, and the extraordinary remedies for all sorts of maladies current in the wild mountains of the Abruzzi. The *malocchio*, or evil eye, of course plays a great part, and old wise women are in frequent request. But even without their aid you may do much. If a black cat can be induced to enter the house at sundown on a Friday evening, and you can catch her and hold her fore-paws until she mews seven times, the evil eye will be averted. Should a black cat not be available, the nearest female relative of the sick person must wrap herself in a black cloak and go three times at sunrise to some brook hard by, holding a burning stick in her hand. Three times the flames must be extinguished in running water, but if the woman speaks to anyone on her way the spell will not work. Should you have fever, a doctor is unnecessary if an elder-tree is at hand. Walk round the tree and say:—

'Elder-tree, O elder mine!

This fever now I give to thee;

Until I pass this way again

Give not the fever back to me.'

But you must never go past the elder-tree again, or the fever you left will seize hold of you with redoubled force.

In the sacred legends, St. Peter, whom we are accustomed to think of as an imposing and stately personage with a long white beard and a bunch of keys, generally plays the part of pantaloon. He steals hams, he shirks hard work, he cuts off heads and puts the wrong ones on the decapitated bodies before resuscitating them, he is beaten by a market-gardener, stung by bees, and laughed at by everybody. The legends relating to the Madonna are poetical, and have the charm of perfect simplicity. Herod's emissaries had already caused great alarm to the Holy Family.

'And though St. Joseph walked as fast as he could, he was always dropping behind, because the Virgin hurried on so fast in the hope of reaching some place of safety. They saw more Pharisees, but this time they were on horseback, which made the danger greater.

"Run, Joseph, run!" cried our Lady; and the saint, leaning on his staff all garlanded with flowers, caught her up. They were in a copse of junipers, and the Madonna said to a bush, "For the love of God hide this Child." And the branches of the juniper swayed open and enclosed the Infant. Seeing only a maiden and an old man without even a bundle, the Pharisees passed on their way without suspicion.

'Soon after another body appeared. Our Lady was on a rocky mountain side, and she crouched down under a holly-tree, hoping that the horses would be unable to stand on the sharp rocks. But they were like demons and swept up the steep mountain at a gallop. The Madonna saw no hope save in the courtesy of the holly, and turning to it she said, "Kind holly, hide us in thy branches." So the tree spread wide its boughs and enveloped St. Joseph, the Madonna, and the Child. The Pharisees searched and searched, but saw nothing, save rocks and a solitary holly-tree growing out of a cleft.

'When all danger was over the holly unbent its branches, and our Lady could not thank the tree enough for its courtesy. Before going on her way she said, "Thou shalt be ever green."

Signor Luigi Capuana, a Sicilian, has also written fairy tales; one of the volumes, 'C'era una volta,' with delicate and humorous illustrations by E. Mazzanti, is a worthy descendant of the much-loved 'Pentamerone' of our youth. His studies of contemporary literature, and of the Italian theatre of the present day, show wide reading and considerable acumen, and one regrets that so clever a writer should in his novels be content to imitate the French school. There are some charming sketches of modern life in 'Homo' and 'Le 'Appassionato,' but 'Giacinta' has nothing to redeem the atmosphere of immorality and coarseness which pervades the book.

Signor Salvatore Di Giacomo, a Neapolitan, is a well-

known journalist, and takes the first place among the poets who write in the dialect of his native city. His collections of sketches and tales, 'Mattinate Napoletane,' 'Menuetto 'Settecento,' 'Rosa Bellavita,' have a peculiar grace and charm, somewhat recalling Hans Andersen's 'Bilderbuch ohne Bilder.' The poor, patient, little sick child in 'Notte della Befana' left all alone while her mother runs morning and night to the theatre, where the eldest daughter is a ballet-dancer, her hope that the 'Befana' will not forget to put a plaything into the holey stocking she, with infinite pain and trouble, has managed to hang up at the foot of her bed on Twelfth Night, and her grief at finding it empty, are very touching. So is the story of the canary-bird in 'Gli Amici.' The wandering mountebanks in 'Nella Notte Serena,' the tired mother walking behind the laden cart through the cold night, carrying her dead child, is a tragedy in a few pages. Signor Di Giacomo never rants or exaggerates, and has a remarkable talent for saying in a few lines what most writers would expand into as many pages; much of his power lies in his perfect simplicity.

A long list of novels stands under the name of that genial writer, Signor Salvatore Farina, who has been called the Dickens of Italy, and is well known in Germany. Most of his books have gone through several editions, and some have been translated into various languages. He has a strong dash of quiet fun and gaiety, under which lies a vein of sentiment, and to turn from the naturalistic school of novelists to Signor Farina is like escaping from a hot, stuffy room redolent with patchouli and musk on to a breezy common. 'Amore ha Cent' Occhi' rings with the rippling laughter of Countess Beatrice, who is adored, even by her mother-in-law. The opening chapters are sad enough. Countess Veronica Rodriguez de Nardi is dying, in happy ignorance of the ruin of the family, concealed from her by her son with the aid of a faithful old servant. Then the scene changes to Sardinia, Signor Farina's birthplace, where even the banditti succumb to the charm and grace of Beatrice, and compose verses in praise of her beauty and her goodness. The descriptions of Sardinia make one long to see the great oak forests and the magnificent arbutus trees. 'Il Signor Io,' of which the fourth edition has been published with clever illustrations taken from a Spanish translation, begins with pages out of a journal kept by a professor of philosophy, a widower with an only daughter. She refuses a colleague of her father's, and the day she is twenty-one marries a singer,

'not even a tenor—a comic basso,' and goes with him to Bucharest. The professor declares he no longer has a child, returns her letters unanswered, and at length determines to marry again.

"A widower," he reflects, "is bound to consider the question of the happiness of his intended bride, and to solve it according to the strictest mathematical rules. I am acquainted with several marriageable young ladies, but I know that all have romantic ideas, and I do not feel myself capable of acting the part of a hero. I also know several widows, sighing for a second husband, but they are old and ugly—now age and ugliness are quite unnecessary elements in conjugal felicity. I shall not betray my identity, and my bride shall be young and pretty."

So Marcantonio Abate decides to advertise in the '*Secolo*' under the initials Signor I. O. After some days of anxious waiting three answers come, but he cannot make up his mind to respond to them. The next day brings another, and to his horror he recognises the handwriting of his daughter. How right he had been when he opposed her marriage! That rascally *buffo* had died, leaving Serafina in misery. The professor hesitates for a moment whether he is to give up his cherished matrimonial projects or to sacrifice himself to the child who abandoned him. He ends by writing to her to come back to his house, 'where she will find the keys hanging in the same place.'

All ends happily. The *buffo*, an excellent fellow, having come into a small fortune, has left the stage and returned to Milan. Serafina begs her father to come and live with them, but he refuses—he is unworthy of so happy a home—until the jovial comic singer bears down all opposition by propounding a philosophical problem:—

'Among the various forms of human egotism, is there not—or at any rate might there not be—one which we may, for want of a better name, call the egotism of penitence? You, by giving up your occupations and coming to live with us, will make your daughter perfectly happy, please me—who, after all, whether you like it or not, am the father of your grandchildren—and spoil them to their heart's content. Now, if you persist in refusing to grant us this happiness, don't you think you would be an egotist?'

'Mio Figlio,' in which a lawyer recounts the life of his son, is a bright, tender, and poetical picture of a happy marriage, beginning before the son is born and ending with the birth of his children.

Another Italian writer whose name is popular out of Italy is Signor Edmondo De Amicis, better known, perhaps, by

his books of travel and his military stories than by his novels. Cited for his absolutely faultless style, in 'Bozzetti Militari,' he strikes the patriotic chord to which every Italian heart responds so quickly. Of his book for boys, 'Cuore,' it need only be said that it has gone through 146 editions. 'Alle Porte d'Italia' deals chiefly with Savoy, and among the tales 'La Marchesa di Spigno' is one of the most touching. Signor De Amicis has rewritten the history of that beautiful and unhappy woman whom Victor Amadeo II. seduced when only sixteen and then married to Count Sebastiano. The King again fell passionately in love with her when, thirty years later, she was left a widow, and married her secretly just before he abdicated. She shared his prison at Rivoli, and after his death was shut up in a convent at Pinerolo by order of Carlo Emanuele III. 'La Rocca di Cavour,' birthplace of the great Minister, must be very picturesque according to Signor De Amicis, always happy in his descriptions of scenery. 'Il Romanzo d'un Maestro' is an extraordinarily minute account of the life of a village schoolmaster, it might almost be a daily journal. Very realistic, very lifelike, written in the very purest Italian, yet it is a dull book. The very perfection of Signor De Amicis' language becomes at last rather monotonous. Lately an officer in the Italian army and a staunch Monarchist, rumour has it that latterly he, like so many others, has become a Socialist. Great curiosity prevails in the literary world about his new novel, 'Il Primo Maggio,' which will deal with the labour question, the burning topic of the day in Italy as elsewhere.

Signor Antonio Fogazzaro, a native of Vicenza, occupies a distinct place among modern Italian poets and novelists. 'Daniele Cortis,' which has been translated into English, is a highly dramatic story, strong and vigorous in style, though occasionally the author uses phrases and words which belong too exclusively to the Venetian provinces. Dreamy and poetical, on the contrary, is 'Il Mistero del Poeta,' recalling the manner of Auerbach or Heyse. 'Malombra,' fantastic, romantic, and stirring, with its high-strung audacious heroine, Marina, who must have been most uncomfortable to live with, and ends by shooting her lover through the heart, and the Venetian Countess Fosca, her son Nepo, and the old German secretary, Steinegger, is full of humour.

Humour is not a common quality in Italy, but Signor Fogazzaro possesses it; there is a distant ring of Hoffmann in 'Fedele,' a collection of short tales, a mixture of the real



and the fantastic, which is German rather than Italian. By this we do not mean that he has borrowed anything from German literature; he is essentially an original and a suggestive writer. The following extract from a letter to an editor, printed at the end of 'Fedele,' may, we suppose, be taken more or less as a profession of faith :—

'The world I see is different from that seen by my brothers of the pen—in a word, it is not the real one; I see a world in which dirt, ugliness, and baseness reign, even to a greater extent than is depicted in some of their writings. But I also find beauty and goodness, which are evidently chimerical, as they are never alluded to in those books. It seems incredible, but I cannot perceive the great men visible to all, while I do see noble women ignored by everybody. I decipher the fantasies of the Alpine crags, in spite of their lofty height, but am incapable of reading those written by some authors, although they are so low. In every mind I can divine a glimmer of some unknown light, of some great idea, yet am unable to see the light of the "experimental idea," even in the brain of Emile Zola. A drop of accursed poetry has, I am afraid, been incorporated in the crystals of my spectacles, though the artificer made them before the novel developed into a scientific book.'

'Un' Idea di Ermes Torranza' in the same volume is eminently characteristic of Signor Fogazzaro's taste for fanciful and fantastic subjects. Bianca, though fond of her husband, found it impossible to live with his parents, and having no children returned to her father's house. The friend of her childhood, Ermes Torranza, a poet, dies, and on his death-bed writes to her enclosing his own portrait.

'Bianca, return to your husband. There is so little love in the world that you cannot afford to throw away a tender and honest affection—an affection of which you need not be ashamed.'

He recalls to her mind their conversations on the invisible world, and begs her between ten and half-past ten that evening to play the prelude to a song of his, and to leave the door into the garden open. 'Surely the shadows of 'night will be able to enter.' The pages describing her preparations for executing the last wishes of her friend are written with wonderful grace and almost tragic solemnity. We seem to see the dimly lit high-vaulted room all frescoed with mythological deities, and the beautiful woman seated at the piano with the music held open before her by the portrait of the dead poet, whose love we divine in his farewell letter. Softly she plays a few bars, but the tears come into her eyes; she rises and throws the door open. The night is perfectly clear, not a sound, not a breath of air;

she returns to the piano, and tries to think of nothing but the music. Two quick faint raps startle her, then another, close to the window, and a shadow appears in the doorway. Bianca utters a cry, and recognises her husband. 'Surely 'you expected me?' he humbly asks, and she understands that Ermete Torranza has arranged this meeting. As she, throwing herself into her husband's arms, answers 'Yes,' the night wind slowly turns the page of the poet's last song and covers his portrait.

A lady known by the pseudonym of Neera is a prolific and popular writer, much read by Italian women. Her heroines are often of the *femmes incomprises* type, and therefore occasionally rather wearisome, but her books are interesting as records, and evidently faithful records, of middle-class provincial life in Italy. We cannot help feeling a certain sympathy and pity for Marta in 'L'Indomani,' who, expecting to find ideal love—love stronger than death—in her very prosaic husband Alberto, astonishes and bores him by asking, at inopportune moments, whether he loves her and will love her for ever and for ever. 'Come, come, don't let us 'have any more nonsense,' he answers. 'Sew on my buttons.' One by one Marta's illusions fade, and she sinks into the dull *terre à terre* existence, which appears to be the lot of so many Italian women. 'Teresa,' one of Neera's best novels, is a curious psychological study; the gradual waning of the heroine's youth, good looks, and hopes is described with a quiet power which is rather fascinating. Teresa's amiable, melancholy, worn-out mother, who trembles when her husband raises his voice, and her father, Signor Caccia, pretentious, obstinate, and stupid, with a profound contempt for women, and an unlimited belief in himself, are evidently drawn from life. But what a life! How dull, how absolutely devoid of any sort of interest! The inhabitants of that small town, nestling under the dyke of the Po, must have hailed the inundation of the great river, so graphically told in the first chapter, as a break in the monotony of their existence, and a subject of conversation for some time to come.

Another popular authoress writes under the name of La Marchesa Colombi, and is known in England by her novel 'In Risaia' (In the Ricefields). A short tale by her, 'Un Matrimonio in Provincia,' bears a distant resemblance to Miss Austen's incomparable novels. Gaudenzia and her sister Titina become personal acquaintances, so does their silly old aunt, who suffers from rheumatism, and watches the changes in the weather. Then the fidgety father, a

widower, who is not happy unless the chairs in his bedroom are in a perfectly straight line, and who has a mania for exercise.

'He recognised but two remedies for all the maladies and the miseries of life—but they were infallible—a lamp to the Madonna and exercise. He used them as preservatives and as hygienic measures, for we were never ill, nor were we particularly unfortunate. But the lamp was carefully lit every Friday, and as to the exercise—the soles of my feet still ache when I think of it. Good heavens! how we did walk on those wide highroads, running as far as the eye can reach, across the pasture-land and the ricefields of those great plains of Novara! In winter they were white with snow, and in summer with dust. . . . During our walks our father continued our literary education by reciting passages out of the *Iliad*, the *Æneid*, and Tasso's "*Jerusalem*." When talking of the heroes who fought single-handed against whole armies, tore up rocks as large as mountains to hurl against their foes, and accomplished all sorts of extraordinary and improbable feats, he became excited and gesticulated violently. We did not share his admiration. Deprived of the charm of literary form and told in the midst of maize-fields, those great poems seemed to us rank nonsense. We mixed them up with the fairy tales our aunt loved to recount on rainy evenings, and we did not see much difference between them.'

The father marries an energetic and outspoken woman of a certain age, who soon puts a stop to their literary education, and teaches them how to sew. The love dream of Gaudenzia for a fat young man who makes eyes at her in the street for years is told with much comic gravity. At length she awakes to the fact that she is no longer a young girl, and accepts the first man proposed to her.

'Thus, after all those years of love, of poetry, of sentimental dreaming, my marriage was arranged. I now have three children, and my father, who on the day we were to meet Scalchi lit the lamp to the Madonna with his own hands, says she inspired me to marry him. My stepmother declares that I have regained the placid and foolish expression of my girlhood.

'The fact is I am growing fat.'

In '*Il Tramonto d' un Ideale*,' La Marchesa Colombi sketches an old, old tale with delicate humour. A boy and a girl swear eternal constancy, the boy leaves his country home and attains a high position at the bar in Milan. After some twelve years of town life he returns to find that his first love, who braved her father's displeasure and sacrificed her life to remain true to him, has lost her youth, and looks provincial and ridiculous.

Signor A. G. Barrili, whose '*Lettore della Principessa*' has been admirably done into English by Judge Stephen, is

the author of many pleasant novels of contemporary life. The bay of Rapallo, beautiful Porta Fino, and Santa Margherita, form a picturesque background for the half-Spanish heroine of 'Scudi e Corone,' while in 'La Montanara' the Tuscan Apennines and their hospitable and honest inhabitants are well depicted.

The name of Signor Gerolamo Rovetta is well known in Italy as a novelist and a most successful play-writer. He has, among others, dramatised his own book, 'Lacrime del Prossimo,' the life of a 'faux bonhomme.' In 'Mater Dolorosa,' a disagreeable subject, the jealousy of a mother for her own daughter is ably treated, so ably that our sympathy is with the Duchessa d'Eleda, to the exclusion of her heartless child Lalla.

'Le Vittime della Terra,' by Signor G. Cavagnari, a sad and powerful book, describes with merciless accuracy the miserable life of the Lombard peasants, and the disappearance of the small landed proprietors unable to pay the crushing taxes, forced to sell the bit of land they love, and to sink into the wretched condition of a labourer where once they were masters. The last pages of Signor Cavagnari's book are painfully realistic. As a long line of emigrants are waiting in the station a royal train, the engine decked with flags and flowers, rushes past, saluted with the regulation cries of 'Viva il Re!' Then the emigrant train crawls slowly away, and old Tommaso, shaking his fist out of the window, curses the new Italy who drives her children over the sea. Signor F. Figuselli in 'L'Eroe' depicts the life of an excellent man and a patriot, Cavaliere Chiaffredo Bergia, who rises from the ranks and dies a colonel of brigadiers. Another patriotic writer is the present Prefect of Florence, a Neapolitan, Count Capitelli, who has also written some volumes of poetry. Signor Rocco De Zerbi, in the 'Piccolo' of Naples, says: 'In Capitelli's literary work ("Cuore ed Intelletto, Patria ed Arte") we see the thinker, in his political writings and his speeches we divine the vivacity of the poet.'

'Veglie di Neri,' a collection of short tales by Renato Fucini, witty, well written, and intensely Tuscan, is yet another proof that the literary talent of the present day in Italy is at its best in sketches and short stories. It is, in short, an impressionist school. But the general feeling we derive from these varied pictures of Italian life is a melancholy one, indicating that national independence and liberty have not brought happiness, prosperity, or contentment to the people.

ART. VI.—*The Memoirs of James Marquis of Montrose, 1639–1650.* By the Rev. GEORGE WISHART, D.D. Translated, with Introduction, Notes, Appendices, and the Original Letters. (Part II. now first published.) By the Rev. ALEXANDER D. MURDOCH and H. F. MORLAND SIMPSON. London : 1893.

UNDER the hands of Messrs. Murdoch and Simpson the little volume which was suspended to the neck of the great Marquis of Montrose has swelled into a portly and attractive quarto, by means of accretions which no reader will condemn as superfluous. The editors of Wishart's 'Deeds of Montrose'—to give to their publication the shorter and more convenient title which they have placed as a heading to their pages—have added an English translation, the only fault of which is that it is sometimes too colloquial to suit a refined taste, and have printed, for the first time, the fragment of the second part, which deals with Montrose's last ill-fated invasion of Scotland. They have also done all that enthusiasm and industry can prompt to elucidate the text by notes and appendices which add considerably to the information even of those who have hitherto known most of the hero's career. Into the earlier and longer part of that career we do not propose to follow them. Except in minute details, they have no correction to offer of the now accepted version of Montrose's victorious progress from Tippermuir to Kilsyth and of his sudden overthrow at Philiphaugh. His military skill and his heroic qualities are too well recognised to require to be enforced anew.

It is otherwise when we reach the last fatal enterprise in which Montrose threw away his life. In his excellent little biography of Montrose, Mr. Mowbray Morris expresses the prevailing opinion in calling it a 'wild venture.' The editors of the 'Deeds of Montrose' are of a contrary opinion. It is a point well worth discussing, especially as the work before us adds so much to our knowledge of this particular part of Montrose's life, and, it must also be confessed, leaves so much untold. The editors have brought forward information from Sweden, Denmark, and Courland, and this information will be supplemented by additional matter about to be published by Mr. Simpson in the forthcoming Miscellany of the 'Scottish History Society.' On the other hand, they have only a very restricted knowledge of the relations between Charles II. and Montrose, and they do not appear to have an adequate conception of some phases of the

Scottish history of the time. To say that they are prejudiced against all who opposed their hero, is perhaps only another way of saying that they are biographers. A biographer must make the circumference of his work nearer his centre than the historian; and it is no disparagement to the author or editor of a biography if he is asked to review some of his conclusions in the light of wider researches than his own.

Above all, the relations between Charles II. and Montrose stand in need of elucidation. Fortunately, in addition to materials existing in manuscript in the Carte and Clarendon Collections in the Bodleian Library, we have before us a valuable source of information which has been in print for nearly two centuries and a half, but the very existence of which has, we believe, never been suspected by any historian. In October, 1649, a newspaper bearing the title of 'A Brief Relation,' was started as the official organ of the Council of State, addicting itself chiefly to foreign intelligence, including under that head news from Scotland and Ireland. In the spring of 1650 it contained a series of letters written by some one who attached himself to Charles's Court during his journey through France and his subsequent conferences with the Scottish Commissioners at Breda. No doubt the communications of a spy are to be received with considerable caution, but, at all events, internal evidence is in favour of the general accuracy of the letters. At important crises their writer is wont to apologise for the jejune-ness of his information on the ground that matters are kept so secret that he has been unable to penetrate the veil, and it sometimes happens that they receive unexpected corroboration from the correspondence of persons more or less behind the scenes. Altogether we think that they may be accepted as conveying the impressions of one who was desirous of reporting the truth, though it is probable that he may sometimes have accepted gossip in default of more solid information. In the most important part of his evidence, bearing on the feelings which Charles entertained towards Montrose, he can hardly have been mistaken. Additional light, too, is thrown on the negotiations of Charles II. with the Scottish Commissioners by documents printed by Dr. Wijnne—where few English readers will have thought of looking for them—in an account of the quarrel between William II. of Orange and the States of Holland.\*

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\* De Geschillen over de Afdanking van 't Krijgsvolk in de Vereenigde Nederlanden. Door Dr. J. A. Wijnne. Utrecht, 1885.

It may be added that, though the book itself is written in the Dutch language, the documents relating to Charles II. are in French or English.

After Montrose's departure from Scotland in 1646, what little we know of his proceedings shows him chafing against the enforced inaction to which he had been condemned. In the summer of 1648 he obtained from the Emperor Ferdinand III. the rank of a field-marshal and a commission to levy troops in the empire, or, in other words, to rid Germany of some of those ruffianly soldiers who had bled her almost to death in the long agony of the Thirty Years' War, now happily brought to a close. That Montrose should have sought and accepted this commission should open the eyes of those of his biographers who fail to understand the causes of his disasters. Nations like to settle their own disputes without the intervention of foreigners, and Scottish Lowlanders were even less likely to forgive the cruelties which the German soldiers of that day were likely to commit than those committed by Montrose's Highland followers in his former war.

It would, however, be mere pedantry to speak of his conduct in this respect as in any way surprising. He was a man of action, and men of action snatch at the first weapon that comes to hand, without stopping to inquire whether some other weapon might serve them better. He was, moreover, an enthusiast in whom political allegiance had become a religion. Before he reached the Hague, where he intended to explain his plans to the Prince of Wales, he received the news of the execution of Charles I. When once the string of his loyalty was touched, the great warrior was but as a love-sick girl. He fainted away on the spot. When he regained consciousness his first thought was that it behoved him to die like his master. Wishart, who was present, urged him rather to live to avenge his master's enemies. To Montrose, as Wishart himself tells us, the thought of vengeance was sweet. 'And,' he cried at last, 'for that I may endure to live henceforth to avenge the martyred sire, and raise the son to his father's throne. I swear it before God, angels, and men.'\* After this outburst, Montrose shut himself up in his chamber for two days, refusing to open the door even to his nearest friends. When at length the faithful Wishart obtained ad-

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\* 'Deeds of Montrose,' 229.

mission, he was shown those lines which, often as they have been quoted, may well be quoted again :—

‘ Great, good, and just, could I but rate  
My grief with thy too rigid fate,  
I’d weep the world in such a strain  
As it should deluge once again.  
But since thy loud-tongued blood demands supplies  
More from Briareus’ hands, than Argus’ eyes,  
I’ll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,  
And write thine epitaph with blood and wounds.’

It was easy for one of Montrose’s temperament to regard Charles I. as great, good, and just, especially as he had seen so little of him. It would be more difficult to regard Charles II. with the same veneration. The difference between the characters of father and son is one of the common-places of history ; the most noteworthy, so far as the transactions now before us are concerned, lying in their different attitudes towards the virtue of truthfulness. When Charles I. wanted to deceive anyone, he first persuaded himself either that the false impression his words conveyed might be justified to himself as truthful in some recondite way, or else that there were special circumstances in the case which allowed him in all moral earnestness to deceive. Charles II. never troubled himself with such fine distinctions. When he told a lie it was merely because it was convenient to himself.

Yet, greatly as the mental constitution of the two men differed, they were made akin by one touch of nature. Both regarded politics from the dynastic point of view. Charles I. was brought to the scaffold mainly because he could not conceive that it was unlawful or unadvisable to prop up his personal authority by bringing into England hordes of foreign troops to overpower resistance ; Charles II. was precisely of the same opinion. It is true that here, too, the difference between the characters of the father and the son shows itself. Charles I. persuaded himself that the cause of religion and good government was bound up with his own authority ; Charles II. shrunk from no means of regaining power, because he was tired of wandering over the Continent as a penniless exile. The result in both cases was much the same, and it is not the least of the merits of the founders of the short-lived English Commonwealth that they maintained that the interests of England were only to be entrusted to those who were in touch with the national spirit. The saying attributed, probably without foundation, to Blake, ‘ It is not for us to mind State affairs, but to keep foreigners from



‘fooling us, contains the severest condemnation of the unwise policy of the two Charleses.

When Montrose reached Charles II. at the Hague he was received with open arms. There can be little doubt that Montrose’s plan was to use his foreign soldiery much as William III. used his Dutch bands in 1688, to protect his person, till he could rally round him in some part of Scotland some at least of the forces of the three kingdoms attached to his cause. At all events, as early as February 22 he received from Charles a commission not only to be his Lieutenant-Governor in Scotland, but also to be Captain-General of all forces raised in Scotland or which might be brought thither out of England or Ireland. This step of Charles’s was the more significant because only two days earlier an emissary from the Argyll Government, Sir James Douglas, had landed in Holland to lead him in quite a contrary direction. Sir James Douglas was followed in March by a body of commissioners authorised by the Parliament and Church of Scotland to acknowledge Charles II. as King of Scotland, on condition that he would force the Presbyterian system, without any loophole of toleration, on England and Ireland as well as on Presbyterian Scotland.

Of this most audacious proposal, as well as of Argyll’s moral character and political action, the editors of ‘*The Deeds of Montrose*’ write in terms of the severest condemnation:—

‘Let those,’ they conclude, ‘who crawl on the base level of so-called expediency defend Argyll’s state-manship if they will, and condemn his victim as an impracticable visionary in politics. Yet Montrose’s principles have triumphed, even in the Church, whose misguided zeal has condoned Argyll’s practices. Set the men side by side, action by action, face to face—“Hyperion to a satyr!”’\*’

‘We have no wish to undertake the difficult task of clearing Argyll’s moral character. Intriguing and unscrupulous, he was always ready to make his political influence subserve his personal aims. His timidity in the field was equalled by his timidity in the Council. He did not join the Covenanters till their cause had become triumphant, and in his subsequent career he modified his actions in accordance not with his own convictions but with the pressure put upon him by those who happened to have influence at the time. Never once in his lifetime did he stand forward in defence of un-

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\* ‘*Deeds of Montrose*,’ Preface, xli.

popular ideas. He was the type of the adroit party leader who is moved by his party but never succeeds in guiding it.

Nevertheless, at the risk of being condemned as crawling 'on the base level of so-called expediency,' we venture to assert that Argyll's statesmanship, so far as it can be distinguished from attempts at statesmanship forced upon him by others, proceeded on the right lines. Every nation, at any given epoch, has some prevailing aim in its domestic and foreign policy, and the prevailing aim of Scotland had long been the depression of the exorbitant power of the nobility at home and the maintenance of her independence against her powerful neighbour in the south. If the conditions had been favourable, we should probably have seen the establishment in Scotland of a strong monarchy like the Tudor monarchy in England. As the conditions were not favourable, the task of organising the Scottish people in resistance to the feudal nobility fell into the hands of the Kirk. We can warmly sympathise with all that our editors have to say about the tyrannical interference of the ministers with private life and their unlucky meddling with politics. It still remains true that neither Montrose nor any one else had any organisation to suggest which was capable of replacing the Kirk, and that it was the action of the Kirk upon the generations which succeeded Montrose and Argyll which has gone far to produce that special Scottish type of life and character which has enabled a people, scanty in population as it is, to hold its own amongst the great nations of Europe. If Argyll had done nothing else, he would have deserved credit for the Parliamentary reforms of 1640, when, after wresting power from the King and the nobility, he placed it in the hands of the lesser gentry and the burghers.

It was, however, Argyll's policy in supporting the Solemn League and Covenant, and his consequent resolution, to send an army to support the English Parliament against the King, which roused the special ire of Montrose; and his indignation finds an echo in the pages of the editors of Montrose's biography :---

'The Solemn League of 1643,' write Messrs. Murdoch and Simpson, 'was an unprovoked invasion of England on the part of Presbyterian propagandists, seeking by help of a faction in England to impose on that country an alien form of Church discipline—the very thing which had aroused such vigorous and successful opposition in Scotland in 1637. It was an attempt to force Presbyterianism on England and Ireland at the sword's point. As such it stands condemned by the

common-sense of modern times, happily expressed in the *practice* of all denominations.\*

With the exception of the phrase which condemns the party of Pym and Cromwell to the position of a faction, there is nothing in this argument, so far as the facts are stated, to which exception can reasonably be taken. The attempt of the Scots to mould the religion of the other two kingdoms according to the system most suitable to themselves was an insane undertaking, the consequences of which recoiled on their own heads at Dunbar and Worcester. It does not, however, follow that those who supported it were themselves insane, or that they judged otherwise than reasonable, though fallible men, might be expected to judge under the circumstances.

The truth is that Messrs. Murdoch and Simpson have left out of consideration two facts—first, that the character of Charles I. was such that if he gained the victory in England there was every probability that he would use the power he acquired to remodel the ecclesiastical and political institutions of Scotland; and, secondly, that the chances of his gaining such a victory were very great in the summer of 1643, when the Solemn League and Covenant came into being. Charles's former attempt to mould the ecclesiastical institutions of Scotland and Ireland according to his own ideas had, as Von Ranke pointed out long ago, started the problem of the relations between the three kingdoms. Fearing the revival of the ill-omened struggle of 1637, Scottish statesmen—it was not merely the fanatics of the Kirk who urged on the League—may be excused if they thought that the only way to secure the independence of the smaller kingdom was to prevent Charles from gaining a predominant military power, and that the best way to maintain the independence of Scotland in the future was to secure such a similarity in the ecclesiastical system of both countries as should take away from England all motives of interference. It is easy for us in the nineteenth century, with all the resources of historical investigation at our command, to say that this was impracticable. There were plenty of Englishmen at that day who thought it quite practicable, and we can hardly be surprised if there were Scotsmen who thought so too.

Events, as is often the case, took an unexpected turn. The predominant military power in England turned out to be, not Charles, but the army of Fairfax and Cromwell. All

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\* 'Preface,' xxxix.

parties in Scotland took alarm. The Kirkmen detested the army because it was sectarian and tolerant; the statesmen, because it threatened the independence of the weaker kingdom.

In the case of a mind constituted like that of Argyll, it is always difficult to distinguish its own natural workings from decisions taken from interested motives. The speech delivered by Argyll to the English Parliament in 1646 probably opens the door most widely into the ideas which underlay his tortuous course. He then called on English statesmen to avoid on the one hand lawless liberty in religion, and on the other hand persecution of peaceable men who, through scruple of conscience, could not in all things adapt themselves to the common rule. His sentiment with respect to the relations between the two countries is, however, of more importance than his views on the internal government of England. He upheld the view that the two kingdoms were essentially one, 'so that in effect we differ 'in nothing but in name—as brethren do—which I 'wish were also removed that we might be altogether 'one, if the two kingdoms shall think fit.' In other words, Scotland was not to take umbrage at the rapidly developed military power of England. Her remedy lay not in a vain attempt to impose her will upon England by force, but in cultivating a sentiment of union with her, to be followed by a constitutional union as soon as the time was ripe. Who shall say after this that Argyll was not as much Montrose's superior in statesmanship as he was his inferior in character?

That faction largely entered into Argyll's opposition to the Hamiltonian Engagers in 1648, and still more into his conduct after their defeat at Preston, it is impossible to deny. Resting on the Kirk, he took advantage of the discredit into which his personal rivals had fallen to break up a hostile Parliament and to order fresh elections, which, as Scotland was then constituted, naturally turned in his own favour. From the newly formed Parliament he excluded, by the act of classes, the great majority of the nobility and persons of whatever rank who refused to satisfy the Kirk, or, in other words, to renounce their connexion with the Hamiltons. So far all historians are agreed. They have, however—and the editors of 'The Deeds of Montrose' are no exception to the rule—omitted to notice that Argyll's political success in 1648 was a Pyrrhic victory, and that from henceforth he becomes the slave and, unless every indication

we possess is to be distrusted, the unwilling slave, of the Kirk, which formed the basis of his authority in Scotland. Again and again he is found kicking against the pricks, and was finally driven from power, not, as the editors of 'The Deeds of Montrose' appear to think, by his association with Charles II., but by the impossibility of retaining power without accepting from his party a policy against which his better judgement revolted.

Argyll's first effort to carry out the policy sketched out in his speech at Westminster was his acceptance of the hand offered him by Cromwell. When once he was convinced that the victorious English army had no intention of interfering in the domestic affairs of Scotland, true statesmanship was all on the side of an understanding with the man who was its virtual leader. That Argyll was in the right in trusting Cromwell in this matter we now know from Cromwell's own words addressed to Hammond:—

'Was it not fit to be civil, to profess love, to deal with them for the removing of prejudice: to ask them what they had against us, and to give them an honest answer? This we have done and to more; and herein is a more glorious work in our eyes than if we had gotten the sacking and plunder of Edinburgh, the strong castle into our hands, and made a conquest from the Tweed to the Orkades.\*'

The understanding between Cromwell and Argyll, on which rested the hope of peace, was broken by the trial and execution of the King. The horror of that deed carried Scottish Presbyterians off their feet, and, whether Argyll was carried off his feet or not, he thought it expedient to go with his party. That party resolved to acknowledge Charles II. as King of Scotland, provided that he would not only accept the Covenant, but impose it upon England, and Ireland as well. Even if Argyll preferred a restoration to an alliance with a regicide republic, every consideration bound him to resist the folly of an attempt to make unwilling England submit to the yoke of Scottish

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\* These words occur in a letter, the original of which—though not in Cromwell's hand—is in the possession of the Marquis of Lothian. It will shortly appear in the second volume of the 'Clarke Papers,' which Mr. Firth is editing for the Camden Society. We take this opportunity of expressing our surprise that in a country in which an interest in historical study is so widely spread, a Society which has done so much, and is ready to do so much more, for it by the publication of historical texts, should be so badly supported as to be compelled for the present to reduce the number of its annual volumes.

Presbyterianism. How great a folly it was no man knew better than himself, and there is strong reason to believe that he was still willing to resist it. It is, however, characteristic of the man that he attempted to resist it, not by open speech but by secret intrigue. It has long been known that Lauderdale visited Scotland in the beginning of January, 1649, and that he, together with Lanark, who soon afterwards became Duke of Hamilton by his brother's execution, fled to Holland before the end of the month. The despatches of Graymond, the French agent in Scotland, show that the assumed anger of Argyll was collusive, and that an understanding was come to between him and the exiled Lords of the Engagement. Argyll took care to leave few traces of his underground diplomacy; but the scanty pieces of evidence we possess give some reason for believing that Argyll hoped, with the assistance of the Engagers, to modify the policy which he openly supported, relieving Charles from the necessity of connecting his acceptance of the Scottish Crown with the burden of a promise to force upon England a religion which his own supporters in England would be the first to condemn.

However this may have been, Scottish Commissioners were sent to the Hague to open a negotiation with Charles. That negotiation broke down because they insisted that the young King should accept not only the Scottish National Covenant, but also the Solemn League and Covenant, which bound him to impose something very like the Scottish ecclesiastical system on England. Lauderdale advised Charles to accept the National Covenant, but to refuse to follow the Scottish clergy in meddling with England. Charles consequently replied that he could do nothing in England and Ireland without the consent of the Parliaments of those countries. It was a sound constitutional position, and it may well be that, if the advice which guided Charles came from Lauderdale, he did not speak without the consent of Argyll. The Commissioners were bound by their instructions to stand firm, and on May 27 they landed at Leith to give an account of their failure.

The way was thus cleared for Montrose. To him the very thought of an understanding either with Argyll or the Engagers was hateful. He had denounced in Council the Scots of both parties as rebels, and he was eager to vindicate with the sword his young master's claim to rule by right of birth. Men were indeed to be had in plenty from the disbanded armies of the Thirty Years' War, but money

was hard to come by. Montrose, indeed, had obtained some jewels from Ulfeldt, the Danish chancellor, but what were a few jewels to support an army? Yet neither Montrose nor Charles could persuade themselves but that the kings and princes of Europe would be ready to dispense their treasures to maintain, in Charles's person, the sanctity of the monarchical principle. On April 13, 1649,\* whilst the Scottish Commissioners were still at the Hague, Charles empowered Montrose to treat for pecuniary aid with kings and princes. On May 19, the day on which he gave his last answer to the Scots, he named Montrose Admiral of Scotland. On June 12 he renewed all his former commissions, and promised never to take a step in Scottish affairs without his advice.

Charles's rejection of the Scottish demands involved an entire reconsideration of his position. As he was not to go to Scotland, he accepted an invitation from Ormond to go to Ireland, and to prepare an Irish invasion of England after Ireland had been subdued by the united efforts of Ormond and confederate Catholics. This change of front brought with it the possibility, as Charles thought, of obtaining help from the Roman Catholic states. On May 27, Cottington and Hyde were sent to Madrid to ask the King of Spain for money. On July 28 a priest, named Meynell, was sent to Rome to beg money of the Pope. In June, Charles himself, probably taking Montrose with him, visited Brussels to implore aid of the Archduke Leopold, the Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. Not that the money of Protestants was rejected; and before Charles left the Hague he expected to receive from the Elector of Brandenburg, afterwards known as the Great Elector, a loan sufficient to enable him to pay a force of German troops, to be commanded by Montrose. Before the end of July he learnt that the Elector was unable or unwilling to supply him, and, Charles having proceeded to France to visit his mother on his way to Ireland, Montrose started in August on a roving commission to raise men and money as best he might for the invasion of Scotland.

Our knowledge of the proceedings of Montrose in the execution of this commission has been largely increased by the industry of the editors of 'The Deeds of Montrose.' They have collected evidence from various sources which paint in the most lively colours his constancy under ever-recurring difficulties, and they have succeeded in overthrow-

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\* In giving dates we have followed the old style.

ing the credit of an exaggerated report of his doings which fell into the hands of Nicholas, and was accepted by Napier as a safe foundation for this part of his narrative. Montrose was, it seems, associated with Sir John Cochrane in an attempt to raise money at Hamburg. Cochrane, however, failed in this, and afterwards proceeded to Courland, where the Duke was ready to give help, though what he sent did not arrive in time to be of any service. In the meanwhile, however, Montrose had not been idle. In August he sent off the Earl of Kinnoul to the Orkneys with 100 Danish and other recruits, and eighty officers, to command levies which might be raised in those islands and on the mainland. The Scottish Government had no navy, and the Orkneys would therefore serve as an impregnable base of operations. Though David Leslie, in command of the Scottish army, hurried northwards in October, he was unable to cross the Pentland Firth.

Montrose had, in the meanwhile, arrived in Denmark. The King, Frederick VI., though personally friendly, could do nothing for him, further than allow him to enlist men secretly at Copenhagen. Money, however, ran so short that Montrose only succeeded in obtaining 200 recruits. In the second week of November he made his way to Gothenburg, where he found a wealthy Scot, John Maclear, settled as a merchant. Maclear threw himself heart and soul into his cause, lent him 60,000 rix-dollars, a sum equivalent to about 25,000*l.*, and also made over to him a moiety of a considerable store of arms which had some months before been obtained from Queen Christina by the Earl of Brentford on the condition that half of them should be delivered to Montrose and the other half to Ormond. From Christina Montrose expected much, but obtained little. She directed her officers to wink at his proceedings at Gothenburg, and she sold him a frigate, 'The Herderinn,' but she could do no more. In the middle of December Montrose was joined by a ship with his 200 Danish recruits. He had hired another in the town, and with these three vessels he intended to sail on the 16th.

More than once Montrose went on board, but his sailing was again and again delayed. Once, indeed, some of his vessels were caught in the ice, and made their way back with difficulty. There seems to be no doubt that he contrived to send detachments before him, but the details of these minor embarkments are not to be discovered, and all that can be said is that the rumour of the destruction of large numbers of his men by shipwreck find no support in documentary



evidence. The editors suggest that Montrose himself delayed in the hope of obtaining further instructions from the King. It is possible that they may be right, though it is also possible that he was waiting for a large reinforcement, which Lord Eythin, who had been Newcastle's military adviser at Marston Moor, and had now returned to the Swedish service, had promised to bring with him.\* At last he despatched his last consignment of men without news either from Charles or Eythin. On or about February 22 he set out by way of Norway, and, sailing from Bergen, reached Kirkwall about the middle of March.

In the meanwhile Charles's resolution to join Ormond in Ireland, combined with his rejection of the extreme demands of the Scottish Covenanters, had not been without effect in Scotland. About the beginning of July, 1649, a conference was held at Edinburgh, in which Argyll appears to have supported a policy of concession. The appearance of Will Murray, Argyll's confidential agent, on the 15th, with private letters from Charles to Argyll and other leading Scottish statesmen, came in the nick of time to encourage Argyll to persevere, and he succeeded in carrying a motion in a thin Parliament for the despatch of Lothian, the husband of his niece, to pick up the threads of the dropped negotiation. So loud, however, was the outcry raised against this family arrangement, that Lothian thought it better to decline the mission offered to him, and on August 7 the name of George Winram, of Liberton, was substituted for his. As Winram was one of Argyll's party, the policy of concession had still, as far as persons were concerned, the upper hand in the Parliament. When, however, it came to drawing up Winram's instructions, it appeared that, in a Parliament packed in the interest of the Kirk, even Argyll's influence availed little; and though Winram was ordered only to ask Charles to acknowledge the legality of the existing Parliament, and to consent to the opening of fresh negotiations, he was plainly told that when commissioners were again sent they would reiterate the old demands. No wonder that Winram, like Lothian before him, refused to set out on a fool's errand, and it was only after news arrived of Cromwell's success at Drogheda that, imagining that Charles would now prove more humble, he at last consented to go,

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\* The editors of '*The Deeds of Montrose*' (pp. 270, 286, *note*) say that Montrose appointed him Lieutenant-General on March 19. This is a mistake. The appointment was made by Charles.

starting on October 11. He went by way of Holland, where he had to consult with the Engagers and certain English Presbyterians, who were believed to command the purses of the London citizens.

It is true that Winram's ideas on the subject of concession did not go very deep. In a letter written from Holland to a friend, after dwelling on Charles's poverty, he continues as follows:—

'I am confident no ingenuous spirit will take advantage of his necessities; but for all this . . . use him princely. . . . His case is very deplorable, being in prison where he is, living in penury, surrounded by his enemies, not able to live anywhere else in the world unless he would come to Scotland by giving them satisfaction to their just demands; yet his pernicious and devilish Council will suffer him to starve before they will suffer him to take the League and Covenant. I am persuaded no rational man can think he will come that length at first; but if he could once be extricated from his wicked Council, there might be hope.' \*

Whether Argyll's policy was exactly the same as that of his follower must be left in uncertainty. It is probable that, if he had been left to himself, he would have given Charles a free hand in England. It was not, however, probable that he would defy the Kirk in this matter, if the Kirk's scruples proved insuperable.

As was expected in Scotland, Cromwell's successes weighed upon Charles's spirits. For some weeks indeed he was distracted by conflicting rumours. At one time he was told that Cromwell was carrying all before him. At another time lying tales of an alleged defeat of Cromwell tickled his ears. Ormond had lost his cipher at Rathmines, and dared not send accurate information of his own misfortunes, lest his despatch might be intercepted and read by the enemy. In October, Charles, eager for news, sent Henry Seymour to Ireland to learn the truth. Before an answer could be received, it was known in Jersey that Winram was on his way. Neither Charles nor his followers were favourable to a resumption of negotiations with the Kirk party. In November, Charles sent an envoy to Sweden, 'chiefly to 'satisfy the Queen of the unreasonableness of the Scots.' †

'I had forgot to tell you,' wrote a Royalist, 'that Winram was expected at Jersey before my coming from thence. I believe he will think he hath made a good voyage if he escape with a broken pate.

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\* Baillie, iii. 522.

† Hoskins's 'Charles II. in the Channel Islands,' ii. 348.

The gallants talked, before I came away, of throwing him over the wall.\*

Charles, however, had sufficient control over 'the gallants' to secure Winram from such a fate. He spoke him fairly, but would give no promises till Seymour's return. It was not till December 27 that Seymour brought the sad intelligence of the wreck of Ormond's fortunes in Ireland, and then, much against his will, Charles turned to Winram. Yet he fancied that he had guarded himself against misconception. He did not, as he was asked to do, recognise the legality of Argyll's packed Parliament, but he wrote a letter to the Committee of Estates, offering to open fresh negotiations with Scottish commissioners at Breda. In this letter, Charles gave a clear indication of his wish to see a union of all his subjects in Scotland in defence of his rights in his other kingdoms. Though he did not expressly mention Montrose, it can hardly be doubted that he hoped to include him in the general accommodation. Charles's letter to Montrose of January 12 has often been printed, but a consideration of the more important parts is indispensable to a correct understanding of his position:—

'And to the end,' wrote Charles, 'you may not apprehend that we intend, either by anything contained in those letters, or by the treaty we expect, to give the least impediment to your proceedings, we think fit to let you know that, as we conceive that your preparations have been an effectual motive that hath induced them to make the said address to us, so your vigorous proceedings will be a good means to bring them to such moderation in the said treaty as probably may produce an agreement and a present union of that whole nation in our service. We assure you, therefore, that we will not, before or during that treaty, do anything contrary to that power and authority which we have given you by our commission, nor consent to anything that may bring the least diminution of it.'

To demonstrate his confidence in Montrose, Charles sent him the Garter, accompanied by a private letter, in which he spoke still more strongly.

'I conjure you, therefore,' he wrote, 'not to take alarm at any reports or messages from others; but to depend upon my kindness; and to proceed in your business with your usual courage and alacrity.'

That Charles had any thought of abandoning Montrose, is a supposition which can be mentioned only to be dis-

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\* Berkeley to Hyde, November 23—December 3, 'Clarendon MSS.,' ii., No. 73.

missed. Montrose was to go on with his undertaking to frighten the Argyll government into moderation, if it could be done, if not to suppress it by force of arms. Montrose at least perfectly understood what was intended.

‘As for my coming at this time,’ he said, when standing on his defence before Parliament, ‘it was by his Majesty’s just commands, in order to the accelerating the treaty betwixt him and you.’

Yet though there was nothing to object to in Charles’s entering into a negotiation with the Scots, the mode in which he took it up was fatal to his honour. No one could have blamed him if he had replied to the overtures of the Committee of Estates by laying down the terms—such as the waiving of the Solemn League and Covenant—without which he could not agree even to open negotiations. To offer to meet commissioners before these preliminaries were settled was to announce that he was capable of being squeezed into further concessions. All that can be said is that he was young and inexperienced, miserably poor, and too easy-going to refuse to submit to dishonour as the price of continuance of exile.

That Charles’s resolution would bear hardly on Montrose is beyond doubt. The sober truth was that few of those who were prepared to rally round the royal standard in Montrose’s hands would stir as soon as they learnt that the King himself was thinking of leaguening himself with those whom Montrose urged them to attack. Yet we can easily understand that this view of the case was not likely to present itself to Charles.

How deeply Montrose himself felt the blow is revealed in the cramped and half-intelligible phrases, evidently written under strong emotion, with which on March 26 he acknowledged from Kirkwall the receipt of Charles’s letter, which had been brought him three days before.

‘I received your Majesty’s of the 12th of January,’ he writes, ‘by Mr. May, the 23rd of this present, together with that mark of your Majesty’s favour \* wherewithall you have been pleased to honour me; for which I can make your Majesty no other humble acknowledgment but with the more alacrity and hensell,† abandon still my life to search my death for the interests of your Majesty’s honour and service, with that integrity and clearness as your Majesty and all the world shall see that it is not your fortunes in you, but your Majesty, in whatsoever fortune, that I make sacred to serve.’

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\* The Garter.

† According to the new edition of Jamieson’s Dictionary, this word is equivalent to force or violence of any kind,

If no other line had reached us in Montrose's hand, this letter would have been sufficient to justify all that his warmest admirers have said of the nobility of his character. Heavily weighted as he was through Charles's negotiation, it was not in him to despair. It has been the habit of writers to speak of Montrose's last campaign as the enterprise of a hare-brained enthusiast, and indeed it is difficult to suppose that Montrose would have succeeded, in the teeth of Cromwell, in establishing Charles on the throne at Westminster. Montrose, however, unlike Argyll, was a Scottish, not a British politician, and, so far as Scotland alone was concerned, though we cannot agree with all that the editors of 'The Deeds of Montrose' say about the chances originally in his favour, we are inclined to estimate them more highly than those who look upon his invasion as the act of a madman.

There is, at all events, much truth in the following sentences:—

'In the North, especially, only a spark of enthusiasm and success seemed wanting to rekindle the fitful loyalty of those who had shared Pluscardine's rising.\* Again, the great Mackenzie, Gordon, and Mackay followings would rise in their thousands. Seaforth had promised all but the one thing needful—his own presence. Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromartie, Colonel John Monro of Durlain, and Hugh Frazer, the new Lord Reay, even Lewis Gordon—despite his debt to Argyll for the Marquisate†—Lord Ogilvie, Middleton, the Earl Marischall, and the faithful clans of Athole and Badenoch—all had been out with Pluscardine, and would rally to the King's standard.'‡

The editors, indeed, seem to have overlooked the significance of one of the names here given. Though Montrose was likely to find a larger following than he had found in 1645, he had also against him an enemy whom he had not met except at Philiphaugh. David Leslie was at the head of a small but disciplined army, and a disciplined army under a skilful general might be counted on to dispose of many

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\* Thomas Mackenzie of Pluscardine, brother of the Earl of Seaforth. He had risen for the King in 1649.

† This means that Argyll had made him Marquis of Huntly by cutting off his father's head. What Montrose thought of him may be gathered from May's letter to Nicholas of March 30:—'Tis conceived my Lord Huntly will be very right, but if he should prove only a superficial friend, his name,' *i.e.*, the Gordons who bear his name, 'will certainly follow his Majesty's interest' ('State Papers, Domestic,' ix. 18).

‡ 'Deeds of Montrose,' 290.

thousands of raw levies, most of them having little share in the Royalist enthusiasm of their lords. The strength of an army, however, in the middle of the seventeenth century lay in its cavalry, and it was the cavalry of Leslie's army which Middleton, who had not yet satisfied the Kirk for having held high command in Hamilton's army, as well as for having shared in Pluscardine's rising, professed himself to be ready to bring over to Montrose. If Middleton could fulfil his engagement, Montrose would sweep the board in Scotland. Whether it was likely or not to be able to do so is a question on which, in the present state of our knowledge, we can offer no opinion. Middleton held no command over the cavalry in question, and we have no means of judging what his influence with them was.

Whether Middleton was to join him or not, Montrose resolved to make the great attempt. Kinnoul, whom he had sent before, had died in Orkney, and there had been no one to replace him in the work of drilling the island levies. May, writing on March 30, gives Montrose's numbers as 2,000, 'besides those left behind that are to secure General King's'—i.e. Lord Eythin's—'landing, who has been detained longer than was expected.' In two or three days at the furthest the expedition was to sail. 'The importunity of the country,' adds May, 'has been very extraordinary for our entering.' According to the editors of 'The Deeds of Montrose,' Montrose's force was some 1,500 strong, including 'about 1,000 natives.' However this may have been, on April 9 Montrose gave his orders to Hurry, the professional soldier who served either party indiscriminately, and was now Montrose's major-general, to cross to the mainland, and he himself followed on the 11th or 12th. Some time before, Colonel Sibbald, who in 1645 had accompanied him on his adventurous ride through the Lowlands, had been sent to enter into communication with the gentry who had professed readiness to join him when he appeared.

Hurry was directed to land at Thurso if he found it practicable, and to hasten forwards to seize the Ord of Caithness, a hill by the coast, high up on the side of which lay the only road—or rather track—by which Sutherland was in those days accessible from the north. Hurry carried out his instructions, taking Dunbeath Castle, which, according to Gordon of Sallagh and Graymond, he sacked, contrary to the terms of the capitulation. The Earl of Sutherland, who stood for the Covenant, was a poor soldier, and, making no attempt to hamper Montrose's movements at the Ord, he

retreated with 300 men to the south, leaving garrisons in Dunrobin Castle and his fortified houses round it. Montrose, who left forces in Caithness to rouse the inhabitants, is said to have had some 1,200 men with him after he passed the Ord. Leslie had also left garrisons in Brahan Castle and Cromarty, and Montrose, if it were only to avoid danger, would have found it expedient to turn up Strathfleet, making his way to Strath Oyckell.

David Leslie had already made preparations to meet so dangerous a foe. Ordering a rendezvous of his army at Brechin on the 25th, he hurried forward Lieutenant-Colonel Strachan, with a small party of horse, directing him to collect together the few troops of horse in garrison in the neighbourhood threatened by Montrose. In selecting Strachan for the charge, Leslie showed his usual judgement. He knew Montrose to be weak in horse, and, in fact, the Royalist general had no more than some forty mounted men, mostly, if not all, gentlemen intended to command the new levies which he hoped to raise. As for Strachan himself, though the editors disparage him as a fanatic and a traitor—a title which he may well share with such men as Cromwell and Vane—he was certainly a remarkable personage. He was one of a little band of Scotsmen who, believing with all his heart in the Divine character of the Presbyterian system, refused to bow his neck under the yoke of political compromise. In the summer of 1650 he was almost prepared to listen to Cromwell rather than serve a king the genuineness of whose declarations in favour of the Covenant he distrusted. Earlier in the same year he was sure to do his uttermost against Montrose, the open enemy of the Covenant.

It may be well here to remind our readers that there are only two immediately contemporary accounts of the events which followed. The first is that of Gordon of Sallagh, who lived close to the scene of action, and whose story is told in his continuation of Sir R. Gordon's 'Genealogical History of the Earldom of Sutherland.' His narrative deserves the highest respect, as he lived close to the scene of action, and, though he was not friendly to Montrose, his account does not appear to have been tinged with partisanship.\* The other authority is usually quoted as that of Sir

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\* The editors of 'The Deeds of Montrose' indeed (297, note 32) quote his statement that Dunbeath Castle was surrendered 'upon very fair conditions which were ill observed,' with the remark that he

James Balfour. Balfour, however, had nothing to do with the narrative which passes in his name except to reprint it. It appears in 'A Brief Relation' for the week ending May 14, and is there said to be taken from a 'printed paper,' evidently a broadside, issued by the Committee of Estates under the title of 'A True Relation of the late Great and 'Happy Victory,' no doubt founded on a report from one of the Covenanting commanders, probably, as the editors of 'The Deeds of Montrose' suggest, from Strachan himself. We therefore propose to refer to it as 'A True Relation,' as, even if it is founded on Strachan's report, it has at least been so far changed as to name him in the third person.

On the whole, the two accounts are, except in one point, easily reconcilable. Gordon, however, says that Montrose, after proceeding by short stages, 'marched to Strath Oyckell, 'and from thence to Carbisdale, where he stayed some days, 'expecting to hear from Pluscardine and the Earl of Seaforth's friends.' On the other hand, 'A True Relation' says that, on the morning of the fight, which befel on a Saturday, the Covenanting officers doubted whether they should seek out Montrose, but hesitated to do so because he was at such a distance that they would have to fight on 'the Lord's Day.' While they were doubting, 'notice was presently brought that the enemy was marched from Strath Oyckell to Carbisdale, six miles nearer unto them.' This is so circumstantial that it can hardly fail to be correct, and, moreover, if Montrose was looking to effect a junction with the Mackenzies, it was in Strath Oyckell rather than at Carbisdale that he would naturally await their approach. It is therefore probable that, however unlikely it may seem, Gordon of Sallach made a mistake, unless, indeed, we suppose that the Monroes gave false information to Strachan, in order to conceal a negotiation which, as our editors argue with considerable probability, they had entered on with Montrose.

Whether Montrose spent a few hours in Carbisdale, or six days, is of no great importance. What is of importance is that the editors should have passed over Gordon's remark that Montrose came to Carbisdale 'expecting to hear from 'Pluscardine and the Earl of Seaforth's friends' with so slight consideration. It appears to us to contain the key of

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'gives no details and his bias renders him of doubtful authority.' They were not aware that Graymond does give details which Sallach spared.



the situation. Though we have no letters of this time from Seaforth to Montrose, Montrose's letters to Seaforth have been preserved, and show that the warm co-operation of Seaforth's Mackenzies was expected. As a matter of fact, not a man came from the whole clan. That it was not Pluscardine's fault appears from the fact that Pluscardine, who was all the while on his own estate, on which stands the lovely ruin of the Abbey of which he was the titular abbot, came to visit Montrose as a friend, when he was led as a captive towards Edinburgh. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that it was Seaforth who either neglected to give orders to his clan to join Montrose, or who countermanded them if they had been given already. Seaforth's past history pointed him out as one ever ready to swim with the tide, and Seaforth, in Holland, was just the man to mark the progress of Charles's negotiation, and to act accordingly. Here at least is the one point at which Charles's diplomacy may have contributed to the ruin of Montrose, and, in all probability, did contribute to it. The defection of Seaforth, for less we can hardly style it, was decisive. Amongst the Mackenzies of Western Ross-shire Montrose would have been in a country difficult of access for regular troops, and he might have held his own till his partisans elsewhere had time to rise in his support.

As it was, Montrose came down through the Kyle of Sutherland. Whether the remains of a small entrenchment still to be seen near the Culrain station has anything to do with his stay in the neighbourhood, there is no evidence to show. It lies near the main stream of the Kyle, whereas Carbisdale, a name which occurs in Pont's map published in 1654, though it has slipped out of modern maps, is fixed by local tradition to the course of what is now known as the Culrain Burn where it issues from the hills. Both Gordon and 'A True Relation' speak of Montrose as posted at Carbisdale. The spot on which tradition places him is a piece of rugged ground, sloping down to the little stream which at that time spread itself out in a bog which covered his left front, whilst behind him the ground rising sharply to the spurs of Craighaoinichean—the Mossy Hill,\* was, and is still, covered by a birch-wood, not very thickly planted. Montrose had now with him about twelve hundred foot, and

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\* \* The makers of the Ordnance Map have translated this 'Hill of Lamentation,' as if any Highland Celts were likely to lament for the slaughter of Danes and Orkney-men.



but forty horse, a deficiency in cavalry which did not give him much concern, as he had been told by one of the Monroes who had taken his side, that there was only one troop of the enemy's horse in all Ross-shire.

In the meanwhile, on the morning of April 27, the Covenanting leaders had been holding a council of war at Tain, when it was determined that Sutherland should cross the Kyle and go to the defence of his own country, whilst Strachan and his fellow-commanders, having at their disposal about 230 horse, 36 musketeers under Quartermaster Shaw, and 400 of the Monroes and Rosses on foot, resolved to attack Montrose. The editors of '*The Deeds of Montrose*' have been the first to give an account of the conflict which followed, based on an actual survey of the ground, and, as we propose to show their account is inaccurate in some details, it is as well to let them tell their own story:—

'About three in the afternoon Strachan advanced as far as Wester Fearn, where he concealed his force in the tall broom which covered these slopes, and was then just breaking into golden blossom. The Monroes and Rosses ascended the Carron, which they forded, and, under cover of the hills which flank the valley of Carbisdale, awaited the issue.\* Presently, Captain Andrew Monro returned with intelligence that Montrose's horse had been sent out to ascertain Strachan's position. His advice was to deceive the enemy by exposing only a single troop to view. The appearance of this troop was reported by Lisle to Montrose, and confirmed the reports brought in by Robert Monro of Achnes, who, with his three sons, had joined the Royalists, and, being recommended by his knowledge of the country, was employed as Montrose's chief scout-master. Robert Monro assured him that there was but a single troop of horse in all Ross. Montrose quitted his position, and, ordering Lisle to halt, advanced to reconnoitre. The van was commanded by Hurry.

'Suddenly, Strachan, at the head of a hundred troopers, dashed out of ambush, and, riding down the little party of horse, hurled the survivors back upon the panic-stricken foot, and threw the whole into confusion. The immediate appearance of a second troop of eighty dragoons under Hackett, closely followed by Captain Hutchinson, with the reserve of horse and Lawers' musketeers,† confirmed the rout. The Royalists fled without resistance. Only the foreigners maintained any show of order, and, retreating along the slopes, made for the wood. In the whirl of attack, Menzies of Pitfoddels, who bore

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\* This attitude of the Monroes and Rosses is traditional, but is confirmed by Gordon's narrative, who brings them in as killing many after the defeat, without assigning to them any part in the combat.

† Shaw's musketeers were a detachment of the regiment of Campbell of Lawers.

the grim "royal standard,"\* and Major Guthrie, fell dead at Montrose's side; and probably the same moment was fatal to Douglas, Gordon, Powrie, Lisle, and other officers. The Orkney-men, flinging aside every encumbrance, streamed past the camp in helpless flight. Two hundred in one company perished in an attempt to cross the Kyle. A few gained a boat, hotly pursued by a trooper, who was drowned, the only loss sustained by the victors.

'The rest of Montrose's men fell back on "a scroggie † wood" of indigenous birch, which still skirts the base of the Craig. But, in spite of "ill-riding ground" on the broken heath, Strachan pursued them into the wood. He was received with a feeble random volley, which did no execution. Two troopers were wounded. . . . At this moment he was joined by the Monroes and Rosses, eager to show their zeal and share the plunder. Though the Royalists had abandoned all resistance, they were ruthlessly slaughtered in the wood and the hollow that passes over the hill. For two hours the troops continued the slaughter. Scarce one hundred escaped.'

Many readers will, no doubt, be content with the general result. Carbisdale was one more demonstration of the lesson so often conveyed by the events of the Civil War, that infantry, except behind hedges or other defences, were helpless when attacked by disciplined cavalry. For those who wish to know more about the details of the fight, it may be as well to say that there are strong reasons for believing that Strachan did not place his ambush at Wester Fearn, and that the account given by the editors of his bursting out from the ambush, and charging Montrose's horse along the valley, has no evidence to support it.

The story of the ambush, which does not appear in 'A True Relation,' is given by Gordon in these words:—

'Upon the twenty-seventh day of April, 1650, Hackett and Strachan marched with their troops, . . . until they came to Fearn, over against Creigh. There they kept themselves quiet in the broom of Fearn, within a mile and a half of the enemy, till Captain Andrew Monro returned from scouring the fields. He told them that James Graham had sent some forty horse to try where they were; therefore he advised them to send out one troop only, that the enemy might perceive them, and to let the rest of the troops be still in the broom,

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\* This seems to be meant for the King's standard of foot, which bore 'a man's head in the midst, bleeding, as if cut off from the body.' The King's standard itself, however, had 'three pairs of hands folded in each other, and on each side of them three hands and naked arms out of clouds, with swords drawn.'

† Scroggie, according to the editors (p. 306, note 53), is 'scraggy, rough.' The new edition of Jamieson's Dictionary interprets it as 'stunted.'

that the enemy might think they were no more, which they presently did; so the enemy's horse returned with that intelligence to James Graham, which was confirmed by Robert Monro of Achnes. . . . Upon this intelligence of the approach of some horse, James Graham ordered his army; General-Major Hurry led the vanguard, and James Graham commanded the body of the army. Then he gave presently order that his army should retire to a wood and a craggy mountain which was not far distant. Hacket and Strachan immediately after the retreat of James Graham's horse ordered their troops.'

Gordon, it appears, knows nothing of Strachan's dashing out from his ambush, riding down the little party of horse and hurling the survivors back upon the panic-stricken foot, an achievement the more marvellous as Wester Fearn, where the editors place the ambuscade, is distant at least six miles in a straight line from the spot on which Montrose's little army was drawn up, and nearer eight miles by the only ford by which the two parties of horse could at that time cross the river Carron.\* The fact is that the editors have fallen into a pit against which they are not always sufficiently on their guard. They have filled up the gaps of Gordon's story by inserting pages founded on a work published in 1660 by Menteith or Mentet de Salmonet, a Scotsman residing in France. This writer, however, had only hearsay evidence on which to ground his narrative, and, by admission of the editors themselves, he describes a party of horse as a party of musketeers. We must tell our story as we have it from Gordon, or we must not tell it at all.

If we apply to Gordon, we find his account of the matter, though not devoid of ambiguity, at least susceptible of an intelligible interpretation. 'Strachan,' he says, 'came to Fearn over against Creigh. There they kept themselves quiet in the broom of Fearn, within a mile and a half of the enemy.' If the broom of Fearn was to be found only at Wester Fearn, this would, as we have said, have given Strachan a ride not of a mile and a half but of eight miles to reach the enemy. The difficulty, which has not occurred to the editors, can only be got over in one way. If the 'broom of Fearn' extended for some miles beyond Fearn along the Kyle, the problem is solved merely at the expense of Gordon's clearness of expression. That it did so extend is shown by the luxuriance with which the broom now

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\* A lower ford, as we have been informed on the high authority of Dr. Joass of Golspie, owes its existence to the railway works.

grows, whenever it has a chance, alongside of the road and railway. Nor is there wanting argument in favour of Gordon's measure of a mile and a half, as it almost exactly coincides with the point beyond which the site of the battle becomes visible by a force approaching from the south. Let us suppose that Strachan, throwing forward a single troop, concealed the rest of his party in one of the gullies leading down into the Kyle and a little south of the larger Culrain Burn—he could hardly hide a body of horse in broom alone—no difficulty remains, at least if some allowance be made for the looseness of Gordon's language.

Strachan's motive for laying the ambush, we may fairly presume, was not to dart out on Montrose's horse, and thus to warn his foot to escape, but to allow the horse to go back to him with information which would delay the drawing back of his infantry to the rugged hillside, where cavalry would be useless against him; and this is precisely what Strachan's stratagem effected.\* Upon the intelligence of the approach of a small body of horse, Montrose ordered his army, that is to say, he drew up his force to resist the single troop which, as he believed, was all that was opposed to him. While he was busy at this, and therefore had his attention distracted from the line of the enemy's approach, Strachan's whole force broke out of the cover which had hitherto concealed them. After a time Montrose perceived his danger, and attempted to draw his men back into the wood. It was then too late, and the wood itself, rough as was the ground it covered, was too thin to protect either horse or foot from Strachan's cavalry. Montrose's little army, fraught with the hopes of the Royalists of Scotland, crashed down in hopeless ruin.

Not that Montrose believed hope to be at an end. As after Philiphaugh, his self-confidence did not desert him, and but for the belief that he could serve his master better in life than in death, he would surely have sought a soldier's death on the field of slaughter. Accepting, it is said, a horse from young Frendraught, he made his way from the scene of

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\* That the danger of Montrose's retreating amongst the hills was in Strachan's mind is shown by the statement in 'A True Relation' about the Council of War held earlier in the day at Tain, when, as we are told, 'the officers . . . having considered . . . that it was very probable, the enemy's strength being in foot, they would take the hills upon the advance of more of our horse, they concluded to fight that wicked crew with the force they had.'

disaster; then dismounting, he donned a peasant's garb, and accompanied, according to Gordon, by another Kinnoul, who held the peerage for so short a time that he escaped the notice of genealogists, made his way to the Western Coast, hoping, apparently, to find some fishermen who would take him back to Orkney, where, with the aid of Eythin's reinforcement, he might once more 'put it to the touch, to win or lose 'it all.'

It was only with great difficulty that he reached the neighbourhood of the Western sea. Kinnoul \* perished of starvation on the way. Montrose, accompanied by Major Sinclair, staggered on, till he fell into the hands of a party sent out by Neil Macleod of Assynt, by whom he was delivered up as a prisoner to David Leslie.

Macleod's deed has in our own day been the subject of a prolonged controversy in which family and political partisanship has had its full share, and, as might be expected, the editors of 'The Deeds of Montrose' sum up heavily against him. Yet the matter, as it seems to us, may well bear re-investigation. That Macleod did virtually deliver up Montrose is beyond doubt. Even the tradition which declares that he was absent from home at the time, and that the capture was effected by his wife, does not exonerate him, as he appears to have returned home before Montrose was given up to his enemies, and, so far from repudiating his wife's action, if indeed it was hers, he made it his own by seeking and receiving the reward offered by the Committee of Estates. We must therefore be content to inquire not whether Macleod was responsible for the delivery of Montrose, but whether his so doing was blameworthy or not. In the first place we may set aside as irrelevant an argument which had great importance in the eyes of post-restoration royalists, that Macleod acted traitorously because Montrose bore a commission from the King. The only questions really worth asking are, first, whether Montrose confided himself to Macleod believing him to be friendly, and secondly, whether Macleod enticed Montrose to surrender by representing himself as a friend. In defence of the truth of the first of these propositions, the editors furnish us with quotations from various writers who had more or less knowledge of the circumstances, but have sin-

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\* This Kinnoul is no doubt the 'Mons. Hay, Kinnoul's brother,' mentioned by Lord Napier, in 1648, as belonging unto Montrose. Napier's 'Memoirs of Montrose,' 668.

gularly overlooked a passage printed by themselves, which leaves no doubt that the answer must be in the affirmative. In the orders given to Hurry on April 9, as he was starting for the mainland, Montrose bids him land in Caithness, or, if that cannot be done, to try Strathnaver—

‘where,’ he continues, ‘if you should also find too much difficulty, as by appearance there cannot, you are to apply a little higher betwixt that and Kintail, which places are all for the King, and there make your descent.’

Assynt lies between Strathnaver and Kintail, and its lord was therefore included by Montrose amongst those whom he believed to be for the King.

As to the second proposition, whilst it is certain that many of those who believed the first would be prepared to insinuate that Macleod enticed Montrose into his clutches, there is no evidence whatever that he committed so treacherous an action. The editors, indeed, quote with great diligence statements of various persons to the effect that Montrose was betrayed, but these statements are all wanting in circumstantial directness. Still less can we accept the words of a lawyer employed against Macleod in 1674, who spoke of him as delivering up Montrose under trust,\* knowing perfectly well that he did not intend to press the charge, and being therefore well pleased with the opportunity to blacken Macleod’s character without intending to prove his words.

The explanation which, without being in all points absolutely certain, best fits all the circumstances of the case is the following. When Montrose was fighting in the Highlands, Macleod, then a lad of seventeen or eighteen, followed Seaforth as his chief to the aid of Montrose. But he was

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\* Murder ‘under trust’ was aggravated murder under the Statute of 1587, chap. 51. Hume, in his ‘Commentaries on the Law of Scotland’ (i. 286), says that ‘the enactment was meant for those cases where the deceased had put himself into the killer’s power, as at that particular time, under the pledge and assurance (either express or implied in the situation) of hospitality and protection.’ There can be no doubt, therefore, that the charge of betraying Montrose ‘under trust’ meant that Macleod had, either expressly or by implication, given Montrose reason to expect protection. No weight can be attached to it, because it was neither met by the defence nor insisted on by the prosecution. There is good reason to believe that this silence was arranged beforehand, and under these circumstances the use of the words ‘under trust’ is worthless, as conveying historical presumption even of the faintest kind.



ill-treated by Seaforth and subsequently transferred his allegiance to Sutherland, and was by him made sheriff-depute of Assynt. Montrose, knowing nothing of all this, believed him to be friendly and sought his protection. Macleod did what might be said to be his duty to Sutherland and the State, and delivered up the fugitive. That Macleod really cared at all for his duty to the State may well be questioned. His duty to Sutherland was another matter. Highland life was rough at the best, and a man who had quarrelled with his chief was obliged to do his utmost to serve the new one he had chosen. As for general politics, it may reasonably be doubted whether Macleod cared either for Montrose or Argyll, for Charles II. or the Committee of Estates. In the meanwhile there were bolls of meal to be got from the Government in power.

'Le véritable Amphitryon'  
Est l'Anphytryon où l'on dîne.'

What was Charles doing in the meantime to save Montrose from impending fate? On February 21, after Winram's return from Jersey, there was a stormy debate in the Committee of Estates on the propriety of opening the proposed negotiations. Argyll, together with every nobleman present except Cassilis, was for sending Commissioners without further question. The stricter Presbyterians, headed by Cassilis and Johnston of Warriston, were for persisting in the original demand for a preliminary recognition by Charles of the existing Parliament. Beaten by Argyll on this, the stricter party, as in the preceding year, had its revenge when the instructions of the Commissioners were considered, and it was decided that the old harsh demands should be repeated. The Commissioners themselves were six—three from Argyll's party of moderate concession, and three from the more determined Covenanters.

Whilst these Commissioners were on their way to Breda, Charles was passing through France, where he halted at Beauvais to discuss the political situation with his mother. Whatever else he may have said to her, he certainly promised her that he would never take the Covenant—that is to say, the Solemn League and Covenant which imposed Presbyterianism on England and Ireland.

On March 25, after his arrival at Breda, Charles first heard that the Scottish terms required his complete submission in this and in all other points at issue. It can hardly be denied that he was bound by every consideration of

honour and interest to reject the gilded slavery, and it is therefore without surprise that we read in one of the letters from Breda, published in 'A Brief Relation,' that he had, whilst still at Beauvais, resolved that if the Scottish terms proved too harsh he would announce his intention of going to Scotland to procure their modification from the Government at Edinburgh, and would, as soon as he was out of sight of land, direct his course, not to Leith, but to that part of Scotland in which Montrose was to be found. Tidings of Montrose's landing had, however, not reached Breda in the last days of March; and Charles, never at any time in his life fond of risky enterprises, was easily persuaded that the Commissioners might be brought to lower their demands. The Prince of Orange used all his eloquence to urge them in that direction, and Lauderdale and the Engagers did their best to keep the negotiation on foot.

Yet, though there was no open breach, it was on Montrose that Charles especially counted to obtain more reasonable terms. 'I pray,' he wrote on April 5 to Montrose's nephew, the young Lord Napier, 'continue your assistance to the 'Marquis of Montrose.' 'It is certain,' wrote one who had his eye on the game, 'some good news from Montrose . . . 'would soon spoil the treaty.' During the next few days reiterated attempts were made to drive the Commissioners to give way. Three at least of their number would gladly have listened to reason, but they were bound by their instructions, and dared not yield. In vain the Prince of Orange returned to the charge. When he left them for the second time, 'he told them plainly that he thought they intended 'little peace.' Even the Englishmen who supported an agreement with the Scots shrank from the bare thought of accepting the Solemn League and Covenant. The stout Earl of Cleveland threatened to cudgel anyone who dared to say that he was about to turn Presbyterian.

During the first fortnight of April, indeed, Charles had various schemes on foot, any one of which might, as he sanguinely imagined, free him from the necessity of placing his head in the Scottish pillory. There was a scheme for setting out an army of Germans under Count Walde-mar, a son of Christian IV. of Denmark by a morganatic marriage, to land on the English coast and to form the nucleus of a Cavalier rising—a scheme to induce the German princes, impoverished as they were by thirty years of devastating war, to lend him money to pay these troops; and another scheme to obtain 50,000*l.* from the merchants of

Amsterdam by mortgaging to them the Scilly Isles ; to say nothing of a special demand made by one of his agents to Pope Innocent X. to call upon all the Roman Catholic clergy of Europe to contribute to the suppression of the wicked Puritans, who were said to have spared neither sex nor age in their eagerness to slaughter Catholics at Drogheda and Wexford.

By the middle of April some of these schemes had broken down and others gave signs of breaking down. Will Murray, Argyll's confidential agent, arrived at Breda with a proposal for a marriage between Charles and one of Argyll's daughters. He was also charged to win over the English courtiers who were in favour of an understanding with Scotland, to seek it through an alliance with Argyll rather than through one with Hamilton. If, however, Argyll was unwilling to see the lords of the engagement landing in Scotland as his rivals in the favour of the young king, it does not follow that he discarded their policy of conciliating Charles. Nor are there wanting reasons which lead us to suppose that Argyll expressed his willingness to concur in indemnifying Montrose if he disbanded his forces and left the kingdom. Argyll's plan seems to have been to transfer Montrose to Ireland and to pit him against Cromwell on the scene of his victories.

If this was, indeed, the purport of Argyll's communication, he was at least true to his principles. In his speech before the English Parliament in 1646, and again in his bargain with Cromwell in 1648, he had shown his unwillingness to bring Scotland in collision with the dominant power in England, whatever it might be. In 1649, when, perforce, he turned Royalist, he had, by entering into a collusive understanding with the Engagers, shown his readiness to accommodate Scottish politics to English prepossessions, and he would only be moving on the old lines if he now signified his wish to work against the Kirk in its demand for the forcible imposition of a cast-iron Presbyterianism on England. As it happened, his principles coincided with his interests. He had been worsted in the matter of the instructions by Johnston of Warriston, and he may well have looked to take his revenge by the help of the popularity which the young King was expected to gain when he had once landed in Scotland.

Other baser arguments assailed Charles. He was told on every side that he ought to accept anything that the Scots proposed. Lies cost nothing, and he might be sure that,

whatever he promised now, he might refuse to be bound by his word when he had once remounted the throne. Charles, holding back a little, and even in the end reserving at least something for future negotiation with the Parliament in Edinburgh, gave way step by step, and at last, on May 1,\* signed a paper, which it has pleased modern historians to dignify with the name of the Treaty of Breda, but which was in reality only a draft agreement which had to be submitted to the Scottish Parliament before it acquired validity. The real treaty, in fact, was signed on June 11 on board a ship off Heligoland.

That Charles did not come to terms with the Scottish Commissioners because he loved them can hardly be questioned. The remarks of the correspondent of 'A Brief Relation,' written on the very day on which the draft agreement was signed, are explicit on this head:—

'It is easy to see,' he writes, 'that the Scot's edge is much taken off from him. They say they find nothing but vanity and lightness in him, and that he never will prove a strenuous defender of their faith, and 'tis evident still that he perfectly hates them, and neither of them can so dissemble it but each other knows it; and 'tis a matter of pleasant observation to see how they endeavour to cheat and cozen each other. The King strokes them till he can get into the saddle, and then he will make them feel his spurs for all their old jade's tricks they have played his father, and for their present restiveness; and they know it, and therefore will not agree he shall back them with his heels armed. They hate the thing Monarchy, but they must have the name of it, and they care not for the person of the man but for his relations.† They must make a property of him; no other will serve them for a shadow to stalk their ends by.'

The view of the case here taken is supported by contemporary evidence. It is also possible that Charles was influenced by the despondent letter which Montrose had written him from the Orkneys.‡ At all events, he did not forget Montrose, of whose defeat at Carbisdale he had not yet heard. The two men who may be regarded as the agents of the two Scottish parties, Sir William Fleming of the Engagers, and Will Murray of Argyll's following, were about to return to Scotland. To Fleming, Charles gave instructions, verbal and written, as well as letters to Montrose,

\* This is the date given in a contemporary letter. May 3, the date given by modern writers, has no evidence to support it.

† *I.e.* for his being the representative of the monarchical idea.

‡ That it reached Charles is shown by the endorsement being in the handwriting of Secretary Nicholas.

directing him to disband and leave the country, and at the same time informing him that he intended to find employment in England,\* perhaps as a substitute for Count Waldeemar, who, finding no money forthcoming at the Hague, had returned in dudgeon to Germany. That Charles expected from some one in authority in Scotland permission to Montrose to withdraw from Scotland without injury to himself or to the leading Royalists is evident from a note of Secretary Long's, of which a copy, in the handwriting of Thomas Carte, is preserved among the Carte Papers in the Bodleian Library.†

'May 1<sup>st</sup>.—Order to Montrose to lay down arms, leave cannon, arms, ammunition brought from Gottenburg in Orkney, or deliver them to the sheriff of county—10,000 rix-dollars paid to his use in Sir Patrick Drummond's hands. *Indemnity for him, Earls Seaforth, Kinnoul, Lords Napier and Reay, Sir James Macdonnell, &c.*

*'This upon King's agreement with Scots Commissioners.*

*'Sir W. Fleming sent with the orders, all his officers and soldiers indemnified. Montrose to stay in safety for a competent time in Scotland, and ship to lie, provided for transporting him where he pleased.'*

The first part of this note is a mere précis of Charles's letters to Montrose. The remainder, which we have placed in italics, is entirely outside the correspondence. It points, as we have said, to an agreement by some one in authority in Scotland to give an indemnity to Montrose and the others named. That this authority was not the Parliament is shown by Charles's letter to that body, also entrusted to Fleming, in which he asks Parliament to permit the safe departure of Montrose's men, without any allusion to a preceding promise. Who then can have given the engagement except Argyll? Moreover, the supposition that he had done so is supported by a phrase in one of Charles's letters to Montrose.

'You have given me so many testimonies of your affection to me and zeal to my service, that you cannot reasonably doubt of my real intention to provide for your interests and restitution with my utmost care; and though I may not be able to effect it for the present, yet I do not despair of doing it in a little time.'

Again in Charles's instruction to Fleming, the following words are used:—

'You shall assure the said Marquis of Montrose that we hope, upon good grounds, that we shall be able in a little time to make his peace

\* The letters and instructions are printed in the 'Wigton Papers,' in vol. ii. of the 'Miscellany of the Maitland Club.'

† Carter MSS. vol. cxxx. fol. 119.

in Scotland, and to restore him to his honour and estate, and that we shall shortly have an honourable employment for him in our service against the rebels of England.'

This is precisely the language we should expect if Charles, without any actual engagement from any constituted authority, had got a promise from a person like Argyll, whose real influence he was certain to overrate. If this were the case, the frequent directions to Fleming to consult with Will Murray, which formed such a stumbling-block to Napier and writers of his school, become for the first time intelligible.\*

A difficulty less easily solved arises from the letter which Charles wrote to the Scottish Parliament on May 12, on receiving news, apparently very vaguely conveyed to him, of Montrose's defeat at Carbisdale. Unfortunately, no full copy of this letter has reached us, and we have to content ourselves with an account given of the proceedings in Parliament when it was then read after Montrose's execution, on May 25:—

'A letter from the King's Majesty to the Parliament, dated from Breda, May 12 [*i.e.* May 1<sup>st</sup>, 1650]—showing that he was heartily sorry that James Graham had invaded this kingdom, and how he had discharged him from doing the same; and earnestly desires the Estates of Parliament to do himself that justice as not to believe that he was accessory to the said invasion in the least degree—read.

'Also a double of his Majesty's letter to James Graham, dated May 15 [*i.e.* May 1<sup>st</sup>], commanding him to lay down arms, and secure all the ammunition under his charge, read in the House.

'The House remits to the Committee of Despatches to answer his Majesty's letter to the Parliament.

'The Marquis of Argyll reported to the House that himself had a letter from the Secretary, the Earl of Lothian, which shew him that his Majesty was no ways sorry that James Graham was defeated, in respects (as he said) he had made that invasion without and contrary to his command.'†

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\* The curious and incoherent instructions of May 9 may be explained without much difficulty. Fleming was to advise Montrose not to lay down arms if circumstances were unfavourable, but he was to consult with Will Murray about his not disbanding if he had a large force. We suggest that verbal conversation with Fleming filled up the break between the two parts of the instructions. Whether Montrose was to lay down arms or not was for Fleming alone to decide. In case he did lay down arms—this suggestion, we admit, has nothing to represent it in the instructions themselves—he, Fleming, and Will Murray—that is to say practically, Fleming and Argyll—were to consult together how the disarmed men might be kept together for future service against the English 'rebels.'

† Balfour, iv. 23.

That Charles should have denied that he had ever ordered Montrose to invade Scotland, when so much evidence was at hand to prove the contrary, appears so incredible that Napier pronounced the letter read in Parliament to have been forged by Argyll. Such a solution, however, of the difficulty can only be admitted in the last resort, and Mr. Denistoun, the editor of the Wigton papers, put the case as it stood at the time when he was writing, with singular impartiality:—

‘Those,’ he writes, ‘who have studied the characters of Argyll and Lothian, may attach small weight to the verbal report of the former, of an allegation written by the latter. . . . But there is a far more serious charge contained in the Lord Lyon’s minute of the reading of a letter addressed by the King to the Parliament, in which he desires them “to do himself that justice, as not to believe that he was accessory to the said invasion in the least degree,” and the idea of a fraud or a forgery is scarcely reconcileable with the subsequent remit of this letter to the Committee of Despatches, that it might be answered. Yet how deeply were the Parliament interested to invent a justification for their bloodthirsty zeal in condemning Montrose. . . . And is it credible that the King should (apart from all considerations of honour, integrity, or gratitude) dare to dictate to his Parliament a public despatch, contradicted in every point by no less than seven documents which accompanied it, probably by the same messenger, and which would have all been made equally public, but for that unforeseen catastrophe which suddenly numbered Montrose with those who tell no tales?’

We venture to think that the story of Charles’s secret negotiation with Argyll through Will Murray, who—and not Sir W. Fleming—was the bearer of this despatch, will supply a partial, though not a complete, solution of the problem. Charles, as we know, had been engaged in pushing forward a scheme for withdrawing Montrose from Scotland and employing him elsewhere, and he had reason to believe that for this he could reckon on the co-operation of Argyll. When, therefore, he received news that Montrose had been defeated, we can well understand that, being what he was, he regarded the invasion itself as—to use words put into the mouth of one of his successors—‘an untoward event.’ He would certainly do all that in him lay to clear himself of conducting a deceptive negotiation whilst he was all the while urging on Montrose to carry on his attack against the Covenanters. There is very little more than this in Balfour’s notes of the letter, and we may conclude that, if we had the letter before us, we should find no more than this, especially as it was accompanied by a copy of the King’s despatch to Montrose of May 5, showing that what was in his mind was to clear

himself of complicity during the last fortnight. If the notes of the letter, and, still more, the reported conversation with Lothian, say more than this, it must be remembered that we owe our knowledge of both to men whose interest it was to exaggerate anything that Charles may actually have written or said.

Yet, even with the most favourable interpretation, the letter in the form in which it has come down to us, is neither generous nor kingly. We should like to have known that Charles's first thought had not been for explaining his own action, but for the safety of Montrose. It may be, indeed, that he did plead for Montrose, and that his pleadings were suppressed by Argyll or Balfour. Unfortunately, there was nothing in Charles's character to lead us to think that his thoughts were concentrated on anyone but himself.

Before this letter reached Scotland, Montrose had ended his noble life in triumph on the gallows. The story of his last days has been told by Napier with what, in most other cases, would be a superfluity of detail. In narrating the close of Montrose's great career, no detail can be superfluous. In his last days no word, no gesture of his has been recorded which his most sensitive admirer would wish to have been other than it was. *So stirbt ein Held unbetungsvoll*. He never could have been a statesman, because he had no eye for the complexity of life. The simplicity of his conceptions did not fit him for the guidance of his nation in the sore straits into which it had fallen. It did something better than anything that the statesman can achieve. It gave to those who are immersed in the struggles of the world an example of one who kept his heart pure and his eye clear for the reception of every truth which he was capable of admitting. Great in life, Montrose was even greater in his death.

For Montrose himself no moment could be more opportune for death. He did not live to see the bearer of the crown which he had idealised veiling his honour before the Covenanting crew, and outwitted by those whom he had vainly hoped to outwit. Still happier was he that he did not live to witness the baseness of the Restoration Government and the harlotries of Whitehall. His own life had been passed in the agony of a struggle in which even victory could have given no triumph which one so pure as he could have appreciated. Montrose was the Milton of the battlefield :—

‘ He hates him

That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.’



ART. VII.—1. *Regesta Regni Hierosolymitani.* By R. RÖHRICHT. Weinburg: 1893.

2. *Les Colonies Franques en Syrie.* By E. REY. Paris: 1883.

POPULAR opinion at the present time regards the Crusades as fanatical and futile attempts to establish Christianity in Asia, leading only to misery and bloodshed, and frustrated by the power of Islam. The historian of England seems to think it hardly necessary to consider the fortunes of kings like Richard Lion Heart and Edward I. during their wars in Syria, and regards their absence in the East as having been a pure loss to their subjects at home. It is pointed out that the Franks left no impress on the Levant which is now traceable, and it is believed that superstition and priestcraft alone profited by what are supposed to have been desultory raids on the Holy Land. This, however, is a superficial view of the causes and results of these great popular movements of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries; for what is most remarkable as the outcome of two centuries of effort is the effect produced on Europe itself. The Italian Renaissance had its roots in the communications with ancient homes of civilisation in the Levant, and even the reformation of the Church owed its origin to the thought and culture brought from Syria to the West.

For nearly a century all Syria and Palestine formed a feudal confederacy, ruled by Normans and Germans, and for another century after that the Lebanon and seaside plains to the south were the property of Franks defended by the three great military orders, who owed allegiance only to the Pope. The details of this history of European conquest, colonisation, and land tenure in Asia have occupied the attention of antiquaries in France, Italy, and Germany for the last half-century, though they seem to have attracted much less attention in England, owing, perhaps, to the fact that the English took part in these matters only for a short period after the loss of the kingdom of Jerusalem. Among the various writers on the subject—including Beugnot, Du Cange, and De Rozière in France; Prutz, Heyd, and Schlumberger in Germany; Paoli and Muller in Italy—none have, perhaps, done more to recreate a true picture of Frank history in Syria than have the two authors whose names are mentioned at the head of this article. The English contribution consists mainly in the

recovery of the geography, and in the study of the antiquities of the period, through exploration in the East; \* but a history of the country which was the scene of these enterprises, founded on the contemporary documents of the age, has not yet appeared in England. For many years Herr Röhricht especially has devoted himself to the question, publishing many valuable materials in concise form; and his latest production is a chronological arrangement of some fifteen hundred documents, including letters, agreements, charters, land-grants, and other writings, which cast a clear and accurate light on the ideas, manners, and aims of the various actors in the very interesting and picturesque events which chroniclers of the two centuries in question have recorded.

It is not proposed to examine these materials in detail; but it may be useful and interesting to the general reader to point out some of the chief results of such research, and their bearing on the history of England and of Western Europe. The main questions include the causes which led to the Crusades, the organisation which resulted in the East, the effects of the two contrary policies which prevailed, and which were due to the conditions of European and Asiatic society, and finally the influence of the East on the growth of civilisation in the West. The first attack on Syria was due to quite natural and spontaneous causes; the succeeding tenure of the Holy Land was not a unique event; the loss of Palestine was the equally inevitable outcome of weakness in Europe; and the results of English intervention were far more useful and important than an historian like Green seems willing to admit.

Muhammad did not command the extermination of Christians. He placed the 'People of the Gospel' next to Moslems, and before the Jews. Omar accepted their submission, and the tolerance of the great Khalifs of Damascus and Baghdad left little cause of complaint to pilgrims. The Syrian monks taught to the Arab literati of the eighth and ninth centuries the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato, and the relations of East and West were friendly during the

\* A useful compilation called 'The Crusade of Richard I.' was published by the late Mr. T. A. Archer in 1888 (English History from Contemporary Writers); but the author's Oriental information is rather weak, and he has not completely grasped the topography of the campaign. He speaks of tarantulas in Palestine and of jerboas in the Carmel plain. The Arabic names also require correction.

greatest age of Arab power, when Charlemagne and Harûner-Rashîd exchanged presents. The tyranny which at length roused the wrath of Europe was due to the conquest of the Arabs by the rough Turkish Seljuks in the north, and to the fanatical folly of the heretic Sultans of Egypt in the south. The merchants of Amalfi had founded trading centres in Antioch and Jerusalem long before the First Crusade, and their commerce was imperilled by Turkish exactions and prejudices; but it is to the Norman conquest of the Two Sicilies that we owe the extension of Norman rule to the east coast of the Mediterranean, and this conquest due to their ambition was made practicable by the decay of the Arab power, and by the religious quarrels of Islam. When Robert Guiscard had proved that neither Greek nor Saracen could stand before the better weapons of the mailed knights from Normandy, the ambitious younger sons of European princes began to dream of kingdoms to be carved with the sword in lands not more sunny than Sicily itself, and much resembling the new Norman State in climate and in fertility. The wealth and richness of these lands had been made known by Italian traders, and by palmers throughout Europe. The conditions prevailing among the petty Turkish rulers, who hated and fought against each other, were well appreciated in the West. The woes of the pilgrims excited general sympathy among all classes; the papal policy favoured an enterprise which Hildebrand had preached ten years before; and the voice of Peter the Hermit fell on willing ears among princes and peasants alike. The ambition of rulers, the restlessness of a half-savage populace, not yet bound at home by increased wealth and equal law, the pressure of population in poor countries, and the longing to enjoy the wealth accumulated by the infidel, all combined with religious enthusiasm to urge men to attempt a further conquest.

But this conquest was not made by any undisciplined horde of ill-armed peasants. The great mobs which followed Peter to Byzantium perished miserably on the shores of Asia Minor when first they met the Turks. The well-led and disciplined army which Godfrey, Bauduin, and Boemund carried over Phrygia and Cilicia to Antioch was guided by experienced soldiers and wise statesmen. It was the only Frank army that ever succeeded in reaching Syria by this difficult road, and all the later French and German expeditions coming by land in subsequent years perished on the way. From the time of the First Crusade every suc-

cessful attempt to reach the shores of the Holy Land was made by sea; and the safety of the new kingdom depended on its treaties with the seaside cities of Italy.

The great leaders who defeated the Turks at Dorilæum, near Nicea, who, after the terrible winter before Antioch and the treacherous surrender of that city, again defeated the full strength of the Turkish Sultan of Mōsul before its walls, who marched unopposed to Jerusalem and took it by assault, who in a few years had organised great provinces, reaching from the Taurus to the borders of Egypt, and from the sea to the Syrian desert, and far beyond Euphrates to the Armenian mountains, and almost to the Tigris—provinces which they held, and which their descendants strengthened, during more than half a century—had already learned the art of war in hard-fought campaigns before they dreamed of their future triumph. They were no mere fanatics who fought for a sepulchre and a cross, but statesmen who, by their tolerance, secured willing obedience among subjects of another race and creed, and who, from the first, were willing to hold conference and to make treaties with Moslem rulers. Churchmen and peasants might look with horror on the infidel, but the object of the leaders was peaceful possession of that which they won by military skill. To quote the great poet of the crusade—

‘Fu de’ pensier nostri ultimo segno  
 Espugnar di Sion le nobil mura,  
 E sottrarre i Cristiani al giogo indegno  
 Di servitù così spiacente e dura,  
*Fondando in Palestina un novo regno*  
 Ov’abbia la pietà sede sicura;  
 Nè sia chi neghi al peregrin devoto  
 D’adorar la gran tomba e sciorre il voto.’\*

Godefroy de Bouillon was the son of Eustace II., Count of Boulogne and Lens, born 1061. He had fought against Rudolph of Suabia when he was only sixteen, and had entered Rome in the cause of Anaclete, the Anti-Pope, as a vassal of the true Emperor. In 1096 he was in the prime of manhood, loved and respected by all. Wise and prudent, a faithful friend, a sincere counsellor, strong and brave, but modest and courteous to all, this tall red-bearded knight was so pure of life that no slanderous tongue could report against him either a cruel or unmanly deed, or any lapse from virtue. By the acclamation of all the ambitious leaders

\* Tasso, ‘Ger. Lib.’ i. 23.

whom he had helped and encouraged and kept together in the long troubles of a march extending over a thousand miles, he was chosen the first ruler of the Latin kingdom which was founded after the capture of Jerusalem in July 1099, but he refused to wear a crown of gold where his Master had worn a crown of thorns, and held Jerusalem not as a vassal of any temporal prince, but as a subject of the Church of Rome. He completed his victory by the defeat of the Sultan of Egypt at Ascalon in the following month; and he laid the basis of a civil government in Palestine by the promulgation of the code entitled '*Les Assises de Jérusalem.*' But his glorious reign was a short one, for he died in the year 1100.

Of his brother Baldwin, who was chosen by the Christians of Edessa as ruler of a province which lay astride the Euphrates at the foot of the Taurus, and which equalled the kingdom of Jerusalem in extent, we are told by a Russian abbot, who saw him when he succeeded Godfrey as the first Latin King of the Holy City, that he was 'a man of great kindness and humility, and not given to pride.' Anselm of Canterbury wrote to him\* admonishing him so to rule the Jerusalem on this earth that hereafter he might reign in Jerusalem above; and such advice was heeded during the eighteen years of his reign, when the justice of the Franks was admitted even by Moslems, and the borders of the kingdom strengthened and extended.

Baldwin du Bourg, cousin of these famous brothers, was equally brave and successful. To him Pope Honorius II. wrote, in 1128 A.D., to say that he had heard the king's rule to be most upright and wise,† and to confirm his dignity as a vassal of the Church; but unfortunately his wife was an Armenian, and his two half-Oriental daughters were very unlike the great ladies of the West. The courage of the Frankish dames, and the influence of chivalry on the customs of the age, are equally remarkable as features of the times; and the decay of the Latin race in Syria was due rather to intermarriage with natives than to any effects of a climate not more trying than that of Sicily. As regards their courage, we must remember that they went to the East with their husbands, that in some cases they bore children almost on the field of battle, and sailed over wintry seas with infants a few weeks old. They held wedding feasts in besieged castles, and defended the same when their knights

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\* Regesta No. 37.

† Regesta No. 122.

were in the field. One of the most picturesque incidents of Saladin's career is related by Ernoul\* in connexion with the siege of Kerak in 1184 A.D. Humphrey of Toron, stepson of Renaud of Chatillon, had just married Isabel, who was to become heiress of the kingdom, and the chronicler relates that—

'In the day that Saladin came before Crac, Humphrey espoused Ysabiaux, the king's youngest sister. (Renaud) sent to Saladin on the marriage of his son bread and wine and beeves and sheep; and sent to salute him, for he had often borne him in his arms when he (Renaud) was a captive. . . . When Saladin saw the present he was very glad, and received it and gave much thanks; and he asked those who brought it in which tower the bride and bridegroom were, and went round, and they showed it him. Then went Saladin and had it cried everywhere that none should be so bold as to attack that tower, or shoot against it in the assault.'

The terms so observed by the chivalrous opponents of the twelfth century contrast with the cruelties of Bibars and Kelaun in the thirteenth; and the spirit of chivalry is evinced quite as clearly in the charters and legal documents of the age: for in all cases the knight signs by 'assent of 'his lady,' and the heiress by 'assent of her lord.' It was not enough among the gallant gentles of this great period of Syrian prosperity that a knight should be brave and strong and just. He must also be humble and courteous, merciful and faithful, and his good name was the patent of his rank. Whatever they thought of the dogmas of the Church (and they often did not believe them), they carried into practice the commands of their religion in their daily conduct. St. Louis, in the thirteenth century, drew the picture (as related by Joinville) of the very perfect knight and Christian gentleman, though among the dissolute and cowardly lords who followed him there were few who regarded the virtues through which the Franks became able to rule their kingdom for three generations with success.

Fulk of Anjou, father of Geoffrey Plantagenet, married Milicent, the eldest daughter of Baldwin du Bourg. He was not tall, like the first three kings, but small and red-bearded; he, too, was noted for his valour and generosity, his courtesy and prudence, and, though troubled by the intrigues of his wife, his reign was prosperous during the thirteen years which closed when he met his death by a fall from his horse, while hunting a hare at Acre, when only fifty-three

\* Quoted by Rey, 'Colonies Franques,' p. 20.

years of age. During this period (1131-1144 A.D.) the prosperity of the Franks in Syria reached its zenith.

Baldwin III., the eldest son of King Fulk, was a gallant youth of eighteen when he acceded. His reign was also troubled by the interference of his mother, Milicent, in affairs of state, and by the quarrels between the Church and the military orders. Moreover, in the first year of this reign Edessa fell before Zanghi: a great province was lost, and the bulwark which protected the principality of Antioch from the Turkish Sultans of Mosul was broken down. Nevertheless Ascalon, the last fortress held by the Egyptians in the south, was taken nine years later, and the last five years of this reign of eighteen were peaceful. Baldwin III. married a Greek princess with a rich dowry, but had no heir, and his moody and unpopular brother succeeded.

The strength of the Latin kingdom lay in its frontier defended by impregnable strongholds, and in the mutual hatred of the Sunnee Moslems of the north under Turkish sultans, and of the Egyptians in the South under the Shi'ah khalifs, who claimed descent from Fatimah, the Prophet's daughter. Its weakness lay in its position between two Moslem forces, which might—and finally did—unite against the Christians, and in its dependence on the fleets which brought pilgrims, crusaders, and traders from Europe; but the chroniclers say that the Franks in Syria enjoyed greater peace and prosperity than they had ever known in their native lands, and probably of few European towns could it be said, as of Jerusalem about this time, that its walls were crumbling with age, no enemy having appeared to besiege the city for nearly ninety years. The policy of the first five kings had usually been to remain on the defensive as regarded Egypt, and to concentrate their forces against the Turks on the north. King Amaury changed this policy, and the result was the union of the two Moslem States against his kingdom, and its final ruin twenty-five years later. The wiser counsellors—William of Tyre and the Templars—were opposed to the ambitious project of conquering Egypt, and the enterprise was found impracticable by all the various European princes who attempted it during the century that followed Amaury's accession.

'O blind cupidity of men!' says the great chronicler William, Archbishop of Tyre, 'there was no foe for us in the south; the Egyptians brought their merchandise and spent their gold in our country. And now all is changed . . . the avarice of one man has

done this : his cupidity has clouded the clear bright sky which the goodness of the Lord had given us.'

King Amaury was young and ambitious, but very different in character from his ancestors. He was neither loved nor respected, and, though tall and handsome, was corpulent and inactive. He was morose and silent, but dissolute in morals, suspected of religious scepticism, faithless to his allies, and very avaricious. His attack on Egypt finally failed, and meantime the great genius of Islam—Saladin the Kurd—was slowly attaining to influence and power, and Nur ed Din, his master, was steadily encroaching on the Latin territory. When Amaury died of dysentery in 1173 A.D., he was succeeded by a leper—Baldwin IV.—who was a child of thirteen. The decay of justice, which began to be remarkable after the death of King Fulk, and the dissensions of the barons, the patriarchs, the Templars, and Knights of St. John, were sure tokens of the coming disaster. When the last Fatemite khalif died in Cairo, and Nur ed Din in Damascus, Saladin found himself without a rival, and united all Islam against the crumbling Syrian States. In 1186 A.D. the leper king also died, and Guy of Lusignan, husband of his sister Sybil—a leader whom the barons were very unwilling to accept—became the next king of a rebellious kingdom. An English chronicler \* says of this unfortunate monarch :—

'There was not another king to be found of more royal habits or character than he, but . . . he was simple-minded and unversed in political intrigue ; instead of being esteemed the more on this account, as he should have been, he was considered the more contemptible. . . . Ought then the simplicity of his character to have injured him in obtaining his rights ?'

But this was written by a strong partisan, and there is no doubt that King Guy was weak and easily led, and unfit to guide the affairs of the State in a time of utmost peril.

The loss of the kingdom was due to a military blunder, which was justly charged against the Templars, whose advice Guy of Lusignan followed. Saladin's army had gained the heights above Tiberias, where the country was well watered. The Christian host had gathered at Sepphoris, north-west of Nazareth, where also there was plenty of water. The two forces were separated by a day's march through a waterless plain. Contrary to the decision of his council, King Guy ordered an attack, and on the 4th of July,

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\* Geoffrey de Vinsauf, '*Itin. Ric.*' v. 37.



1187 A.D., the Christians were cut to pieces at Hattin, falling victims to heat and thirst rather than to the Moslem onslaught. So complete was the disaster, and so rapid were Saladin's movements after his victory, that, with the exception of Tyre, all the kingdom was overrun and reduced by the Moslems before any attempt to aid the Christian cause could be made from the West; and the first army that advanced, under Frederick Barbarossa, was destroyed in Asia Minor and never reached Palestine at all.

Under these circumstances the success of King Richard Lion Heart, though not complete, was all the more remarkable. When he landed at Acre in 1191 he already had in his gift a kingdom nearly as large as that which King Guy had lost—the island of Cyprus, conquered by English soldiers sailing in an English fleet, which the Latins had never before attempted to take from its so-called ‘emperor,’ Isaac Comnenos. It had the same strategical value then that it still possesses, as a ‘place of arms’—to use a military technical phrase—or base for attack on Asia. The reconquest of Palestine, in face of a united Islam under a victorious leader, who was respected for his austere religious conduct, and trusted on account of his skill and genius, was no easy task; but it was necessary for the prosperity of the great Italian trade, and demanded by the public opinion of Europe. The French and English were enemies at home, and their friendship in the East was hollow. With such unwilling allies, and in face of forces from Egypt and Arabia, Syria and Mesopotamia, King Richard succeeded in wresting from Saladin half of his conquests in Palestine, and in restoring to the Templars and Hospitallers all the lands and castles which they had lost in the plains. His treaty, made after the French had deserted, when he himself had won a great battle, had taken Acre by assault, and had chased the Moslems out of all Sharon and Philistia to Gaza, brought about a condition of affairs which endured for a century after. Cyprus represented an addition to the Latin possessions equal in extent, and superior in fertility, to the lands which by this treaty Saladin retained; and though the jealousy and envy of French and Germans led to King Richard's two years' captivity, at a time when his presence was sorely needed in England, he was recognised as the champion of Christendom, who alone of all the leaders of the time had shown himself equal to Saladin; and he became a popular hero in Europe and among the Moslems as well.

The crusade of St. Louis in 1248 A.D. was due to the invasion of Palestine by the Kharezmian Tartars. It resulted in a disastrous defeat in Egypt, and it added nothing to the territory won by King Richard. The seaside fortresses were rebuilt, and a truce for ten years was established, after five years of struggle; but the subsequent tenure of the western part of Palestine was mainly due to the dissensions of the Moslems, and to the long contest between Egypt and the Tartars. The last crusader was also an English prince, who returned to become our Edward I., and who in 1272, after defeating the Egyptians, obtained terms for the Christians which delayed the fall of Acre by twenty years.

Such, briefly sketched, were the leading events of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in Syria. A kingdom won by the sword endured as a strong feudal State, with ever-increasing prosperity, during sixty years, and it was not till eighty-eight had passed away that it was lost by a single error in strategy. A new conquest of its western half created a Christian possession defended by the great orders, who were the chief landowners in the plains; and this condition lasted for another century, with the additional ownership of Cyprus. Seven generations of Franks lived and died in Syria before the weakness of Europe became the opportunity of Bibars and Kelaun; and Cyprus was still in possession of the Venetians when it was taken by Selim II. three centuries later.

Turning then to consider the organisation of the Latin kingdom and the character of its civilisation, we may glance at its division into fiefs and vassal provinces, at its communes established by treaty with the great cities of Italy, at its laws, its trade, its manufactures and agriculture, at the constitution of its churches, at education, and at the relations existing between Christians and Moslems. The causes which led to the final destruction of this curious semi-Frank, semi-Oriental State must be considered, and especially the merits of the two opposite policies of the Popes and of the Emperors. The most interesting question is, however, the last—namely, the results of the Crusades upon the culture and the education of Europe. For it was Europe rather than Asia that profited by this return to the old home of the earliest civilisations of the world.

From extant documents, including papal bulls, cartularies of churches, and of the Teutonic and Hospitaller orders (that of the Templars is unfortunately lost), together with agree-

ments and lists of properties, it becomes possible to draw in minute detail the borders of the various fiefs and baronies of the kingdom of Jerusalem. The names given by the Crusaders to some seven hundred places in Palestine are for the most part easily discovered on the English survey, and an almost equal number are mentioned in North Syria and the county of Edessa, the more important of which have been fixed. Hence it is known that the Syrian mountains west of the River Orontes, and as far south as the stream north of Tortosa, belonged to the Prince of Antioch, while the southern Lebanon nearly to Beirut formed the county of Tripoli. The regions to the east, including the plain of Baalbek, were recognised by treaty as belonging to the Turkish Sultan of Aleppo. Beirut and its vicinity formed the small seigneurie of Barut, and from this region southwards to the Leontes River the shore and the mountains were parts of the seigneurie of Sajette or Sidon.

Galilee was divided into nine fiefs, the most important being that of the Prince of Galilee, including the plain of Esdraelon, the Nazareth hills, the plateau west of the Lake of Tiberias, and the Safed mountains to the north. Beyond Jordan, the 'Land of Soethe,' also belonging to the Prince of Galilee, was that western part of Bashan now known as the Jaulân plateau. The rest of Bashan was never conquered, and was ruled by the Sultan of Damascus. The shore lands from the Leontes to the Ladder of Tyre, with the lower hills to the east, belonged to Tyre; and south of this to Carmel belonged to Acre. Upper Galilee towards the east was the fief of Maron, and on the watershed was the long narrow fief of Toron, with the smaller seigneurie of St. George on its south-west, and that of Montfort to its west. Carmel belonged to the seigneur of Haifa, with a small fief of Caymont to the east. The seigneurie of Bessan was in the Jordan valley east of Jezreel.

The plain of Sharon formed the seigneurie of Cæsarea, with the smaller one of Arsuf, and the county of Jaffa began at the River Rochetaillie. To this county belonged the lands of Ascalon—that is to say, all Philistia as far as Gaza. The Samaritan mountains formed the seigneurie of Nablus, reaching nearly to Bethel, and the Jerusalem hills were the royal domain directly under the crown. The seigneur of St. Abraham had all the Hebron mountains, and the seigneur of Kerak ruled 'Oultre Jourdain'—that is to say, Gilead and Moab; and to him also belonged the Sinaitic desert.

Strange as this nomenclature sounds in our ears, it represents the actual organisation of a feudal kingdom from 1099 to 1187 A.D.

The population of this country when the Crusaders arrived consisted partly of Turks, but mainly of Syrian Christians, or Jacobites, in Edessa, and of Moslems and Maronites in Lebanon. The Druzes were settled already on Hermon, and the Assassins in the rugged mountains north-east of Tripoli. In Palestine proper there were many Greek Christians and many Shi'ah Moslems, but the peasantry as a rule appear to have been Sunnees. Beyond Jordan the Bedouin, or pure Arabs, who were dwellers in tents, were subject equally with the settled populations to the poll-tax, and to the rights of the seigneur of Kerak.

The seaside towns, however, enjoyed communal rights which seem to have sprung up in Syria before they were developed in Europe; and this was the natural result of the mingling of so many populations in the Holy Land. The kings of Jerusalem depended on the Italian trading cities for fleets, whereby communications were kept up with the West, trade developed, pilgrims brought over, and armies transported when needful. The first agreements made for such purposes were between the Genoese and the Italian Normans under Boemund of Antioch, the brother of the reigning prince of Sicily; but very soon such alliances were sought by Godfrey and his successors, and as each seaport fell to the Franks, a third of the town was given by agreement to the Genoese, Pisans, Venetians, or merchants of Marseilles, who had aided by the blockading of the harbour by a fleet. These communities enjoyed the right of administering the laws of their mother-town or Republic, under officers appointed by their home authorities. They also had rights of free anchorage and free trade in the kingdom. No local taxes or customs could be imposed upon them by any of the seigneurs; the king himself only reserved the right of judgement in criminal cases, such as murder or robbery with violence. Whether feudal rulers would have granted such rights, save under compulsion, may be doubted. The Italian fleets were most necessary, and could not be hired under more favourable terms. It must, however, have soon become evident that the restrictions so removed would have delayed that remarkable expansion of trade with the Moslem States to the east which enriched Syria, and which made Venice, Genoa, and Pisa prosperous and powerful. For the Italian republics did not confine their negotiations to Christian

States. They made treaties with Aleppo and Damascus, with the Khalif of Egypt, and with the Kings of Armenia and Sultans of Iconium, so that from every part of the Levant their ships brought home the wealth of the East.

It moreover thus resulted that the power of the bourgeoisie in Palestine soon became greater than at home, and their rights were regulated by the constantly growing code of the 'Assizes of Jerusalem,' which had its origin in certain 'Letters of the Sepulchre,' granted by Duke Godfrey and confirmed by his heirs. This remarkable code, which settled the government, finance, trade, and church organisation of the kingdom, and which was in the thirteenth century adopted in Cyprus and in Armenia, was founded on the laws of Justinian, learned from the Greeks, and was necessitated by the customs and rights of the native population, which had never ceased, even under the Arabs, to include a great proportion of Greek and Syrian Christians. There was nothing in Europe then equal in scope and completeness to the Jerusalem code, which, though it recognised no man as 'masterless,' was yet tolerant of all except the Jews, who could own no land, and whose numbers in the kingdom did not exceed two thousand in all, according to Benjamin of Tudela, though in Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Persia a very powerful and wealthy Jewish population was encouraged by the Moslem rulers.

The Muhammadan peasants were regarded as villains attached to the soil. They were sold with the estate, and owed certain tribute to the seigneur, and a poll-tax to the king; but as the population was very stationary, these laws entailed no hardship: and after all dues were paid, half the produce of the soil remained to the peasant; while the seigneur was bound to find seed in time of dearth or failure of crops, and owed for his fief the service of himself, and of a certain number of knights, fully armed, and provided with horses and pack animals, whom the king could call out at any time to protect the land. The condition of the peasantry was thus infinitely better than that which they endured under the arbitrary taxation and constant exactions of the Turks, and there was no interference with either their customs or their religion. The law was administered by three courts, which dealt with three classes of the population, and which were independent of each other. The knights and nobles were judged by the high court, over which the king, represented by his seneschal, presided. The bourgeoisie had their own court, and were judged by their peers under the

vicomte. The natives were judged by the native court, under the reiyis, with a jury of natives, to whom two Frankish jurors were added later, for the satisfaction of those who perceived the Franks to be more just and impartial than their own fellow-natives. This latter court was in fact an organisation of the ancient mejlis, or council of elders, which still arranges the village affairs of Palestine peasants. By such means the quarrels of natives among themselves were settled according to their own customs, though criminal cases were reserved for the king's decision. It is remarkable that, until Saladin arose, we hear nothing of rebellions among the peasantry. All the assailants came from without, and disputes which arose from tyranny by individual seigneurs, or through the exactions of bishops, who held villages as church lands, were decided by trials which led to the signing of written decisions or agreements. Ecclesiastical matters, as between Christians, or between Churchmen, were however, not judged by any of these tribunals, but by the ecclesiastical court, over which the patriarch presided.

The trade and manufactures of the realm were regulated by the same code. Moslem caravans were protected by treaty, and merchants of Mosul were established in Acre. The imposts on every kind of merchandise were fixed, and custom-houses and toll-bars were established along the roads or at the city gates. There was also an excellent law that none might carry arms in the streets, which must have prevented many violent outbreaks. In the bazaars of Aleppo and Damascus were to be found the carpets of Baghdad and Persia, with glass from Irak, and Chinese porcelain, ivory and perfumes, sandal wood, musk, and aloes, civet and spices, silks, velvets, satins, cloth, including camlets of camel-hair tyrtain from Tyre, and cotton. Many precious drugs were sold, such as opium and rhubarb, tamarind, cantharides, cardamoms, scammony, and senna. A great trade with Northern Russia, having its port at the mouth of the Don, brought from the 'Land of Darkness' rich furs of the ermine, the Siberian squirrel, the red and white fox, the marten, beaver, otter, and wild cat. The Latins were very fond of fur for dress, and for the 'mantle' of scarlet, fur-lined, in which they slept. The furriers had a street in Jerusalem, and the Moslems also, especially in the north, were equally accustomed to the use of precious furs.

The trading stations of the Jews, the Genoese, and the Venetians extended far into Turkestan, north of the Oxus, and at Aden the Arab traders of the Red Sea met Chinese

junks, and brought the wealth of India and of the far East to the Italian markets in Alexandria. Moslem laws allowed the pilgrim to Mecca to trade on his journey; and that Christian pilgrims also traded is shown in an amusing manner by Joinville's account of what happened on his return to Acre, after a pilgrimage to Tortosa:—

‘ You must know that the queen had heard that I had  
‘ been on a pilgrimage and had brought back some relics.  
‘ I sent her by one of my knights four pieces of the camlets  
‘ which I had purchased; and when the knight entered her  
‘ apartment, she cast herself on her knees before the  
‘ camlets that were wrapped up in a towel; and the knight  
‘ seeing the queen do this flung himself on his knees also.  
‘ The queen observing him said, “Rise, sir knight, it does  
‘ “not become you to kneel who are the bearer of such  
‘ “holy relics.” My knight replied, “that it was not relics,  
‘ “but camlets that he had brought as a present from me.”  
‘ When the queen and her ladies heard this, they burst into  
‘ laughter, and the queen said, “Sir knight, the deuce take  
‘ “your lord for having made me kneel to a parcel of  
‘ “camlets !” ’

In addition to a constantly increasing foreign trade, the native manufactures of Syria were important. The art of Damascus in ceramics, in inlaid metal-work, and faïence already influenced that of France in the twelfth century. The Venetian glass was copied from that of Syria, and there were glass-works at Acre and at Hebron, as well as at Damascus, Antioch, and Tripoli. Four thousand weavers were also employed in the silk manufactories of the latter town, and the silks which knights and ladies wore were also exported to Italy. Iron, copper, gold, and silver were worked. Salt was made, and bitumen was brought from the Dead Sea. The dyers were Jews, but the superior mechanics were both Christians and Moslems.

The agriculture of the country was also very prosperous under the Franks. The casales, or hamlets of about a hundred houses or more, were taxed at about seven shillings a house the year. The lands were divided into carucates of about eighty acres each, and the *angaria*, or feudal service, of the peasant did not amount to more than one day's labour for the seigneur in the year. The vine was extensively grown on the mountains, and wines were made, of which the most famous came from Latakia and Batrun in the Lebanon. Indigo was grown in the Jordan Valley, and sugar-cane at Tripoli, Beisan, and Jericho. Cotton fields, and mulberry

plantations for the silkworms, were common, and the fruits of the country included figs, olives, pomegranates, apricots, lemons, oranges, bananas, and almonds. The gardens were full of herbs, especially melons, gourds, and cucumbers, while the fields were tilled for wheat, barley, sesame, vetches, beans, Indian corn, rice, millet, and lentils. The flax of Nazareth was as good as that of Egypt, and many other crops might be named. The agreements in which vineyards and oliveyards are mentioned are very numerous, while in others the boundaries of the lands are defined with complete descriptions.

The Established Church in Syria had now for the first time in history become subject to the Pope; and it was hoped that the Eastern sects would become obedient after the conquest. But this hope was only fulfilled to a certain extent in the conditional surrender of the Maronites in 1182 A.D., when they renounced their Monothelite heresy, but refused to accept celibate priests. The Greek patriarchs were deposed, and were always bitter enemies of the Latins. Very few Greek churches or monasteries retained their lands, and the Greek hermits of Mount Sinai submitted to the Latin bishop of Petra. But the Greek Church was not native in Syria, and the majority of the Christians belonged to that ancient Jacobite sect which had followed the teaching of Eutychus, who was pronounced a heretic by the Council of Chalcedon in 451 A.D., because he taught the single nature of Christ. The prelates of the Jacobite Church were recognised as suffragans of the Latin hierarchy, and retained their own patriarch, while the Latin bishops were organised under the two Latin patriarchs of Jerusalem and Antioch. The remaining Christians in the kingdom were Armenians from the north, Nestorians from Persia (settled at Tripoli, Gebal, Beirut, and Acre), and Copts from Egypt. All these sects were represented by bishops in Jerusalem. The popes and legates complained of their 'detestable heresies,' but the kings and princes protected their rights as far as they were able.

The Syrian Latin Church is said to have been the richest in the world, and most of the best villages in the 'Royal Domain' were acquired for its support, with many others given by seigneurs in all parts of the kingdom; but the clergy—according to the chroniclers, who were mostly priests or monks themselves—had but little influence, on account of their quarrels and intrigues, their ignorance, vices, and greed. There were notable exceptions, such as William of Tyre, but he himself was poisoned by the Archbishop of



Cæsarea, his rival for the dignity of patriarch. We find many gifts of vineyards and house property, and of wine to be drunk and eels to be eaten by the clergy, but only in one case is any book mentioned in the documents of the time—namely, a treatise on the nature of the Holy Ghost, intended for the conversion of the Armenians.

When the Latins came to the East they were very superstitious and ignorant as a rule, but two centuries of contact with ancient civilisation wrought a most remarkable change in their beliefs and knowledge. They had been taught by priests in the West that the native Christians of the East were only ignorant fanatics, who required to be taught the true faith by the Pope, and that the Saracens worshipped a certain Baphomet or Mahound, whose wicked body heaven and earth alike refused to receive, so that it was suspended between both in its coffin at Mecca (not buried at Medina, as was afterwards discovered); they were taught that Palestine was a land of marvels, where miracles were of yet more frequent occurrence than in the West. When, however, they came to know the land and its inhabitants, they discovered that the ignorance and fanaticism of the age might be discerned much nearer home. The Syrian Church was famed for its learning. It had produced the great colleges of Edessa and Nisibis, and in the thirteenth century the Nestorian sect at Tripoli was rendered illustrious by the writings of Gregory Bar Hebraeus on all known science. From the Jacobites the seigneurs learned not only the true history of the Eastern Church, and the fact that most of the fathers were Greeks or Syrians, but they also were taught such science as was then known, and came to know of the philosophy of Aristotle and Plato, which was so long preserved by the Jacobite monks. Such contrast with the barbarism of their own clergy must have greatly shaken the belief of the educated in the infallible character of the Roman dogmas. When the Crusaders took Tripoli they burned a valuable Arab library; but two generations later we find the seigneurs of Sidon to have been famous for their knowledge of Arabic, and for their study of Moslem literature under native teachers.

As regards the Moslem faith, their prejudices were at first even greater than those of English writers a few generations ago, and the Popes set their veto in the thirteenth century on study of the Korân; but it became clear through daily intercourse that the followers of Muhammad had no idols in their mosques, and knew nothing of Baphomet and his

coffin. They were found to worship one God, and to reverence Christ as a Prophet. The simplicity and sincerity of their belief affected the minds of the more liberal, and even the Master of the Templars was accused of having become a Moslem. The conversions were few on either side, but the contact of Christian and Moslem for two centuries had a wonderfully educating effect. A religious tolerance developed on both sides, which the priests and the Ulema equally regarded with abhorrence, but which led to many useful results, and took away much bitterness from the political struggle. From the first, the Crusaders made alliances with the Turkish Moslems of Aleppo and Damascus, and the envoys from Egypt were refused a peace by Godfrey, not on religious, but on temporal, grounds. Islam had produced many mystic and philosophic sects—Carmathians, Assassins, Druzes, and others—which owed their origin to the influence of Buddhists, Manicheans, and Greek philosophers, and which were often secretly sceptical. The Templar and the Moslem philosopher found a common ground of agreement in disbelief of all the dogmas of the age.

This growth of toleration led to most remarkable results during the great struggle between the Papacy and the Empire. Frederic II. was not a model prince, but he was a most accomplished and—for the time—highly educated man. His antagonism to the Pope naturally inclined him to listen to those whose countries, in Egypt and Anatolia, the Popes then desired to convert to Christian love with fire and sword. The ruler of Egypt was a most enlightened Sultan—Melck el Kamil—who sent St. Francis safely away after hearing him preach the faith, and who freely offered to give up Jerusalem to the Christians in return for a treaty of alliance. Moslem envoys went to and fro between the Emperor and the Sultan, and Frederic discussed with them the philosophy of Averroes, the famous Moorish writer, and sent problems in geometry and mathematics to be solved in Cairo.

Gregory IX. was old and obstinate, and excommunicated Frederic, who in return drove him from Rome. His wrath knew no bounds when, in 1228, the Emperor proceeded to Palestine, and met Melek el Kamil as a friend at Cæsarea, making a ten years' truce, and receiving Jerusalem as his eastern capital—by right of his wife, the heiress of the old kingdom. Acre and half Galilee, all the plains, Nazareth, Bethlehem and Jerusalem, were ceded to the Christians, and, in the absence of any bishop bold enough to defy the Pope, Frederic crowned himself in the Cathedral of the Holy

Sepulchre. Europe witnessed the extraordinary spectacle of an excommunicated Emperor peacefully regaining all that had so long been vainly fought for, and of the Holy Land under an interdict because it was ruled by a Christian instead of a Moslem; of Templars and Hospitallers forbidden to render any aid to its ruler; and of the monks of Acre publicly flogged in the streets by the Emperor's order. The Venetians and other enemies of Rome assisted Frederic, and the Teutonic order stood boldly by their liege lord; but the Pope strove to break this most advantageous and politic peace, and regarded with indignation the spread of knowledge taught to the Latins by Moslems and by Eastern Christians. Such was one of the most notable and unexpected results of the Crusades, which the Pope had intended to lead to the conversion of Orientals to the papist dogmas.

In the thirteenth century the influence of the Church was greatly increased in Armenia, where the royal family and some of the clergy became obedient to the Legate, while the Templars and Hospitallers obtained lands reaching into Georgia. A new bulwark was thus erected in the Armenian mountains, flanking the line of the Tartar advance on Syria. But this success was not of long continuance. The exactions of the Latin clergy and the intrigues of the Templars disgusted the Armenians, and both were driven out of the land. The more prudent and trusty Hospitallers remained, but the hoped-for submission of the Armenian Church was never offered by its leading churchmen. The more experienced Franks, including the military orders, advocated the imperial policy; and when the Kharezmian Tartars were invited by Egypt to invade Palestine, the Christians and the Moslem Emir of Emesa joined forces against them, but were defeated in 1244 A.D. at Gaza. After the disastrous attempt of St. Louis to carry out the papal policy in Egypt, and after he had discovered, from the faithful report of the monk Rubruquis, that the papal alternative of an alliance with Tartars, supposed to be willing to receive baptism, could lead to no result but the destruction of the Christian State in Syria, even that most pious and orthodox king found himself obliged to resort to the policy of Frederic II., and to make peace with Islam against the more dangerous enemy from Central Asia.

About this time (the middle of the thirteenth century) the Popes seem to have despaired of converting Moslems or of reconciling the Eastern Churches. But a new hope arose, and an endless correspondence was created; missionaries,

especially Franciscans, were despatched, and letters were written and translated into Turkish and Mongolian, the object being to convert the descendants of Genghiz Khan and the philosophic Turkish Sultans of Iconium. The Mongols were a crafty and politic race, whose aim was the conquest of Jerusalem. They dangled the hope of conversion before the Papal envoys for half a century, and constantly offered alliance against Islam to the Christians. It is very doubtful if any Tartars were baptised, and certain that the Roman teaching produced less effect upon them than that of the Nestorians, whom they had so long known in Central Asia. Mangu Khan explained very clearly to the brave and honest Rubruquis, in 1254 A.D., what his own beliefs really were in these words:—

‘We Mongols believe that there is but one God, through whom we live and die; and we have an upright heart towards Him. God who hath given to the hand divers fingers, so He hath given many ways to men. He hath given you the Scriptures, and the Christians keep them not. He hath given us Shamans, and we do that which they bid us, and we live in peace.’

It was as hopeless to expect that the Latin creed would effect the conversion of so liberal a Buddhist as to expect it to lead to the conversion of either Jacobite or Moslem; but the antagonism of Pope and Emperor led to the insistence on these two opposite policies—that of alliance with the Tartars, and that of peaceful agreement with the Moslems of Egypt. The disputes of *Bianchi* and *Neri*, of Ghibellines and Guelphs, raged in the streets of Acre. Europe was weakened by the same struggle at home, and the Christians took the losing side in the contest between Bibars and the Tartars. The Tartar invaders were driven by Kelaun back over the Euphrates, and the chance of a permanent settlement had already been lost, because the Latins had aided the invasion. The relations became constantly more strained when the cruelties of the fanatical Bibars, in Antioch and Tripoli, roused the wrath of Christendom; but no great army came ever again to aid the Templars and Hospitallers and Teutonic Knights in their hopeless struggle against the ever-growing power of Kelaun. The Legate was the chief abettor of those who massacred all the Moslems in Acre; and, in 1291 A.D., a bitter vengeance was taken on this last Christian possession in the Holy Land. When the great tower of the Templars’ castle fell, crushing the last brethren and many noble ladies who remained in the town, the Christian domination also fell, and Islam triumphed against

Latin and Tartar alike. It is not too much to say that the loss of the Christian possessions in Palestine was mainly due to the mistaken papal policy, and to the rejection of that wiser and more tolerant course which the Emperor Frederic strove to follow.

After this Egyptian conquest the night of barbarism settled down on Western Asia, and the Osmanlis gradually stamped out the ancient civilisation and prosperity of Syria. Cyprus and Rhodes were lost, the Venetian trade was transferred to Egypt, and that of the Genoese with Central Asia declined in the fifteenth century. The tide only turned when Queen Elizabeth established the Levant Company in 1583 A.D. Thirty years ago the old county of Tripoli was again erected by Lord Dufferin into a Christian province. The French hold in Tunis a conquest which St. Louis vainly attempted to wrest from Bibars. The English have reappeared in Cyprus, and have effected what no crusader could succeed in effecting—the occupation of Cairo, rendered possible by the Suez Canal. But between the thirteenth and the nineteenth century the history of Western Asia is one of a return to barbarism, and the attention of Europe was diverted to other objects, through the discovery of the Cape route and of America. The Latins left so little behind them in the East that only their beautiful churches and mighty castles, with a few Gothic tombstones, and crusaders' swords found in Georgia, or crusaders' armour preserved by Bedouin, attest their presence during those two hundred years. It was Europe and not Asia that profited most by the Latin domination in Syria.

The papal power waxed and waned with the fortunes of the Franks in the East. It reached its zenith under Innocent III., after King Richard's campaign. It sank again when Acre was lost, and none were willing to undertake a new crusade. The reason why the earlier religious enthusiasm died out is not far to seek. Wherever in an English church we find the cross-legged monument of a thirteenth-century knight, we know that one man of knowledge at least came home to tell others what the East was really like, what were the true facts about Moslems and Eastern Christians, and the real character of clergy and military orders who professed to give up all for the Holy Land. Humbert of Romans in 1275 endeavoured to become a new Bernard or Peter Hermit, but he bewails the sins of Christians in the West, their fear of toil and danger, their dislike of leaving home, their family ties, their lack of hope,

and coldness of faith. The truth was that they had turned to other ambitions, and that Palestine was no longer to them a land of promise.

But on Europe the results of the Crusades had a most marked influence. When Godfrey left for the East he sold their freedom to the burghers of Metz, and many another seigneur after his time pawned or sold his lands, and gave immunities in return for money to the towns. St. Louis after his experience in the East not only encouraged learning, protecting the University of Paris and collecting manuscripts in monasteries, but he remembered the Italian communes of Syria, and fostered the growth of the middle class in his cities, as a check on both barons and clergy. The Italian republics were the first to be benefited by the conquest of Jerusalem, the German cities became free during the struggle with the Pope. In Italy and Spain first, and afterwards in France, the philosophy and science of the Moslems and of Aristotle were studied. Bologna and Salamanca became famous, and the obscure University of Oxford followed in their wake.

The art and culture of Venice, Genoa, and Pisa were almost entirely of Oriental origin. The Syrian glass, the metal-work of Damascus, the pottery of Persia, gave the models for Italian manufactures. Cimabue owed his inspiration to the school of Byzantine artists who came to Italy after the Norman conquest of Constantinople in 1204 A.D. The roots of the Renaissance are found in the civilisation of the Crusades.

The wise laws of the Latin kingdom set an example not vainly placed before great kings like St. Louis, Richard Lion Heart, or Edward I. The wider thought which resulted from a wider knowledge of ancient philosophies, of varying Christian beliefs, of Moslem simplicity and Buddhist tolerance, led to the birth of that free spirit of enquiry which rejected the discredited authority of Rome. Peter the Hermit preached unconsciously a far-distant reformation. Frederic II. laid the foundations of European science. Surely when we recall the actual results of this great period of schooling in the East, we can no longer regard the Crusades as having been merely futile efforts, which weakened and retarded the progress of the West. Nor when we read in detail the account of that great building up of a kingdom which was founded by valour, and preserved so long by justice and wisdom, can we regard its rulers as ignorant fanatics or religious enthusiasts. The history of the kingdom of Jerusalem is the history of the birth of freedom for all Europe.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Alone with the Hairy Ainu.* By A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR. London: 1893.
2. *Life with Trans-Siberian Savages.* By B. DOUGLAS HOWARD, M.A. London: 1893.
3. *The Ainu of Japan.* By the Rev. JOHN BATCHELOR. London: 1892.
4. *The Ainos of Yezo, Japan.* By ROMYN HITCHCOCK. Smithsonian Report of the United States National Museum for 1890. Washington: 1891.

A JOURNEY of 'pleasure and rest' brought Mr. A. H. Savage Landor, about the beginning of May 1890—as nearly as can be made out, for he is singularly chary of dates—to Hakodate, the northern Treaty-port of Japan. There, a casual remark determined him to throw the restful part of his programme to the winds, and seek his pleasure, after true British fashion, in 'beating the record.' No solitary traveller, it was asserted in his hearing, could possibly make the tour of the island of Yezo, of which Hakodate is the foreign capital. The effect was as if a gauntlet had been flung into the lists. He lost no time in picking it up, and announced on the spot his intention of starting next morning in quest of the perils unwittingly proposed to him. And start next morning he did.

Now Yezo, as our readers are aware, is by no means a *terra incognita*. It has been under Japanese supremacy since the ninth century A.D., and represents the tail of the 'silkworm,' to which that people compare the undulating line of islands constituting their empire. It has been mapped, surveyed, and planted with a circumferential chain of Japanese horse-stations, fishing-stations, and inns. Only of late, however, have any serious efforts been made to develop its natural resources. These are very considerable. The coal-supplies of Yezo are practically inexhaustible; its sulphur-mines are numerous and rich; its fisheries of salmon, herrings, and pilchard might be made extraordinarily productive; vast quantities of valuable timber await the lumberers of the future. But as yet the initiative of the Government has scarcely at all been followed up, and progress languishes. Machinery rusts in disuse; capital refuses to flow; agriculture is neglected; and population, tempting inducements to immigration notwithstanding, remains at a low ebb. The area of Ireland is less than that of Yezo by about three thousand square miles; yet its

inhabitants are, in round numbers, thirty times more numerous—in part, no doubt, because it is far better suited for habitation. The Japanese island lies, point for point, ten degrees nearer to the tropic than the ‘gem’ of our own seas; but its climate takes small account of latitude. Snow covers the ground during six months of the year; and even the summers include a good deal of bad weather. Thus, along the parallel of Naples wheat barely ripens its ‘honeyed’ ears; while the fruits and vegetables of temperate Europe thrive only exceptionally—under select circumstances, so to speak. The arable land of Yezo, moreover, occurs merely in strips fringing the rivers and sea-coast, the interior being claimed by forests and volcanoes. Of the latter there are two active and fifteen extinct, and a great part of the soil was at one time or another belched forth by them. The forests amid which they tower shelter bears resembling the ‘grizzlies’ of the Rocky Mountains, besides deer, wolves, and foxes. They are composed of oak and pine, elm, maple, and birch trees, interlaced with wild vines, and immersed in a sort of ocean of bamboo-scrub. No roads penetrate this tangle of defiant vegetation, only some barely perceptible tracks betraying the habitual passage of hunters in pursuit of ‘big game’—of hunters armed with poisoned arrows, and furnished by nature, to some extent like the beasts they track and slay, with a protective covering against the inclemencies of the weather. For they belong to the strange, perishing race of the ‘hairy Ainu.’

The study at close quarters of this people formed the chief aim of Mr. Landor’s journey, and he showed remarkable pluck and persistence in seeking out their least accessible settlements. But his observations, though extensive, were necessarily superficial, and he was far too ready to generalise from them. Anthropological inquiries, too, are evidently new to him, so that his conclusions need not be taken as irreversible. Some of them, indeed, are certainly misleading, not through any want of good faith, but simply from the indeliberate manner in which they were arrived at. He records, however, many curious facts; his narrative is buoyant, unaffected, and entertaining; and his sketches show much graphic facility, no less than a genuine feeling for the beauty of landscape. It should be added that the cranial and other measurements of Ainu men and women which he was fortunate enough to secure, as well as the glossary of their enigmatical language compiled by him, must prove of permanent value,



'The preparations for my journey,' our author relates, 'were simple. In two large Japanese baskets I packed three hundred small wooden panels for oil-painting, a large supply of oil-colours and brushes, a dozen small sketch-books, my diary, three pairs of boots, three shirts, an equal number of pairs of woollen stockings, a revolver, and a hundred cartridges. I did not burden myself with either provisions or a tent.'

The road was rough, and ran in zig-zags up and down innumerable hills; the vehicle was a covered cart without springs, the horses went at full gallop, the rain fell in torrents. A pause for luncheon at a neat Japanese tea-house was then no slight relief. The meal was served 'on a tiny table. There was water-soup; there was sea-weed; there was a bowl of rice, and raw fish.' To all this the traveller was accustomed, and he ate heartily. But what he was not prepared for was the sudden leap announcing the ghastly fact that the fish which had furnished the repast was still alive. The surprise had been prepared as a delicate stroke of gastronomic art!

'More dead than alive' from jolting and discomfort, Mr. Landor alighted that evening at a Japanese village on the picturesque shore of Volcano Bay, crossing which next morning by steam-ferry, he found himself within reach of the so-called aborigines.

'Coming from Japan,' he says, 'the first thing that strikes a traveller in the Ainu country is the odour of dried fish, which one can smell everywhere; the next is the great number of crows--the scavengers of the country; lastly, the volcanic nature of the island. On visiting an Ainu village what impressed me most were the miserable and filthy huts, compared with the neat and clean Japanese houses; the poverty and almost appalling dirt of the people, and their gentle, submissive nature. The Ainu of the coast build their huts generally on a single line near the shore, and each family has its "dug-out" canoe drawn up on the beach, ready to hand when wanted. The huts are small and miserable-looking, and they have no furniture or bedding to speak of. The roof and walls are thatched with *arundinaria*, but so imperfectly that wind and rain find easy access through their reedy covering.'

By the inmates of the one he chose to enter he was received with courtesy and without surprise; and, after beards had been stroked and palms rubbed in his honour, he responded to an invitation to be seated by squatting on the floor, and opened a conversation in Japanese. The mother-of-pearl buttons on his coat, however, excited more interest than his remarks, and he soon withdrew. Both men and women, he remarked, wore large earrings, or, in default of them, pieces of red or black cloth; and the younger

women might have been thought comely but for a long moustache tattooed across the face from ear to ear. Their hands and arms were also tattooed.

The stranger then 'walked along the beach, and endeavoured to make friends with some of the Ainu who were less shy than the others. One little girl was especially picturesque. She was only about ten, and her large eyes, tanned complexion, white teeth, the tiny blackish-blue tattoo on her upper lip, her uncombed long black hair flying around her, and her red cloth earrings, made her indeed one of the quaintest studies of colour that I have seen in my life. I got her to sit for me; and while I was painting her, an old man, the chief of the village, dressed up in a gaudy costume, with a crown of willow shavings on his head, came to me and made his "salaams." He bore the name of Angotsuro, and before all his salaams were over he found himself "caught in the action" in my sketch-book. Many of the villagers had collected round, and one of them, a half-caste, expressed the wish that I should paint the chief in colours, like the picture of the girl. I asked for nothing better, and started an oil-sketch of him. The excitement of the natives who were witnessing the operation grew greater and greater as each new ornament in the chief's dress was put in the picture. Some seemed to approve of it, others were grumpy, and apparently objected to the picture being taken at all. The *séance* was indeed a stormy one, and though the chief had his regal crown knocked off his head two or three times by the anti-artistic party, he sat well for his likeness, especially as I promised him in Japanese that when the picture was completed he should be given a few coins and two buttons off my coat.'

Further on, at Horobets, the artist's zeal nearly led him into a serious scrape. His portrayal of a wonderfully effective group of fishermen engaged in skinning a 'cow-fish' by the seashore was at once and sharply resented. The picture was ruthlessly destroyed, the materials used in painting it were scattered far and wide. Whereupon Mr. Landor, having fetched his revolver, drove the delinquents before him to a Japanese police-station, and there treated them to an ample dish of humble-pie. Their savage spokesman could only plead in excuse for the assault the dire effects of likeness-taking. It brought sickness upon individuals, famine upon the land, while the representation of a single fish would suffice to drive all the finny tribes from the coast, and cut off the main resource against starvation of the poor Ainu.

A similar, but graver, incident is recounted by Mr. Douglas Howard in a little volume of which the title is cited at the head of this article. Its contents are absolutely unique. No traveller had previously visited the Sakhalin Ainu in the

forest-girdled retreats where they dwell in almost complete isolation. They communicate with the outer world only by means of a few fishing stations on the coast, whither they descend at intervals for purposes of barter. They are now Russian subjects, the southern half of Sakhalin having in 1875 been handed over by Japan to Russia in exchange for the Kurile Islands.

‘The obscurity of this people,’ to quote from Mr. Howard’s Preface, ‘has been largely due to the extreme distance of their sub-arctic island, and to the comparative inaccessibility of their villages within the interior forests where they continue to live. Their inaccessibility, which till recently was only comparative, has now been made absolute by the conversion of the entire island into the ultimate penal colony to which are now drafted and sent the more dangerous of the life-exiles, double murderers and others, from the various less distant prisons of Russia and Siberia. The only possible way in which these people could be reached was opened up to me in Siberia proper, where I had the good fortune to meet with the Russian officer who is governor of that part of the island in which these people live; and at his urgent invitation I accompanied him on his voyage to his distant home, where, as his guest, I had what I was there informed were opportunities no foreigner or other visitor had ever before enjoyed.’

Mr. Howard was thus enabled to realise his earnest desire of living, for the best part of a season, in the exclusive company of the unknown savages he had come so far to visit. Totally ignorant of their language, he could communicate with them only by signs; yet he became their friend and confidant, shared their fishing and hunting expeditions, and was treated by them with every mark of delicate consideration. On one occasion only their mildness changed to excitement, if not to fury. And his own want of caution was then largely to blame. The terrifying effect upon these primitive human beings of a sight of themselves in a mirror might have warned him that their portraits, caught by snapshots with a pocket-camera, could not safely be exhibited to them. But their uniform quietude and courtesy had banished every suspicion of a wrong side to their characters.

‘One day,’ he tells us, ‘when several men were in the hut with the chief, I took the opportunity to attempt a surprise, and watch the effect upon them as I displayed before them their newly finished portraits. Instantly they sprang to their feet as if they had been shot. All except the chief rushed out of the hut as if in a rage. The old chief stamped up and down the hut in the greatest distress. Hearing a great hubbub mixed with wild cries outside, I went to the hut-door, where I found these people, whose gentle virtues I have so faithfully

depicted, raving and gesticulating in the most menacing manner. To my utter consternation I saw that some of them were brandishing sticks, some of them knives; that, indeed, one and all were suddenly changed to savages of the wildest type.

'Utterly bewildered at this sudden change of affairs, yet assuming that the pictures must have in some way been the cause of it, and remembering as I did the effect of the looking-glass upon them, I appealed as well as I could to the chief, exhibited my regret, and tried to make him understand that I placed myself and everything I had in his hands. Meanwhile the people outside grew so violent that the chief was obliged to go out to them. After a long parley, the chief returned and made me understand that I must carry everything outside. As fast as they could do it, a big fire was kindled in front of the hut. Inaos (sacred wands) were stuck in the ground all round the fire, and following their intimations, while they stood back as if in the greatest alarm, I threw my poor kodak, my pictures, all my apparatus on the fire, and stood there calmly looking on, till nothing was left of them but ashes.'

Thenceforward all went well. The only danger run by the partaker of Ainu hospitality was its indefinite prolongation. This danger was increased by his skill and good fortune in shooting a bear through the brain just as it was about to hug and crunch one of his comrades in the hunt. Effusive demonstrations of gratitude followed; and, after the accomplishment of some simple religious rites, the whole party encamped for the night.

'Our bivouac,' Mr. Howard writes, 'was indeed a savage sight. Having stepped back into the bush for a moment, the scene as it flashed upon me, on suddenly turning towards it again from out the surrounding darkness, made me halt, and suggested many reflections. The deep whispering forest darkness; the fitful blaze of the great bivouac fire revealing near by the huge carcase of the slain bear, and flashing its lurid light upon the hairy group of shaggy-headed, shaggy-bearded savages squatting upon their haunches, and with blood-bespattered hands and mouths tearing and gnawing juicy lumps of fresh raw flesh; the circle staked round with their extemporised little heathen deities, against the larger of which were lying their bows, their poisoned arrows, and their large freshly sharpened knives glistening in the firelight! The most curious reflection, however, was that I was one of them! Indeed I am quite prepared to believe that, with my red blanket across my shoulders, there was in our general appearance not much to choose between us.'

This incident led to his being installed with much solemnity honorary chief of the village, and the crowning ceremony of tattooing and ear-boring was evaded only through recourse to a happy artifice by the newly created, dismayed dignitary. His simple-minded subjects are perhaps

even now looking out for his return, since he did not venture on a final leave-taking. Their mysterious guest, as he must have seemed to them, was absolutely in their power, yet they had the generosity to accede to his wishes by facilitating his departure. He set out accordingly for Korsakoff, the capital of Sakhalin, with an escort of three stalwart Ainu men, amid enthusiastic demonstrations of affection and regret from the little community which had caught through his means their first glimpse of a higher life than their own. Even from Korsakoff escape was difficult and tedious. To reach Hakodate, four hundred and fifty miles distant, a détour would have been needed of upwards of four thousand miles, the accomplishment of which, in the face of cholera and quarantine at every one of the ports of call, was a practical impossibility. There was accordingly no alternative but to charter for the journey a Japanese fishing-vessel, which chanced to run into Korsakoff harbour for shelter from a typhoon. But Ulysses himself was not more unlucky at sea than Mr. Howard on the journey thus undertaken. The third night after their departure, he and his associates were shipwrecked on a barren ledge; they then tried navigating a raft, and so far successfully that they were picked up by the last fishing-craft of the season; this was itself, however, overtaken by a typhoon, and only through desperate exertions brought afloat into Hakodate Bay. Its English passenger was carried on shore severely injured, though deeply imbued with gratitude for the 'gentleness, generosity, and 'heroic fidelity' shown to him by the poor Japanese fishermen of whose disasters he had been a sharer. We congratulate ourselves on his survival to write an account of experiences which are unlikely ever to be repeated.

But to return to Mr. Landor. He did not fail to pay his respects to Benry, the well-known chief of the Piratori Ainu. This man is among the more intelligent of his tribe. He is keenly alive to the value of dollars; boasts a boundless capacity for *saké*—Japanese rice-brandy—and is shrewd enough to take in the unwary. Otherwise, he has been uniformly civil and serviceable to strangers. Miss Bird—now Mrs. Bishop—who endured, in 1878, several days and nights in his sordid cabin, met with nothing but attentive deference from him and his. Yet he recalled her ten years later, in conversation with an American wayfarer, Mr. Romyn Hitchcock, as 'the woman to whom I told so many lies.' Mrs. Bishop, on the other hand, was impressed with his truthfulness. It is, however, only fair to add that a very small part

of the information contained in her celebrated 'Unbeaten Tracks in Japan' was derived from this eminently unreliable source.

Mr. Landor induced the wily magnate, for a consideration, to sit for his portrait rigged out in all the grotesque paraphernalia of his office—a crown of shavings and seaweed, a tricolour robe, and a wooden sword. He proved, it is true, a restless subject. 'Like most animals,' the artist says frankly, 'he did not like to be stared at. He felt the weight of a look, as it were, and it made him uncomfortable.' His effigy was nevertheless secured, and is reproduced in the volume before us. His English visitor's diligence in sketching Ainu huts, Benry concluded, after prolonged discussion with a judicious friend, to be inspired by a desire to improve from their pattern the dwellings in his own country.

Having left Benry and Piratori behind, our author began to feel in his element. For he had attained a region altogether beyond the reach of ordinary tourists, and, in some parts, virgin soil as regards any kind of European exploration. His means of locomotion consisted in a pair of ponies, changed almost nightly, one of which he rode mounted on a high wooden pack-saddle, while the other carried his luggage. For guidance there was only a rough path, running mostly along the sandy beach, but here and there diverging inland to avoid the precipitous barricades or jutting promontories of the coast. One of these Mr. Landor succeeded in rounding by means of a perilous 'ocean-ford.'

'The tide was low,' he says, 'but the sea was still rough, and nearly every wave as it came in went right over my ponies, frightening them, and made them extremely difficult to hold. The instinct of self-preservation made them rush for the cliff, with the only result that they missed their footing, and they and I were both swept away by the next receding wave. I was carried off the saddle, but I had sufficient presence of mind to hold on to the bridle. An awful struggle ensued between my ponies and myself. Each wave that came carried and knocked us one way; each wave that retired carried and knocked us the other. After a long struggle I succeeded in pulling my horses where the water was a little shallower, and there we three stood for some minutes, trembling with cold, my two ponies looking reproachfully at me with those half-human eyes of animals when forced into positions of danger which they can neither understand nor overcome.'

The crisis, however, was past; safe ground was reached with a very slight further effort.

The difficulties encountered by the rare wanderers along

the southern shore of Yezo are aggravated by the number of swift and dangerous rivers to be crossed without the aid of bridge or ferry. Fogs, too, are frequent, and horse-flies swarm in formidable battalions. The occasional total absence of food-supplies might appear a further inconvenience ; ' but, after all,' as Mr. Landor philosophically remarks, ' starving, when you get accustomed to it, is really ' not so bad as people think.' As to the quality of his meals when they came, he had no choice, and little preference. His taste, perhaps, inclined towards cooked provisions ; but if no ' taste of the fire ' were given to them, he contentedly ate them raw. He did, however, draw a line in front of putrid fish and the horrible Ainu *olla podrida*. Over the fire burning in the centre of each hut hangs an iron pot which is never emptied and never cleaned. Everything goes into it ; fish and flesh, no less than good or bad red herring ; sea-weed, slugs, pounded roots, now and again a dead dog or a fox—nothing comes amiss in that universal and perpetual stew which preserves an odious continuity in despite of incidental variations. ' Plus ça change, plus ' c'est la même chose.' The attractiveness of this dish is not heightened by the treatment bestowed upon the wooden bowls in which it is served round. What in civilised society is regarded as pantry-business is in Ainu-land done at table ; and in the primitive method adopted by a cat for removing the last trace of milk from her saucer. But enough of these disgusting particulars.

The young English \* adventurer was happily only by exception reduced to partake of Ainu hospitality. For the most part he put up at some Japanese *yadoya*, or inn. Moreover, Japanese is spoken by the Ainu in most parts of Yezo. In his expedition up the Tokachi valley, however, he had to depend upon the stock of Ainu phrases collected during his journey. Here the purest specimens of the race are found, dense jungle effectually excluding foreign intercourse. Nor are the people one whit the worse ; since contact with civilisation would be likely to bring them nothing but a few lacquered utensils, and degradation by drink. They are kindly and inoffensive ; and his testimony to their character is the more valuable from his being the first traveller endowed with curiosity so insatiable as to lead him

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\* Mr. Landor is understood to be a descendant of Walter Savage Landor, although certain turns of phrase used by him seem to betray American association.

to their abodes. 'You will never come back alive,' he was repeatedly assured at Otsu; but, 'dead or alive,' he was resolved to see what Ainu settlements there might be upstream. So he set out at dawn, carrying with him drawing and writing materials, and his revolver, but not so much as a stem of sea-weed to stave the pangs of hunger. Following the winding course of the river, he soon reached a dense tangle of high reeds and tall grass.

'I made my way,' he continues, 'through the first obstructions; but I had not been in the jungle more than a few minutes when I was simply devoured by horse-flies, mosquitoes, and black flies. My ponies were kicking, bucking, and trying to bolt, as they also were literally covered with horse-flies sucking their blood and stinging them to madness. The reeds and grass were about ten or twelve feet high, so that, being higher than myself on my horse, I could not see where I was going. I kept along the river-bank as much as I could; but in many places it was difficult to get through the ravines which one invariably finds along rivers, so I kept a little way off on the west side, and had the noise of the running river to guide me. For many wearisome hours I rode through this jungle, the dividing reeds continually rubbing against my face, arms, and legs, sometimes making pretty deep cuts with their razor-edged long leaves. The huge *shirau*—the horse-flies—grew more and more tiresome as the sun got warmer, and my head and hands were swollen and bleeding. The sun was by this time high in the sky, but there were no signs of the jungle coming to an end, no indications of huts anywhere near—no other noise but the sound of the crashing reeds and the running water of the river. My ponies were feeding well, as grass was plentiful; but I was faring badly. What with the exertion of keeping the ponies in order, while the densely entangled reeds nearly dragged me off the saddle—what with the plague of mosquitoes and horse-flies added to the sense of weakness caused by fatigue and hunger, it was really a terrible time for me.'

For that night neither food nor shelter was to be had; and it was only on the afternoon of the following day that the jungle ceased abruptly, and some Ainu huts stood revealed to view. They appeared to be empty; so the starving traveller, under the compulsion of a thirty-four hours' fast, helped himself to a large dried salmon, and was voraciously devouring it, when some sounds of ambiguous nature reached his ears. He dropped the salmon. Had he been caught stealing? he thought guiltily. *More suo*, he determined to find out, and promptly discovered that the sounds in question proceeded from a live creature, huddled into a foul-smelling, dark corner—a creature human still, although oppressed with the most piteous ills that can befall humanity. The form, or rather the skeleton, of a woman was there, clothed



with wrinkled skin and a tattered garment. A dense mass of white hair fell over her shoulders, and her nails had grown into talons. Bereft of reason, without the power of speech, to all intents and purposes blind and deaf, this afflicted being was besides crippled with rheumatism, and bore the hideous marks of leprosy. Dragged forth unresistingly to have her picture taken, she was still conscious of discomfort from the unaccustomed light, and crawled back to her den as soon as she was released. The mercy of death, we may hope, has ere now terminated her miseries.

The monotony of insect-plagues was broken on Mr. Landor's return through the jungle by the advent of a more formidable marauder.

'Everything was calm,' he tells us,\* 'when suddenly my ponies stopped, shied, and began to back. They sniffed the ground, then the air. Their ears were straight up, their eyes were restless, and their nostrils widely distended. They were certainly under some great excitement, and showed unmistakable signs of terror. Thrashing was useless—they would not stir. They were utterly demoralised, and were kicking awfully. It was getting dark, and this riotous conduct was annoying. Unexpectedly, and with a tremendous growl, a huge black bear sprang towards us, and tried to seize the baggage-pony. However, he and the beast I was riding belted, and ran a desperate race for life; and though Bruin followed us clumsily for some time, we soon were far ahead, and lost sight of him. It was more than I could do to stop the frightened brutes; but, finally, after a reckless steeplechase of many miles, after jumping over brooks and splashing across torrents, flying over the ground and through the jungle, we came to a halt. It was about time. During the violent ride, the reeds had cut my face and neck and hands, and I was bleeding all over. I went on and on, and, as my ponies did not seem to be very tired, I tried to reach the coast that night. It grew dark, but the night was fine, and I let the noise of the running river guide me. Each minute seemed an hour, each hour an age. I rode and rode, and still rode, till I was nearly exhausted; and still I was surrounded by the tall reeds and rushes. "Thank God!" I heartily exclaimed, when finally, at a small hour of the morning, I found myself in open ground again, and the wind brought in waves the salt smell of the sea.'

Some miles further on, he reached an inn kept by a certain Yoshitaro, who was jubilant at the opportunity of entertaining so distinguished a foreigner. When his guest woke up at noon, a crowd of fishermen had assembled for his *levée*;

'while in the back-yard,' he relates, 'I recognised the voices of Yoshitaro and his wife, who evidently were occupied in the exciting

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\* Here, and elsewhere, we quote with some slight condensation.

chase of a fowl. A few minutes later, Yoshitaro triumphantly entered the room with a large dish, on which the same fowl, uncooked, and cut into a thousand little bits, was served to me, together with pieces of raw salmon, *daikon* (a vegetable), and boiled rice. This he called a European dinner. I did my best to roast the chicken-bits on the brazier; but I was never well up in the culinary art, and, as my landlord remarked, he had brought up the meat for me to eat, not to "burn." Fowls are very scarce indeed in Hokkaido (a general designation for Yezo and the Kurile Islands); 'therefore the landlord did not fail to explain under what great obligations I was to him for killing such a precious bird.

'I said that I had not asked him to do this; and with his perfect Japanese politeness, bowing gracefully down to the ground, he said: "Yes, your honourable sir. But," he added, "the bird was so old that if I had not killed it I fear it would have died of itself ere long."

A heavy weregild for the deceased bird, none the less, ran the bill up to the portentous figure of \$16, which Mr. Landor disclaimed to curtail, contenting himself with nearly frightening mine host to death by presenting a revolver at his head while he counted twenty, and then, as he rode away, displaying to him sardonically each one of its empty chambers.

He barely escaped on another occasion the fate of Ganymede. Had that ancient worthy, indeed, been possessed of firearms, the gods might have been left without their cup-bearer. But the relations between man and beast or bird have changed materially since those days. Our present hero was wending his way on horseback (he had by this time dispensed with a second pony) along the north-east shore of Yezo, amidst 'millions of sea-gulls and penguins,' 'when not more than two hundred yards ahead,' he informs us,

'I saw two large eagles. One of them was perched on a low cliff, the other was flying about, now and then returning near to its mate. I dismounted, with my revolver in my hand; I had a pocketful of cartridges. I crept stealthily from rock to rock, keeping well out of their sight until I came close to the pinnacled rock on which they stood. I was then about fifty yards from them, and it was useless my firing at such a distance with a revolver. I peeped over the rocks, and one of them saw me and flew away, while the other remained where it was, stretching its neck in my direction. Its piercing eyes were fixed full on me as I was approaching; it understood that danger was imminent, and it seemed ready to resist the attack. I drew nearer and nearer, and when about four yards away, I fired two shots, both of which went through its breast, and the eagle, with its widespread wings, fell from its lofty pinnacle and came down heavily on its back.

'In its last convulsions it made desperate efforts to clutch me with

its long sharp claws; but a couple more shots finished it. The male bird, which meanwhile had been describing circles high up in the sky over my head, plunged down on me with incredible velocity. I emptied the last chamber of my revolver into him just as the wind of his large wings made my eyes twinkle; and to evade the grip of his outstretched claws, I had to cover my face with my left arm. The report stunned him, and, flapping his wings, he rose again to resume his circling over my head, leaving a few of his feathers floating in the air. I reloaded quickly, and each time that he attacked me he was received with a volley. Another bullet went through his wing, and his flying became unsteady; he flew on to a distant cliff, and there he remained. I seized this opportunity of carrying the dead bird away, and lashed it on to my saddle; but while I was so engaged, the male eagle flew back to the pinnacle where I had first seen the two together, and stretching his enormous wings to their full width, screamed as if in despair. On the pinnacle were their nest and young, and that was why the female had kept watch and ward over her cyrie, and had not abandoned it even when I approached.

‘I mounted my pony, and away I rode with my prey. The male bird followed me for miles and miles, and now and then I had to fire to keep him at a respectful distance. Ultimately he left me, and my delight was immense when, instead of seeing him over my head, ready to plunge on me at any moment, I saw him disappear behind the cliff, flying rapidly but unsteadily back to his cyrie.’

The dead bird proved to be a magnificent specimen:—

‘It measured 7 feet from tip to tip of the wings, and its claws were nearly as large as a child’s hand. The semicircular nails measured 2 inches, and were extremely pointed. The beak was enormous, of a rich yellow colour, the upper mandible overlapping the lower. The feathers were black all over, with the exception of the tail, which was white. I believe that this kind of eagle is generally called the “black sea-eagle,” and is found in Kamtschatka, Yezo, and also along the Siberian coast of the Japan Sea and Gulf of Tartary.’

The skin of the victim to maternal affection was carried off by her slayer stretched out to dry on an improvised frame; and the compound appearance produced by its attachment to his back as he sat on horseback was so terrifying as to evoke propitiatory offerings of salmon flung to the man-eagle from the porches of Ainu huts, while one anxious mother implored him to spare her child, as ‘not being good to eat.’

His next escapade terminated less satisfactorily. Disregarding the entreaties of his wiser barbarian friends, he impatiently attempted to cross a swollen river, got his right foot jammed between two stones, and, in the effort to extricate it, broke the bone of his heel. It was a compound fracture, and surgical aid was far away. So he had to bind

up the wound as best he could, and ride on. Thus disabled, and suffering acute pain, he still travelled continuously for sixty days. Yet no permanent ill consequences appear to have ensued. From this singular immunity he inclines to draw the moral that doctors make patients—that, in order to be sound and whole, it is only necessary to act as if one were so. Or, putting it in the inverse proverbial way, he is strongly of opinion that ‘conceit is as bad as consumption.’ We trust that he may live long without detecting the difference.

The ‘hairy people’ he wandered among now claim from us a few minutes’ attention. Who and whence are they? These questions are unanswered, and perhaps unanswerable. Some writers of authority think that their primal home was arctic, others that it was tropical. Professor J. Milne\* is of opinion that their closest affinities are with the Papuans; and he alleges, in support of his view, the early maturity of their women, and the inadequate protection against climatal severities afforded by their lightly built huts. On the other hand, the Ainu themselves point to their hairy skins (of which they are extremely proud) as witnessing emphatically to a northern origin; and the reverence paid by them to the bear is all but decisive in favour of their naïve contention. Their history, however, for the last two thousand five hundred years is, to a certain extent, known. Japanese traditions record that the varied tribes who eventually constituted the Japanese people found the entire archipelago occupied by hirsute savages. These were assuredly Ainu. Archaeological explorations leave no doubt of the identity; and it is established, even apart from them, by the fact that a number of name-places in all parts of Japan are significant in the Ainu language and in no other. These primitive inhabitants were, not without resistance, driven north to Yezo, where they maintained their independence until the ninth century of our era. Since then, their original fierceness has gradually left them, and they are now among the most peaceable and submissive of the earth’s inhabitants. Their settlement in Sakhalin may have formed part of this forced migration; or Sakhalin may be the live whence swarm after swarm issued, in prehistoric times, to colonise Japan. It is at present impossible to decide which of these suppositions is true.

The Ainu claim to have exterminated the real aborigines

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\* Asiatic Society of Japan, vol. ix. p. 197.

of their adopted country. These so-called 'pit-dwellers' built their huts above shallow excavations, a multitude of which are still to be seen along the coasts of Yezo. Adjacent rubbish-heaps contain, besides bones and oyster-shells, flint arrow-heads and implements, with fragments of tastefully ornamented pottery. Similar relics occur as well in Nippon, the main island of Japan. In the Kurile Islands, if anywhere, a remnant of this wellnigh vanished race still exists. There, until 1875, a handful of people led migratory lives, transporting themselves and their wretched chattels in frail canoes from one to the other of the 'Thousand Isles,' and living on the flesh of bears and seals, eked out with berries and sea-birds' eggs. But the Japanese Government, by way of improving their lot, collected together all the ninety comparatively happy ramblers, and virtually imprisoned them in the desolate island of Shikotan. They were there visited, in 1888, by Mr. Romyn Hitchcock, whose valuable paper on the Ainu we have included among our headings; and Mr. Landor, two years later, interrupted his peregrinations in Yezo to follow his example. The colony had then dwindled to sixty members, of whom many were sufferers from rheumatism and consumption; so that, by this time, the little graveyard on the hillside has probably more inmates than the village below. The time of the survivors is divided, Mr. Landor tells us, between fishing and praying. For they were obliged, under Russian rule, to conform to the Greek Church, and 'Jacko,' their chieftain and priest, on whatever day of the week strikes him as likely to be Sunday, reads the Greek service, and delivers an interminable sermon to a marvellously patient congregation. The men have European features, with some general hairiness; the women, with showy Russian kerchiefs knotted round their necks, and confining their jet-black hair, might almost be taken for peasants from the Campagna. The absence of tattooing constitutes a marked distinction between the Shikotan tribe and the true Ainu. They are even more strongly differentiated from them by the nature of their habitations. Mr. Batchelor's statement\* that the Kurilsky people are pit-dwellers has been fully borne out by Mr. Hitchcock's descriptions and photographs. The excavated parts of their abodes, however, are occupied only in winter. Their summer lodges are mere thatched cabins, erected on the level ground, and these alone were inspected by Mr. Landor. He had no

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\* The Ainu of Japan, p. 311.

suspicion that they concealed semi-subterranean retreats for hibernation. The Shikotan fishermen cannot then be identified with the Ainu, whose scheme of life includes no change of quarters with the seasons. They may, on the contrary, be regarded as representing the ancient, obscure, and almost extinct race of Yezo pit-dwellers.

The Ainu of Sakhalin and Yezo belong unmistakably to the same stock. Physiognomy, religion, language, customs—down to the minutest detail—all tell the same tale of close consanguinity. And yet their separation dates—at a moderate estimate—two thousand five hundred years back. We have here an astonishing instance of savage immobility. From century to century tribal custom has preserved the *status quo*. From century to century improvements and innovations have been kept at bay. The Ainu learn no lessons from experience. The very sense of discomfort, the perception of what constitutes cleanliness, have left them. Their sordid huts combine, as of old, the advantages of giving access to the winds of heaven, and denying exit to the smoke from their fires. They are curiously devoid of the spirit of invention, as well as of any impulse towards novelty. They have never attempted the manufacture of the rudest pottery; they are ignorant of the first elements of metallurgy. Wood or bark furnishes the material for all their native utensils. They buy knives, but would certainly dispense with, rather than try to make them.

‘They have no writings,’ Mr. Hitchcock says, ‘no records of their past, no aspirations. Their language is still a puzzle, their traditions and myths are scarcely known except to a few students. They are incapable of advancement. After a century of contact with the Japanese, they have learned no arts, adopted no improvements. The hunter to-day shoots the bear with poisoned arrows from a bow as primitive as early man himself, although the Japanese are famous for their archery and weapons.’

Japanese cotton goods have, however, begun to supersede a home-made fabric woven out of elm-bark fibres, which might be called the *chef d'œuvre* of Ainu industry. In a few years, doubtless, the very remembrance of its former production will have passed away, and the rude looms employed in the process will have finally disappeared from their hovels. For the Ainu are among the shortest-memory of savages, and forget more easily than they acquire. There is reason to believe that they were considerably more advanced in the arts of life when they were the adversaries of the Japanese than they are now as their subjects. Progress

in a rearward direction has since led them very near to the inevitable fate of annihilation. Fifteen or sixteen thousand Ainu are now living in Yezo, and less than 2,500, according to a Russian official report, were to be found in Sakhalin in 1857. In both places their numbers are steadily diminishing: and an epidemic of small-pox or cholera would presumably make short work of them.

The hides of various animals serve the Ainu for warm clothing; salmon-skin boots are added, and the women wear, at all seasons, leggings coarsely made of grass or rustles. The ceremonial suit of a Sakhalin chief is composed of embroidered fish-skin. Ordinary costume is still more fantastic.

'For medium garments,' we learn from Mr. Howard, 'birch-bark is used, other materials being stitched to it. For the coldest weather the clothing is much like that of the Esquimaux and Kamtschatdales. The grotesqueness of these dresses arises not so much from the awkwardness of their shape as from the variety of their materials. In one of these Joseph-coat dresses were mixed patches of sable, bear, deer, and fox-skins, including the tails, in haphazard fragments, while behind and before, there was underneath all these a large piece of birch-bark. The purpose of the bark, I afterwards found, was to serve incidentally as mail, for protection against accidental shots from poisoned arrows.'

The name 'Ainu,' like 'Aryan,' may be interpreted as an assertion of distinguished descent. The people who bear it are, indeed, proud of their lineage, and of their personal peculiarities, although the obvious one of hairiness has been to some extent exaggerated. The men, if rather short of stature, are often of imposing presence, and but for the neglect of the most elementary processes of the toilet would be really good-looking. The possibility of female prettiness is still more completely abolished by dirt and dishevelment, labour and exposure. 'As repulsive-looking creatures as it is possible to imagine,' is Mr. Howard's verdict on the women of Sakhalin; and he adds that 'a double-teamed horse-rake could not have got through the hair of their heads, which came below their waists, and had never seen a comb.'

'To be unseen, to be unheard, and to do the work before them in their own quiet way, seemed to be with these women their only ambition. I never for an instant saw in any one of their faces an expression of a wish to please, or a sign of being pleased. Nor did I ever see in one of them what could be suspected of being a smile. My impression was, that even if their faces were capable of it, such expressions would be suppressed as indecorous. They had the sadness,

the silence of nuns, and to men always showed the profoundest courtesy. Each time one of the women left the hut to fetch something—a pipe, tobacco, or what not—she always retired from our presence walking backwards, with as much punctiliousness as is seen on state occasions at Buckingham Palace. On returning, she would present the thing brought, kneeling.’

The relations of Ainu men and women are of a thoroughly savage type. That is to say, the nobler sex hunts and fishes, the weaker toils, drudges, weaves, and digs. Their servitude is tempered only by fear; for an Ainu woman, once thoroughly exasperated, becomes reckless, and may do incalculable spiritual mischief to her helpmate, besides bringing him into contempt with his fellow-villagers. With advance in years, both her power and her malignity are supposed to increase; and hag-like crones lord it over the household through the terror that they inspire. Everything in and out of reason is done to induce them to depart this world in tolerably good humour, an irate ancestress being regarded as a peculiarly formidable kind of hanger-on. Ainu women are excluded from any participation in religious worship. It is a moot point, to begin with, whether they have souls at all; but in any case, they might, and probably would, bring to the ears of gods, if admitted to intercourse with them, many things that their lords and masters, for excellent reasons, prefer keeping in the background. So, for safety’s sake, access is denied them, and their lot remains unalleviated by any hope of redress, here or hereafter. Nor are they always tolerant of it. Suicide by hanging affords to the more desperate among them a means of escape into the unknown beyond.

Mr. Landor’s account of this people is apparently biased by a desire to recognise in them the long-sought ‘missing link.’ He accordingly accentuates their degradation, which, profound though it be, still leaves them essentially and affectingly human. He is at any rate mistaken in gainsaying their possession of religious ideas. On this subject the Reverend Mr. Batchelor is the only competent authority. He has lived in Yezo as a missionary to the Ainu for the last nine or ten years; has spent months at a time in the closest intercourse with them; and has won a very unusual amount of their confidence. Moreover, the statements contained in the volume by him cited at the head of this article carry with them intrinsic, and often conclusive, evidence of authenticity.

The Ainu believe in a Supreme Creator, in the immor-



talities of the soul, in a judgment after death, and in the apportionment of happiness or misery according to its upshot. These tenets, it must be understood, are loosely and confusedly held; but their possession in any form raises this abject race to a higher theological level than that attained by the brilliant and enterprising Homeric Greeks. They are certainly indigenous; since the Ainu are much too stupid to comprehend such lofty conceptions unless they made part of their deposit of tradition. For the same reason, they cannot have appropriated them from the Japanese, who besides are ignorant of most of them; nor is it likely that they have been taught the doctrine of purgatory by Protestant missionaries.

The monotheism of the Ainu, however, is overlaid by an excrecent, yet riotously flourishing, polytheism. Almost every object in nature represents to their imagination a separate subordinate Deity, honoured as occasion requires. Among this countless horde the most important, perhaps, is the goddess of the hearth-fire—the Ainu Hestia—since upon her faithful report to the Highest depends the weal or woe in the next life of each member of the household committed to her protection. There are bad gods, too, representative of an evil Providence; so that more or less dualistic notions as to the government of the world are vaguely entertained by the hairy men. They have neither priests nor temples, but at certain times prayers are recited by the head of the family before a ‘sacred fence’ erected outside each hut. It is a rough construction of branches and sticks, adorned with bears’ skulls, and consecrated by an arrangement of peeled willow wands with the shavings attached. Similar objects are invariably to be seen inside the dwelling, sticking upright in the ashes of the hearth, and projecting through the sacred, and often solitary, east window. These ‘*inaos*’ symbolise deity, and avert malefic influences. In Sakhalin precisely similar forms of worship are used, only with more frequency and fervour.

The special reverence paid by the Ainu to the bear is carried no further than suits their perfect convenience. The beast gets little benefit by it. He is slaughtered and eaten freely; then, by way of apology, a bear feast is held in his honour, at which he is slaughtered and eaten again. He is certainly not in any sense of the word their totem. The Ainu trace their descent from a human hero to whom they have decreed the honours of apotheosis. No blood relationship with animals is acknowledged by them, although they

are persuaded that the souls of lower creatures survive death like their own, and will do them many a good turn in the next world.

In at least one respect the cosmological ideas of the Ainu are singularly advanced—more advanced, indeed, than those current in Europe in the fifteenth century. They hold the world to be round, for the simple and sufficient reason that ‘the sun rises in the east, sets in the west, and comes up the ‘next morning in the east again.’\* This inference cannot have been derived from Japanese or Chinese teaching, which, until rectified by European communications, inculcated the flatness of the earth. It suggests rather a far-off reminiscence. Of astronomy, on the other hand, they are perfectly ignorant. The stars they regard with indifference, except that the Milky Way is called the ‘river of the gods,’ and is thought to afford excellent sport to the divine beings who spend their time fishing in it. For the rest, comets, or ‘broom-stars,’ are regarded with terror, as forerunners of calamity, while eclipses suggest the approaching decease of the resident deity from whom the affected luminary derives its splendour.

No analogy can be traced between the Mongolian peoples and the Ainu remnants planted among them. Their countenances are of a totally different type. They are alien to them in language, manners, customs, traditions, and religion. Nor is amalgamation possible. The Ainu are proudly averse to change; their barbarism is irretrievable; they lead, as it were, a petrified life; in contact with civilisation, then, nothing remains for them but to perish. In Yezo this natural process of dying out is accelerated by two conditions—the scarcity of good food and the abundance of execrable drink. No restriction whatever is put upon the supplies of *saké* furnished to them by the Japanese. They get it as wages for work as fishermen; they get it in exchange for furs and hides. Ninety per cent. of the men, accordingly, are estimated to be drunkards. The consumption of *saké* has, indeed, come to be regarded as a religious duty; it is offered in libations to the gods; worship is not complete, quarrels can hardly be pacified without it. This raising of intoxication into a virtue may be recommended to the notice of evolutionary moralists as an example of the way in which a ‘tribal conscience’ is actually formed.

Second only to the use of *saké* as an element in the dwind-

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\* Batchelor, ‘The Ainu of Japan,’ p. 276.

ling of the Ainu population is the growing scarcity of game. The Japanese shoot recklessly, and as a consequence the wild animals, which, to the dependent race, are the staff of life, have retired, in diminished numbers, to less accessible haunts. Fish and seaweed make a very poor substitute for bear-meat and venison. Moreover, the Ainu have never acquired the simple art of curing fish. They are hence driven to eat it in a state of semi-decay. In the interior of their huts, where, as Mr. Landor says, 'one can smell more ' than one can see,' the odour of putrid salmon often strikes the fundamental note in the harmony of noisome scents formed by numberless other fetid exhalations.

The Sakhalin Ainu are better cared for. In their case, at least, Russian rule has proved beneficent. For it prohibits the introduction alike of firearms and of spirituous liquors into the convict island. The game is thus preserved for the benefit of the poor forest folk, who are likewise shielded against the brutalising effects of strong drink. They are, indeed, ignorant of the dear-bought pleasures to be derived from it, having never discovered for themselves the use of fermented fluids. No effort has, however, been made to improve them. No patient preacher of glad tidings has ever come among them. They are as their forefathers were. 'Gradually diminishing as they are in numbers,' to quote from Mr. Howard's pages, 'there is a sad pathos in the ' prospect that, without having ever received any other ' light than that of nature, within no very distant period ' the last of the Sakhalin Ainu will for the last time have ' hopelessly seen his fire-god depart to the west, never more ' to rise upon him or his race for ever.'

ART. IX.—*Speeches and Addresses on Political and Social Questions.* By EDWARD HENRY, Earl of Derby, K.G. 1870–1891. [Privately printed.]

THE contents of this unpretending but important volume have been selected by the executors of the late Earl of Derby from the large repertory of compositions on social and political questions which formed one of the main occupations of his life. There is hardly a subject affecting the welfare and policy of the nation within the last twenty years which was not considered and discussed by Lord Derby, in these and similar addresses, with that consummate impartiality and that lucidity of thought and language which were his distinguishing characteristics. For every one of these papers, however obscure and remote the audience to which it was submitted, was a complete piece of workmanship, elaborated with the care and taste of a writer anxious before all things to attain and express a truth. Lord Derby was not afflicted with the perilous facility of unpremeditated oratory which speaks so much and says so little. On the contrary, whatever he thought it worth while to say, he prepared with great reflection and labour. The result is that, although these addresses were many of them ephemeral, often scattered through the columns of the provincial press, they contain a mass of political wisdom and instruction not easily to be surpassed. Some of them are for the first time collected in the volume before us, from which we shall be enabled to make a few selections in these pages, but we trust the work (for such it may be called) will eventually be submitted to the public in a more complete and comprehensive form. It is the record of a life, not spent in speculative legislation or political adventures, or even in the ordinary conflicts of public life, but devoted rather with indefatigable patience and perseverance to the investigation of practical questions, and to the defence of the fundamental principles of sound government.

These addresses, useful and instructive in themselves, are not less valuable as a record of the character of their author, which is, we think, less known and less understood by the world than that of any statesman filling so conspicuous a position in society. Lord Derby was not a contentious politician. He inherited none of the impetuous partisanship of a Rupert in debate. Party contests and party triumphs were comparatively indifferent to him on

personal grounds; he valued them only for the principles they embodied or defended. The contemplative powers of his intellect were incomparably stronger than his powers of action. He viewed the subjects of controversy less as an advocate or a champion than as a judge. Although, therefore, politics and the government of the country were the chief interest of his life, he never aimed at the leadership of a party, nor would he have accepted it if it had been within his reach. Without vanity, without ambition, without ostentation, he never sought

‘to clutch the golden keys,  
To mould a mighty state’s decrees,  
Or shape the whisper of the throne,’

though during forty years he filled at intervals many of the principal offices of state, in all of which he left traces of his moderation and judgement. In our judgement nothing shows more forcibly the greatness of his character than his inflexible adherence to the minor duties of his great station, from the chairmanship of sessions to the administration of a fund or a charity. ‘A man’ (he said in one of his speeches) ‘must work in his vocation. Those who cannot do work for the future must work for the present; those who cannot do great things must be content to do small things; and if they do them to the best of their power, that is all that anybody has a right to ask.’ Nothing was neglected which lay upon his path. Such was his conception of public and private duty as the head of one of the historic houses of England, ranking with the chiefs of the British Liberal aristocracy, who have played no inconsiderable part in critical times in defence of the true liberties of Parliament and the country.

Nothing would have induced Lord Derby to stoop to a base alliance or to the artifices of parliamentary management in order to support a falling party and a dishonest cause. The selfish intrigues of party agents, wirepullers, and needy seekers of votes irrespective of principles, gave him a sense of nausea and disgust. For, beneath a manner which was more cold than conciliatory to the world, there lay a depth of shyness and intense sensitiveness, known only to those who enjoyed his intimacy. His latent sympathies broke forth in an intense desire to contribute to the welfare of the nation by judicious counsel and advice; by his zeal in support of the liberal principles to which he was devoted; by his exact performance of every duty which he undertook;

by the munificent use of his fortune in promoting all such works of charity and education as he believed to be beneficial; and by his sedulous care of the interests of his numerous dependents. This, however, is not the time or place to dwell upon the personal details of his character. Our object on the present occasion is simply to lay before our readers some of the remarkable passages in which these addresses abound, bearing in mind that the parliamentary and political speeches of Lord Derby are not included in this selection, and that the subjects chosen by preference relate chiefly to social topics, and to the results, not too confidently hoped for, from the progress of education and rational legislation.

We will begin with Lord Derby's very emphatic declaration of his opinions on the momentous subjects of peace and war. In a speech which he delivered to a deputation at the Foreign Office in 1877, during the period when he held the position of Secretary for Foreign Affairs, he thus expressed himself:—

‘For my part, believing that unless a war is necessary it is a crime, I think we ought to be most careful to do and say nothing that may tend unnecessarily to bring it about.’ (P. 190.)

A necessity in the eyes of one statesman may not be so in the eyes of another, but here Lord Derby states a deliberate opinion that a war which is unnecessary is not a blunder, not an error of judgement, but a crime. In other words, he would risk much for the sake of peace; peace was the main object to be aimed at. He understood from reading and from experience the manner in which the sum of national happiness is for a time destroyed by war too well to be under any delusion as to the glory or the aggrandisement to be obtained from it. His sympathies were with a peace party, though he was not in theory a peace-at-any-price statesman. In his speech on unveiling the statue of Mr. Bright in 1891, it is obvious that the same opinion prevails. Formulating Mr. Bright's four cardinal political ideas, he states one to be ‘the folly of war’—and he continues, after pointing out the results of Mr. Bright's advocacy of the first three:—

‘On questions of peace or war it is not in the nature of things that an equally decisive result should be obtained, because in that matter no State can regulate its actions solely by its own wishes. It is not always true between nations that it takes two to make a quarrel. When the state of Europe in this century is matter of historical record, it will be no slight set-off against the many undoubted gains of civilisa-

tion that a larger number of men than ever before in the world's history have been armed and kept ready for war without any one definitely assignable cause except international jealousy or greed. Those who have protested, however vainly, against that condition of things deserve from posterity the honour which they have not always received from their contemporaries, and in that list not the least distinguished name will be the name of him of whom we are now speaking.' (P. 505.)

These are words of sympathy, not of protest, and though Lord Derby was much too clear-minded not to perceive that there were times when war must be preferred to peace, yet his leaning was essentially against war and against anything by which it might without absolute necessity be caused. Absolute non-intervention in European affairs is simply another form of peace at any price, and such non-intervention Lord Derby condemned almost as emphatically as unnecessary war. But if we regard the phrase 'an unnecessary war is a crime' as the keynote of his view of foreign policy, it is obvious that he would be inclined to be more long-suffering whilst intervening in European affairs than a statesman who set less value on the preservation of peace. It is best however in regard to non-intervention to quote Lord Derby's own words, so that the reader may have before him the expression of his opinions upon this side of the question as he has upon the other:—

'Now, that doctrine of absolute indifference is not one which this country ever has professed, and I do not think it is one which would be popular with the nation at large. We have a great position in Europe, and with nations, as well as individuals, a great position involves heavy responsibilities, and we cannot absolutely decline to accept those responsibilities. If every nation which had reached a certain stage of civilisation were to adopt the principle of non-intervention in its absolute and extreme form, and say, "We will never intervene in any international question except where our own interests are touched," why, obviously, you all see the effect of that would be to leave the regulation of all international affairs to nations which have not reached that stage of civilisation. If the voice of England in questions such as those which we are now discussing were to be silenced altogether, there would be one voice less heard on the side of peace. No one is more strongly for non-intervention within all reasonable and practical limits than I have been and am; but we must push no doctrine to an extreme, and an absolute declaration of non-intervention under all circumstances is a declaration of international anarchy, and I need not tell you that international anarchy does not mean either international peace or progress.' (P. 109.)

No reasonable person could quarrel with these expressions

of opinion, but experience showed the difficulty of carrying out in action views so sound in theory, and Lord Derby's resignation of his office in 1878 upon an issue which in his opinion, as he stated in the House of Lords in the speech in which he formally announced his resignation, was one involving 'the issue of peace or war,' showed conclusively that his views of reasonable non-intervention were much stricter than those of some of his colleagues :—

"‘Still less,’ he said, speaking in 1882 of his change from the Tory to the Liberal party, ‘have I ever sympathised with that curious developement of modern sentiment which has got the name of Jingoism, and of which I suppose the leading idea to be that no State can be in a healthy condition that is not occasionally pitching into its neighbour.’” (P. 276.)

Jingoism is after all only the extreme opposite of peace at any price: the contemptuous tone in which Lord Derby speaks of it may well be contrasted with his more sympathetic tone in reference to Mr. Bright's views on peace and war: the contrast shows the leaning of his mind, its absence of imagination and its appreciation of actual and positive popular well-being. This attitude of mind was certain sooner or later to bring Lord Derby, as indeed it did, into political relations with the Liberal party. In his letter to Lord Sefton of March 12, 1880, in which he publicly avowed his formal adhesion to the Liberal party, he said that 'the avowed policy of the Conservative leader in reference 'to foreign relations' obliged him to quit the party with which he had been associated from his first entrance into public life. But in the speech from which we have just quoted occurs a passage which may fairly be taken as an indication of what was probably an equally strong cause for his change of party. He had never been, as he said, a high Tory; though a man of such a cast of mind was inclined to prefer ills which he could estimate to those of which he knew not the small or the great extent: naturally therefore he would hesitate to trust the democracy. But the grounds of that primary hesitation would, if the experience of age showed solid reasons for greater faith in the good sense of the people, cause him to cease from distrusting, and, on the contrary, to trust in them, more especially if it were clear that resistance to the extension of popular power was unavailing. His change of view was thus based absolutely on reason and experience :—

'In one respect—I am not ashamed to own it—I have profited by experience and observation. I have learned more and more forcibly



the uselessness, to put it on no other ground, of attempting to resist the progress of popular ideas, and I have come to think more and more highly of the moderation, the fairness, and the general justice with which masses of men, including all conditions of life, are disposed to use their power. Considering the great diversities of fortune in this country, I should have expected in 1867, when the franchise was enlarged, a certain display of class feeling and of jealousy, not to say of bitterness against the rich, such as is visible in Continental politics. I don't observe in England or Scotland a trace of any such feeling, and I believe that if the wealthy and educated classes will act with sense and prudence, if they will put themselves at the head of movements leading up to necessary reforms, they will not find their real interests exposed to much danger, and they may retain a large share of their former influence in the State.' (P. 276.)

These words were uttered more than ten years ago, and the further progress of time has proved their truth. The English democracy has been greatly tempted, but on the whole it has shown moderation and sound sense, and we have no doubt that if the wealthy and educated classes will continue to take an interest in the affairs of rural England, the measure of local government now under consideration by the House of Commons may have useful results. But it depends, as Lord Derby points out, chiefly on the proper cohesion of all classes in the administration of local affairs.

It was utterly impossible for any one who viewed public affairs as Lord Derby did ever to become a Home Ruler; the case against Home Rule rests on reason and experience, the case for it is based on the flimsiest sentiment in the minds of the few politicians who are sincere supporters of it. 'The 'paper union,' he said at Birmingham, speaking of the existing act of union between England and Ireland, 'is 'at least a substantial fact, and the union of hearts is 'at least problematical.' In that one sentence may be summed up the arguments for and against Home Rule which appealed most strongly to Lord Derby's mind: the constant redress of grievances which had been going on for years, the willingness of the Imperial Parliament to consider candidly all Ireland's reasonable wants, and many other solid reasons, were opposed by a demand for a Constitution as a step to complete separation. So much has been spoken and written on the subject of Home Rule, that it is undesirable to do more than touch briefly on Lord Derby's attitude towards this great question. Having done so, we may turn to other subjects.

There are no more interesting speeches in the present volume than those which deal with the Land Question in its

various forms. Lord Derby's words on this subject are worthy of being carefully weighed. For his qualifications to be heard with attention were unique. He was a great landlord, both rural and urban, and as such he had a practical knowledge of the subject, which cannot be said of many who do not hesitate to give forth no uncertain sound; but in addition he was thoroughly versed in political economy, and yet, though full of knowledge, there never was a man more keenly alive to practical points: he held the balance evenly between theory and practice, he could clearly recognise abstract rights, but he would never act on them in an unreasonable spirit. In a speech delivered at the Preston Farmers' Club in 1872, he said:—

‘There is so much clap-trap, so much moral cowardice, so much dislike in the present day of hazarding on any subject an opinion that may not find general favour, that you will see every day honest and cultivated men accept in theory, and publicly announce, ideas in which they have not the slightest real faith, and which they would be very sorry to apply in any matter where their own interests were concerned. We must not shrink on one side or the other from a clear assertion of what we conceive our relative rights and duties to be, though it does not in any way follow that a wise man or a generous man will push his legal, or even his moral, rights to their full extent. We must not hesitate to condemn benevolently intended schemes if they will not bear the test of actual work; and we must recollect that there is in this world no more fertile source of quarrels and ill-feeling than the attempt to cover up under vague and ambiguous phrases, expressing kindly sentiment, but expressing little else, the existence of real doubt, or of real difference, as to what each party in a contract is entitled to. The result of that kind of vagueness and uncertainty is exorbitant claims on the one hand, indiscriminate rejection or cutting down of them on the other, and in the end, not improbably, a settlement of which the principle is rather that each party should have half of what he expects, than that either should have all to which he has a right.’ (P. 87.)

Here, just as in regard to the limits of non-intervention in foreign affairs, the practical difficulty is to know at what moment to cease the assertion of opposing rights. It was easy for a person of Lord Derby's judicial temperament to arrive in the conduct of his affairs at a decision on this point. Unfortunately the great majority of men are neither so clearheaded nor so calm as Lord Derby; but, for the benefit of all concerned, no sounder advice than this could be given.

At no time did he hesitate to criticise a benevolently intended scheme which would not work. A man is often

said to be unsympathetic when, in fact, he is doing no more than speaking the truth, and this was the reason why Lord Derby has sometimes been recognised as cold and unfeeling. It was in this same practical spirit that he spoke of suggestions for making land more easily obtainable, which he believed not to be required, since there were more sellers in the market than buyers of land.

‘Another fallacy constantly repeated, and which I can with similar confidence contradict, even from my own limited experience, is that it is a very difficult matter for anyone to buy a landed estate, that land is so locked up that it cannot be brought into the market. Now, inasmuch as people having estates to sell are fond of pressing them on the notice of those who they suppose may wish to buy, I have some personal knowledge of that matter, and I affirm with confidence that there is at this moment hardly a county in England where a man looking for a landed investment cannot find what he wants. If it were otherwise, we should have plenty of complaints from the capitalists of these parts; but the fact is, I believe, that at the present time there are, of the two, more sellers than buyers. We live in days of change. There are a great many people who prefer to have their property where they can, at a few hours’ notice, move it to any part of the world, and that is a feeling more likely to increase than diminish. It may be the fact—I believe it is—that a man who wants only a few acres does not always find it easy to buy them; but if there is any real demand for small freeholds, surely it would be worth the while of speculators to buy up large estates as they come into the market and to sell them again piecemeal. If that is not done, the only reason can be that it does not pay. Then there is another notion afloat—that estates are constantly tending to become fewer in number and bigger in size. That is the point on which no man’s observation can be wide enough to enable him to speak with certainty; but I greatly doubt whether the fact is so. Some large estates, no doubt, are growing, but many, alas! break up, and the one process probably balances the other. Near great towns, especially near London, there is certainly, as a rule, more of disruption than of accumulation. My belief is—though I give it only as a thing which seems to me probable, not as a thing proved—that both very great and very small properties are becoming fewer, and those of a middle size more numerous. Poor landowners prefer 10 per cent. in trade to 2 per cent. from land—they sell and go into business; and on the other hand, there is a limit beyond which most men do not desire to extend their holding of what is essentially an unremunerative investment. But why should we be left on this subject to mere speculation? Is it impossible to get at the facts? Is a Domesday Book more difficult now than in the days of the Conqueror? If what is called the Land question is to come to the front, as I suppose it will, surely we ought to discuss it with as much positive knowledge as we can bring to bear? I am not insensible—no man who keeps his eyes open can be so—to the value, in a social point of view, of having a numerous body of men concerned in land-owning. My contention is only this,

that the supply of land in the market fully equals the present demand, and that the popular theory, that it is so locked up that nobody can buy, rests on no solid foundation.' (P. 49.)

Lord Derby's remarks on the Game Laws are perhaps of equal value. The subject to some minds is a trivial one ; by others it can scarcely be spoken of in an unprejudiced manner. Lord Derby did not look at it as a sportsman ; his tastes lay in quite opposite directions ; and he spoke from an absolutely impartial position. 'Then,' he said, addressing a farming audience—

'there is that ticklish question of game—a word I am almost afraid of uttering on such an occasion, though I do not think I shall have anything to say upon it that can provoke controversy. I have always thought it a question which, with moderation and good sense on both sides, ought not to give trouble. Nobody can doubt that there is a great deal of over-preserving in England, and that in some places it has been carried so far as to amount to a public nuisance, and when that is the case, I hold that what is in fault is not the love of sport, but a love of ostentation and display, and it can hardly assume a more objectionable shape. We are told that there is to be some legislation on the subject. Now, personally, I am not a very keen sportsman, and I shall acquiesce heartily in whatever Parliament may decide ; but I would just point out that it is possible for you to go so far as to defeat your own object. The absolute sweeping away of the power of keeping game on farms, however brought about, would, of course, imply, under their changed conditions, a general revaluation for rents, and by that operation the tenant would certainly not be a gainer ; while in other cases it might probably lead to this—the rich men, fond of their sport, and willing to make sacrifices in order to keep it, would take more and more of their estates into their own hands in order to enjoy their amusement undisturbed. That would not be an arrangement, I think, for the benefit of any party. One thing, I think, the tenant really has, in many cases, to complain of, and that is the difficulty of making a fair bargain with his landlord where game is concerned ; because, not knowing what the quantity of it will be, he cannot form an estimate beforehand as to the probability of loss. If that can be remedied—and I do not see why it should not be—I cannot see that there is any injustice or grievance remaining so far as that is concerned.' (P. 48.)

A 'love of ostentation and display,' rather than a love of sport, is in truth at the bottom of much of the ill feeling which is set down to the game laws. And it is not likely that this feature will disappear, since—as the place of the old territorial aristocracy and squirearchy is taken by those who, having made large fortunes in cities, turn to the country for their pleasures—the tendency to over-preservation of game, largely from a love of display, is rather likely

to increase than to diminish. Even in such cases, however, if moderation and good sense on the part of landlord and tenant were always present, the game question would not, as it continually does, cause so much ill feeling. But it is well that people should clearly understand, as Lord Derby points out, not only in this passage but in others, that the preservation of game is a matter for defined and reasonable business arrangements between the occupier of the land and his landlord or game tenant. In another place he mentions, what is continually forgotten, that without the Game Laws there ought to be a severer law of trespass; but 'the public' would neither consent to its being passed, nor allow it to be 'enforced if it were passed.' He also points out that in a large measure the prevention by law of persons from wandering over land in pursuit of game is a constant protection to the occupier of the land whose crops and fences would otherwise suffer damage. At the present time a deal of nonsense is talked about the condition of the rural districts by persons who are but ill informed, and therefore the views of Lord Derby on this subject are of especial weight, because he was altogether removed in sentiment and ideas from the county squire or the territorial aristocrat. And whilst on the question of the land, we must mention that the very last page of this book is filled with a letter written by Lord Derby so recently as February 1892, in which he deals with small holdings and the migration of the rural population to the great towns. It is obvious from it that, though willing and even desiring to see the experiment tried of increasing the number of small occupiers of land, he was not sanguine of its success. It is still more clear that he believed that the causes of the rural migration are too strong to be counteracted, an opinion with which any candid man who has endeavoured to arrive at a just conclusion by a consideration of the facts will certainly agree:—

'If the experiment succeeds, it will both tend to satisfy the requirements of a numerous class, and add to the value of land, which at present is lower than it ought to be. There is no question of hardship to the landowner, nor any present need of compulsion, for estates can be bought in every county on easy terms. It remains to be seen whether very small proprietors can hold their own. They certainly have not done so in the past, but many people hold that, being a more instructed class than in former times, they will work harder and to better purpose. It may be so; opinions differ, and nothing will settle the dispute except bringing the matter to a practical test. I do not believe that either the creation of small holdings or that of District Councils will have much effect in diminishing the attraction which the

life of great towns seems to hold out to the agricultural labourer. The same tendency is shown and the same complaint made in countries which differ widely in their social constitution. Higher wages, more varied amusements, easier access to shops, and the pleasure which many people feel in the mere presence of a crowd, are quite adequate explanations of the townward movement. The man on whom these attractions operate most strongly is not likely to be kept back by the prospect of comparative solitude and hard work on a farm of five acres.' (P. 513.)

The last epigrammatic words of the letter describe the permanent condition not only of every peasant proprietor but of every successful farmer on a large scale and of most agricultural labourers. The creation of Parish Councils, the establishing of village reading rooms, the care of domestic sanitation, while they may add somewhat to the interest and the comfort of rural life and make the lot of the English labourer (favourable though it already is in comparison with that of land workers in most parts of the globe) more tolerable, cannot stop the townward movement. The country cannot be turned into the town, and every increase in the convenience and the attractions of rural life is met by an equal, if not greater and similar, increase of comfort and prosperity among the urban populations. But in a speech delivered twenty years ago Lord Derby, in discussing the question of agricultural wages, points out a defect in rural economy the remedying of which would help to keep the best labourers on the land.

'While on this question I would recommend it to your consideration whether it is not both just and politic to distinguish, more than is usually done, between individual labourers, as regards the rate at which they are paid. One man's work is worth half as much again as that of another; it is a discouragement to the really good worker not to have that difference recognized; and, looking at it in another point of view, by valuing each man's labour separately you encourage the spirit of individual energy and ambition, rather than of combination and collective action. The strong and the energetic will not feel, under such a system, that, in order to rise themselves, they must drag after them the dead weight of those who have neither strength nor energy. And as they lead the rest, when you satisfy them you go a long way towards satisfying all.' (P. 91.)

It is largely the hope of bettering his condition which draws the more intelligent and energetic labourer to the town. He perceives the dead level of work and pay which characterises agricultural labour, and he believes that there are beyond his village, in commercial communities, greater openings for industry and application. Undoubtedly

he is often deceived ; but, speaking broadly, the individual is, outside agriculture, able more easily to obtain adequate remuneration for personal capacity. On this point Lord Derby, with the knowledge and insight which distinguished him, hits a blot, the removal of which would do more to add interest to the labour of the agricultural workman than most of the well-intentioned but unpractical schemes which are constantly being formulated for his benefit. The speeches on the subject of land and on those questions which are closely connected with it show how strongly Lord Derby entered into all the phases of his subject : how he mastered details before he attempted to state generalities to his audience. Generalities, no doubt, are singularly attractive both to the speaker and to his hearers, but they are too often as misleading as they are interesting, and so they find small space in Lord Derby's speeches ; for his great object in addressing an audience was to clear away all ambiguities and to show things in their actuality.

The subject of Education afforded ample opportunities for plain speaking on Lord Derby's part. His interest in it, whether in its more elementary or its higher forms, was great, and his position in Lancashire and as Chancellor of the University of London necessarily brought him into connexion with many educational movements. Being a man of wide and varied reading, though no one was ever less prone to make a show of knowledge, he was in complete sympathy with those who were desirous of improving national education. But he was under no illusion in regard to the practical results which would arise from it. Education might make a man happier but not richer, and he was anxious that, whilst its importance should be perceived, its results should not be misunderstood. It would not be easy to find the several sides of the question put more plainly than in a speech which Lord Derby made at the opening of the new building of the Manchester Grammar School in 1871, which is equally an encouragement and a warning. As a whole, it is too long to be quoted, and it must suffice to give some of the most noticeable parts :—

‘ It is not at all unreasonable to expect that, in a few years, we may have a system of teaching so far extended over the whole face of the country that no boy of real talent need be kept back by mere poverty from whatever chances of distinction may otherwise be open to him ; and those chances will, undoubtedly, not be few. With free admission, as you have it now, to the Civil Service of the State (not that that Service is quite so well paid as a great many people who are anxious

to get into it are apt to imagine); with military colleges open also to competition; and with an increased proportion of educational appointments of one kind or another (and I suppose I ought to reckon among those educational appointments situations on the press, which is the educator of us all); with all these things, I suppose that there will be a demand for a very fair proportion, though probably not for all, of the talent and of the industry which it is the business of these schools to foster. That is in various ways a satisfactory condition of things. It gives fair play to rich and poor alike. It gives the State as good a chance as it is likely to have of obtaining the services of the most competent men; though, of course, it cannot prevent the State from being outbid, as in this country it is very likely to be, by private employers. And, what is more important, it tends to raise the general intellectual condition of the community. It is, in one word, the realisation of what the educational reformers of the last half-century have wanted and have worked for. But we must not suppose, when we have got that state of things established, that it is one altogether free from inconveniences of its own. You are going, if you succeed in what you intend to do, to make the educated man a very cheap article in the market and, of course the difficulty will be to prevent the supply from overrunning the demand. You must prepare to face that difficulty. If intellectual ability is to be more generally developed, and if that development is to proceed on a great scale, it follows that intellectual labour (except labour of the highest class, which, of course, is exceptional) will command a lower rate of pay. That is a social condition which exists in many countries, and which has its very obvious drawbacks. . . . Of course you may ask why, if you are to talk at all about educational matters, you should mention instances of that sort, because they can only serve to discourage young men from minding their work, and lead them to believe that there is nothing in the world except luck. I do not take that view of it at all. I believe that, as a rule, other things being equal, the qualities which enable a young man to succeed in a school or college competition are those qualities which will enable him to succeed in after life. They are industry, perseverance, and a steady attention to details. All I say is, Don't let a young man imagine, because he has received a superior education, that therefore he is to be above the ordinary work that comes to him to do; and above all, don't let him suppose that, because the public, by means of endowments and cheap schools and otherwise, has helped him to develop his faculties, that therefore the public is under some kind of moral obligation to find him congenial employment for the rest of his days. That may sound to some people a very needless caution, but it is one which, if I had anything to do with teaching, I should never lose an opportunity of enforcing. The great bulk of the work that has to be done in the world is work of a rather homely and rough character; and a feeling of contempt for any kind of labour which is not distinctly and exclusively intellectual is one of the most unfortunate and dangerous fancies with which a young man can start in life.' (P. 63.)



These words apply rather to higher education than to that of an elementary character, but the warnings are almost as necessary in regard to the latter kind. Because a youth has greater book-learning than his father, it is not necessary that he should earn his living in a different way. But it is impossible to doubt that to some extent the more complete system of elementary education which now prevails in this country, and which has been the result of the Act of 1870, has something to do with the migration of some of the rural population to the towns, and has produced in some places and in some ways dissatisfaction with the existing order of things and a desire for larger wages. When people have learnt, to use Lord Derby's words, that culture is compatible with moderate means and that poverty does not necessarily imply ignorance, they will have gone a long way to become useful, educated, and at the same time contented citizens. There are some who regard the views of Lord Derby upon what may be termed the general principles of education as pessimistic and not sufficiently full of encouragement. But it would be impossible, if we sought for some passage in these speeches of a less critical and more urgent kind in regard to this subject of education, to find one more practical, more clear, or more convincing than that in which but a few years ago Lord Derby pressed on an audience the necessity for a system of continuation schools to carry on the education of those who, having passed through the public elementary schools, were willing yet further to increase their knowledge.

• 'In 1870,' he said, 'the nation decided that, so far as was in the power of any public authority to prevent it, no child should grow up unable to read and write, or destitute of at least some elementary knowledge. That object has been in the main accomplished; but the very success which has been achieved so far leads to a further demand. It is felt and seen that of all the teaching which has cost so much trouble and money—certainly not less than seven millions yearly, and probably a good deal more—a large proportion, larger probably than most of us suspect, goes absolutely to waste. Just as in the richer classes, in the portion of society which is supposed to be educated, boys pass years of their lives chiefly in trying to pick up a little Greek and Latin, which nine-tenths of them never utilise and soon forget, so in the village school or Board school a great deal is learned which, from mere disuse, is absolutely lost in a very short time. That is, looking at the matter from a purely intellectual or educational point of view. Looked at from the point of view of morals and discipline, the result is nearly the same. A lad is turned out of his school, and started to make his own way in life at the age of twelve or thirteen. It is quite right that he should begin at that age to contribute towards

his own support. It is not only right, but in a society organised like ours it is even a necessity. But work does not take up all his time. The evenings remain to be disposed of, and what is a lad to do? where is he to go? He is not always welcome at home, especially if the house is small and the family large. Even if he is welcome he does not always care to stay there, and parental control is feeble in the classes that maintain themselves. There is no place for him to resort to except such as are not of a very desirable character, and the streets of Manchester on a winter evening are not very attractive or exactly the sort of playground you would wish to see selected. Therefore on various grounds we think we are justified in asking for help to enable those boys who really take an interest in learning to carry their school education a little further. There are three separate but not unconnected objects which the promoters of these classes have in view. They want to help in the extension of that technical instruction for which everybody is now calling out, and which is so useful, perhaps so necessary, for material success in life. They want to help young men who have a turn for culture, whether scientific, literary, or artistic, to develop their faculties, for the sake of the increased enjoyment, the deepened interest in life which all increase of intellectual power tends to give; and lastly, they want to help boys of the ordinary sort—not exceptionally bright or exceptionally studious, but boys with a good deal of human nature in them—to find some decent, harmless, and pleasant occupation for the hours which are not taken up by work, and which in the absence of such occupation will almost certainly be wasted in idleness, and very probably wasted in mischief. That is our justification for wanting to set up evening classes. . . . I think I have sufficiently explained what we mean and what we want, and I would sum it up in one sentence: Look after the lads, and you may trust the men to look after themselves. And recollect what these lads are. They may not know much; many of them may not be particularly wise, but when they reach the age of twenty-one they form part of the now ruling class of England. The working class, as we all know, outnumbers not only every other, but all others put together. No policy can be successful, no policy can have so much as a trial, which does not commend itself to the opinions and the feeling of the artisans and the labourers of England. They in the last resort must determine what our relations with foreign States are to be, how we are to manage India, what we are to do with our Colonies, whether we shall stick to competition, or try to protect native industry again. It is a new experiment in the world's history that we are trying. The United States have many constitutional checks; the republics of antiquity were slave-holding communities, and, in fact, in the view of the present day would be looked upon as only aristocracies with a large number of members. We in England have given all power practically to the House of Commons; and we have given all power over the House of Commons to those who work with their hands. Lord Sherbrooke said long ago when the franchise was more restricted, "Let us at least teach our masters to read and write;" and we say, Let us endeavour to bring about a state of things in which every

English elector shall have at least as much knowledge as is possessed by the average American citizen. That may not be a very lofty ideal to reach, but I suspect it is a good deal above our ordinary English level.' (P. 440.)

No one who considers these extracts can doubt the urgent need, alike from a moral, an educational, and a business point of view, of some system of continuation schools, and no one can find in these same extracts a single note on the speaker's part of discouragement, though what some might term discouragement was in truth on the part of Lord Derby only very desirable plain speaking.

We cannot quit Lord Derby's speeches on education without some reference to his views on the policy of the Education Act of 1870 and the compromise of that year between the supporters of the voluntary and the board systems. His expressions of opinion are especially valuable at the present time when the educational question is again attracting public attention, and when the treaty between the two sections of educationalists appears to be in danger. Lord Derby's words on this subject should be weighed by both parties. He was essentially a friend to the increase of education, he appreciated the importance of the voluntary system, and he looked at the matter wholly free from party and from sectarian prejudice. The speech to which we desire to draw attention was delivered in 1870 soon after the passing of the Education Act of that year, and at a meeting to forward the objects of the Manchester Diocesan Board of Education. Therefore it was a speech primarily to help the voluntary schools. Having stated that the object of the promoters of the meeting at which he was presiding was to increase the efficiency and to add to the number of the local elementary schools, Lord Derby addressed himself to a wider audience than was assembled before him :—

'We most of us know what is the principle, and what are the leading provisions, of that important measure for the extension of elementary teaching which has become law within the last few months. It is not my duty or my wish to criticise that measure; but I may say in passing that, looking at it not with the eye of a theorist or of a partisan, but from the point of view of a practical administrator, it seems to me to have been conceived in a spirit of fairness, moderation, and of equity as between the various parties and interests concerned. What Parliament has in substance said to the people, whether in towns or countries, is this: "We intend to have every child in England, without exception, taught to read, write, and cipher, so that it may have a fair start in the race of life, and be capable of discharging its duty to its family

and the State. We hold you, the local authorities, and you, the rate-payers, responsible for this being done, and done effectually; but, provided you do it, we don't want to tie your hands too tightly as to the means which you shall employ. If you can get on without compulsion, so much the better; if you cannot, you are authorised to use compulsion. If you can work the machine through the agencies actually existing, do so and welcome; if you can't, or would rather not try, there is provided in the School Boards a new machine which will be more effective. If voluntary funds, met by aid from the State, will suffice, go on with your voluntary arrangement; if that breaks down, there is a system of rating to fall back upon." That is what the Legislature in effect has said; and I think as far as one can judge the plan is one which bids fair to obtain the maximum of useful result, with the minimum of antagonism, opposition, or injury to the feelings of individuals or classes. But recollect this, the Education Act of last session is, upon the face of it, merely a tentative and experimental measure. There is no finality about it: and, in the present and undecided state of opinion, there can be none. So much, however, is clear—that it holds out to the various religious denominations into which the community is divided, the very strongest possible incentive to exertion; because, while on the one hand they are told that on certain conditions their assistance and co-operation are invited and welcomed—Parliament wisely, as I think, in the circumstances of our country, does not refuse to avail itself of the powerful assistance of those ecclesiastical bodies which, it is universally admitted, have done so much to promote elementary education, and which could do so much to impede any system of teaching to which they conscientiously objected—it yet, on the other hand, holds over them and over us, and over the entire community, a very distinct and intelligible warning—I prefer to call it so; I won't use a more unpleasant term—that if the educational requirements of the nation are not met by the agencies now in force, or by those which it has recently sanctioned, those requirements will have to be met in some other way, and probably no future arrangement that can be come to is likely to be as unobjectionable as the present in the eyes of those who have in their hands the working of our present elementary school system. Well, I think I may assume that it is not the object of any one in this room either to find fault with the Education Act of last session, because that would be useless, or to endeavour to turn and twist it to any special purpose of their own. The promoters of this meeting desire, as I understand them, honestly to work the Act, according to the intention of its framers, and to use the powers which it confers in the spirit and for the purpose in which, and for which, they were meant to be used.

‘Now, the Act gives an option to every locality between the extension and effectual working of the old existing schools, and the creation of School Boards to establish new ones which shall be supported by rates. Now, I have not a word to say against the system of School Boards. They are an experiment which ought to be tried fairly, and which will be tried, I suppose, in pretty nearly every large town throughout England. It may be that we shall come to them universally

in the end; as to that, I say nothing. But it seems to me, speaking my individual opinion, that they are likely to answer best where the area of their operations is largest, and will have the most difficulties to encounter where the area is smallest. First, because in the large towns you have a wider choice among educated men to serve on the Boards; next, because where each important denomination is well represented there is less chance of injury, real or imaginary, being sustained by a minority; and, lastly, because the dislike to paying rates—a feeling very natural—is likely to be strongest in agricultural districts, where people make their money more slowly, and where, as the saying is, they are apt to look twice at a shilling before they part with it. . . . I do not think, therefore, that those persons are either unreasonable or illiberal who, in their own neighbourhoods, are anxious, as far as may be, to enlarge the old foundations instead of laying new ones, and to go on as long as they can with the educational machinery to which they and their neighbours have been accustomed, and which does not involve any addition to local taxation. At any rate, in doing so they are only adhering to a system which the Legislature has expressly sanctioned, and to which it consents that assistance should be given from national funds. Now, my only feeling in the matter is this: let us have the Act effectually put into operation; let us, by whatever agency we may severally prefer, render primary instruction at least universal; and, seeing as I do in this proposed Diocesan Board of Education an engine which may be powerful for that purpose, I for one give it a very willing support.' (P. 22.)

It will be observed that Lord Derby clearly understood the Act of 1870 to give those who were carrying on voluntary schools the right to continue them so long as the voluntary funds met by aid from the State would suffice. At the present time the difficulty has arisen that the supporters of voluntary schools find that the funds raised by the subscriptions of contributors are in many cases insufficient, largely in consequence of the operation of the Education Act of 1888, by which school fees were abolished and elementary schools were made absolutely free, and partly because the Education Department is more stringent in its requirements in regard to the sanitary state and general condition of school buildings. Public opinion in regard to these latter matters has advanced considerably since 1870, but the principle laid down by Lord Derby as being that which underlies the Act of that year—namely, that 'if the educational requirements of the nation are not met by the agencies now in force, these requirements will have to be met in some other way'—applies with singular force to the state of affairs at the present time. Lord Derby would assuredly have condemned any attempt by the Education Department to crush voluntary schools out of

existence by not giving them fair time to find the money necessary to meet new requirements. It is equally certain, however, that he would wish to see voluntary schools in as good a condition as Board schools, and if the voluntary system in any part of the country broke down, he was prepared to see it superseded by the system of rating and of Board schools. Speaking so lately as 1891, Lord Derby said: 'I think we should be careful not unnecessarily to disturb the compromise come to in 1870. It has not satisfied either side. No compromise that is even approximately fair ever does so, but it has worked fairly well during twenty years.' It was Lord Derby's individual opinion that in time school boards would altogether supersede voluntary schools, and he did not fear the result. Speaking at Liverpool in 1880, he said:—

'The working of the educational scheme here leads me to one remark which I wish to make. It is no use denying the fact that a good deal of jealousy prevails, in some parts of the country, against the extension of School Boards. Every now and then you see in print a piteous appeal to the public in general to help some little parish school of which you never heard before, and to save it, not from being swept away altogether—that would be, apparently, a minor evil—but from being taken over by a School Board. Well, that is only nature. Power is power, even on a small scale; and when two or three men, with some cost and trouble, have set up a school, which they can manage in their own way, naturally they don't like handing over the control of it to a committee, of which, though they may be leading members, they are only members like others. But, in this country, we soon learn to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable. . . . It was, and is, quite right to hurry nobody, but to give people time to get used to a new notion; but that they must before long become universal is, I think, as certain as most things that are not matters of actual calculation. But what I would respectfully urge on our educational friends in the smaller towns, and in the country, is to look at what is being done in the great cities, and to satisfy themselves that cheap, good, and moral teaching can be given at least as effectually under a School Board as without one, while the burden falls much more fairly.' (P. 236.)

But, though he might notice this tendency of the time and, as was his wont, openly express his view, it is equally obvious that he was altogether opposed to arbitrary attempts to put an end to the voluntary system, or to such as would upset the compromise of 1870. As long as voluntary schools could do their work well on existing terms, he was too sagacious to wish to exterminate them; but he was too sincere a well-wisher to education, too strong a believer in efficiency, to desire for a moment to sacrifice education for the sake of a system.

The largeness of Lord Derby's views of education is well exemplified by three speeches which are contained in this volume on the education of the blind, on scientific education, and on art schools and artistic education. The first is full of sound practical advice, the second deals with the educational and commercial sides of a scientific training, and the third with two sides of art education, 'the industrial or 'commercial, and that which relates to art as part of human 'culture.' This is not the only speech in this volume on the latter part of this subject, which will be something of a surprise to those who have not followed the large range of Lord Derby's mind. He was looked upon by many of his contemporaries as too matter of fact to be able to take an interest in art. But these speeches on art show that Lord Derby looked at it not only from what may be termed the practical point of view, in reference to its effect upon the commercial productions of this country, as from being a Lancashire man he was certain to do, but that he valued it for its own sake. This feature crops up continually in this volume; thus in a speech delivered at Oldham in 1881 he addressed himself to the subject at some length:—

'As to the other branch—that which relates to art—I shall speak briefly, and with the caution every man ought to observe when he feels himself out of his depth. If I knew absolutely nothing about such matters, I might, perhaps, address you as many speakers have addressed many audiences, with all the intrepidity of ignorance; but I do know just enough to be aware that I should be to you an incompetent teacher—and an incompetent teacher is worse than none. There are two sides of the question of art as we look at it here—the industrial or commercial, and that which relates to art as a part of human culture. Of the industrial branch of the question, it is enough to say that English products go to every part of the world, that they compete with similar products from many other countries; that successful competition in all articles of common use depends, in some degree at least, on ornamentation, and that defective as popular taste may be, yet when a good and a bad design are put side by side, the great majority of civilised mankind have sufficient use of their eyes to detect the difference. A trained eye and a cultivated taste are, therefore of no small value, even from the purely utilitarian point of view as bearing on the extension of our trade. But that is not the first or only consideration to which we have to look. We cannot, I think, lay down with precision the relation which exists between the artistic culture of a country and its general civilisation. That the one is an exact measure of the other is a doctrine which, as it seems to me, history does not bear out. There are qualities which seem to have no relation to art, which yet are important factors in national greatness. I dare not contend that an inartistic people is an uncivilised people. The

history of Rome in old days, the history of England up to a recent date, would hardly agree with that theory. But I do affirm that a people in whom no high or great development of art is possible fails to realise a part of its destiny—fails to do for itself and the world what it might. And what is true of the nation is also true of the individuals. I do not argue that without the love or knowledge of art even a high degree of mental or moral culture is impossible. Able men—men of keen intellect, men of honest and patriotic purpose, fulfilling their duties blamelessly—have lived, and do live, contentedly in a world which has nothing to please the eye or to excite the artistic taste. All one can say of such persons is that their development in one respect is incomplete; that they miss one of the purest and most lasting of human enjoyments, and that their loss is not the less because they themselves are not conscious of it. We do not believe in making everybody an artist, or even an amateur, but we do believe in raising the general level of culture in that respect; and no man whose eyes are open can doubt the direction in which we are moving. I do not suppose that in any development of human effort, with the single exception of mechanical science, England has made more marked advance within the last half-century than in the cultivation of art in its various forms.' (P. 256)

And Lord Derby ends a speech worthy of careful perusal from beginning to end thus:—

'For myself, I hold that it is just in districts like these where unhappily, though it may be unavoidably, Nature has lost her charms, and where crowded populations gather around centres of business that have in them not much that is beautiful and pleasant,—I say it is here, more than elsewhere, that industry should most strenuously exert itself to repair the mischief that industry has produced—that if we cannot take our people to brighter and pleasanter regions, we should at least give them the chance of seeing something that is not sordid and squalid—and that if dulness of climate and monotony of employment create in some minds a taste for low and mean gratifications, we should counterwork these temptations by introducing such elements of a higher civilisation as can flourish under gloomy skies, and as will refine and soften—I do not say rough, but careless and undeveloped natures.' (P. 259.)

These are necessarily merely fragments of a speech, but they sufficiently show not only the sobriety and the propriety of his judgement on a subject outside the matters which were daily pressed on the attention of a man who was so much concerned in the most important events of the time, but also they throw light on his character and reveal richer depths which perhaps were one cause of his carelessness of personal success in the political conflicts of the time. There are, however, two other speeches in this volume, delivered at quite different times and on quite



opposite subjects, which have nevertheless much affinity, which still further help us to understand Lord Derby's character, and are masterly pieces of work in themselves. The one was a speech delivered at Liverpool College, in 1873, on the conduct of life; the other was delivered eighteen years afterwards on the unveiling of Mr. Bright's statue, and was an admirable eulogium on that statesman. Lord Derby was by no means in agreement with many of Mr. Bright's political opinions, but there was no man who had taken a part in public affairs to whom he could point as giving in many ways a better example of a well-conducted life:—

'There are many who may not hold that the political results of John Bright's action are or will be unmingled good, but who can separate character from opinion, and respect, where they find it, sincerity and simplicity of purpose and a disinterested desire for the public weal. To these qualities, even in the heat of party disputes, few, if any, persons have doubted John Bright's claim, and it is mainly, I think, on that ground that he who never hesitated to speak his mind, who did not always pick his words, and cared little about giving offence, has left behind so little painful recollection of past quarrels. For if he spoke often in anger, it was anger inspired by public considerations, not by private resentment or interested motives; passion was in his words, but not malice or malevolence. He denounced, but he did not sneer. He gave hard blows, but he was prepared to take them in return.' (P. 503.)

We doubt if it would be possible to find a more accurate or sympathetic summary of Mr. Bright's character than this particular speech, and it shows not only a high power of personal analysis, but an equal capacity—which is quite as rare—for a just expression of the results of this review. In days when the world is swamped with dull and commonplace biographies, it is refreshing to peruse a lifelike sketch. We have space but for two extracts: the first is in regard to Mr. Bright's position as a Parliamentary orator:—

'I don't think that men in future times will look back to the speeches of Bright, as we do those of Burke, for wide and thoughtful generalisations which retain their value when the subjects which call them forth are dead and buried, nor for finished models of rhetorical skill such as those of Canning, nor yet for epigrams and turns of phrase such as Lord Beaconsfield was accustomed to throw off, though I don't say that any of these distinctive marks are absolutely wanting. But the oratory of Bright was what parliamentary and popular oratory should be, and what that of Burke emphatically was not, directed to the object of the moment; practical, simple, meant to convince rather than dazzle or amuse; the speech of a man who had action in view, not the literary exercise of a rhetorician.' (P. 504.)

Here again, as so often occurs in these addresses, we have a gleam of light on the character of Lord Derby himself; his own speeches were meant 'to convince rather than to dazzle,' and though he did not possess the fine powers of expression which illuminate the speeches of Mr. Bright, he was always so clear that he was apt to be considered commonplace.

The second extract defines Mr. Bright's characteristics as a popular leader:—

'I have not much to add, but there is one remark which the subject imperatively calls for. Bright in his earlier life was constantly and till the end often described as a demagogue. Well, if you take the word in its literal sense as meaning a leader of the people, he was one; but no politician has ever lived who was less ready to humble himself before the people, to flatter prejudices which he did not share, or to conceal opinions which might make him unpopular. We know the kind of popular champion who takes up a cause as soon as it seems likely to pay, who heads a crowd with immense determination so long as it cheers and follows him, but who hangs back the moment the cheers become faint and few. We have plenty of that sort, perhaps we could do with fewer: but not once only, but again and again, Bright showed himself willing to oppose the popular opinion of the day when he believed it to be wrong. You remember his attitude in the Crimean War, his sacrifice of office (though that cost him little) at the time of the Egyptian expedition, and his honourable refusal to join any movements, however popular, which did not commend themselves to his judgement. The question is not whether in any particular instance he was intellectually right, but that he was always ready to sacrifice to his convictions, not merely popularity, but that public confidence which all political men value, and which necessarily implies a general sympathy with the ideas of the day. Posterity judges by results. We are too near to the time of John Bright to be fair judges of his statesmanship; but some things we may say of him without hesitation or doubt—that for a quarter of a century he powerfully influenced the decisions of Parliament; that he was no cosmopolitan revolutionist, but a sincere lover of his country; that he was by the common judgement of mankind a consummate orator; and that to that praise, not slight in itself, he added the higher glory of being a thoroughly honest man.' (P. 507.)

Though the speech on the conduct of life was delivered twenty years ago, reference to it comes most fitly at the end of this article, because in many ways it is a description of the life of Lord Derby himself. For example, the following passage very accurately reflected his own view of his own successes. After congratulating the winners of the prizes, Lord Derby said:—

'They will not often again enjoy a success, unless their lives are

very different from those of most men, as to which they can feel so sure that it has been fairly earned, and which will come to them accompanied by so few drawbacks. The victories of mature life, in whatever sphere of action, are for the most part gained with effort, disputed while their novelty remains, and admitted only when with their novelty whatever enjoyment they could bring has passed off. It is not so with those whose success we recognise to-day. They may well feel glad, and perhaps a little proud of what they have done. But let them recollect as a caution, and let the losers also recollect by way of encouragement, that an early success, though it gives a lad a good start, gives him little else; that the race of life is a race which tests endurance more than speed; that some of the most hopeless failures in later years have been of the dashing, brilliant, clever young fellows who seemed at school and college to carry everything before them; and that the slow, plodding lad, who seems to have nothing in his favour except a dogged determination to go on, often comes out higher than either he himself or any of his friends expected.' (P. 123.)

Again, no man so strongly put the best of his brains into a thing as did Lord Derby:—

'Talent is the edge of the knife that makes it [intellectual power] penetrate easily, but whether it penetrates deeply or not depends quite as much on the force applied to it as on the sharpness of the blade. What a man really takes a keen interest in he is seldom too dull to understand and to do well; and, conversely, when a man does not care to put the best of his brains into a thing, no amount of mere cleverness will enable him to do it well if it is a thing of any real difficulty, or unless it is one which he has trained himself to do easily by much previous practice, in which latter case he is really reaping, in present ease, the fruit of past exertion; living, so to speak, upon the capital which he has accumulated by early industry.' (P. 124.)

Lord Derby was neither a sportsman nor an athlete, hence his remarks on physical exercise are the more valuable because he had no special love for it. His expression that those 'who have not time for bodily exercise will sooner or later have to find time for illness, epigrammatically expresses a truth, the neglect of which has over and over again prematurely deprived the world of some of its best minds:—

'It is important to notice how much depends on what students and young men are apt to despise as below their notice—I mean a perfectly sound physical condition. Take two men, if they could be found, exactly alike in mental and bodily aptitudes, and let the one go on carelessly and idly indulging his appetites, and generally leading a life of what is called pleasure, and let the other train himself by early hours, by temperate habits, and by giving to muscles and brain each their fair share of employment, and at the end of two or three years they will be as widely apart in their capacity for exertion as if they

had been born with wholly different constitutions. Without a normal healthy condition there can, as a rule, be no good work, and though that qualification cannot absolutely be secured or preserved by any rules, a little common sense and care will go a long way both in securing and preserving it. On that point I will just give these hints: First, that it is not mental labour that hurts anybody unless the excess be very great, but rather fretting and fidgeting over the prospect of labour to be gone through, so that the man who can accustom himself to take things calmly, which is quite as much a matter of discipline as of nature, and who, by keeping well beforehand with what he has to do, avoids undue hurry and nervous excitement, has a great advantage over one who follows a different practice. Next, I would warn you that those who think they have not time for bodily exercise will sooner or later have to find time for illness.' (P. 121.)

Quite a different note is that struck in regard to literary interests:—

'I think all the hardest workers I have known in their business were men who had a very keen enjoyment of at least some one pursuit outside of their business; but I am certain that the latter course gives a larger return of general well-being. A great lawyer, or engineer, or architect, or medical man, or manufacturer, or merchant, is generally in some danger of getting to care for nothing beyond his profession. To my mind that is a mistake, and it is a mistake that brings its own punishment. Mr. Mill, in a late work, mentions incidentally certain persons who, knowing nothing except political economy, necessarily, as he says, knew that but ill; and I believe the generalisation is a true one. But, apart from that, success is very well; but, when you have succeeded, what then? It is a poor choice, either to have to go on working without necessity or advantage, merely because you have no other taste or pleasure left in life, or else to make the hazardous experiment of passing from an existence intensely occupied to one of utter vacuity. Here it is that literary culture will be really of use. Put it at the lowest, a man who has the habit of reading, to whom his books are the best company, finds in them a distraction from anxiety, a comfort in petty troubles, a protection against weariness and ennui, a society which he can take up when he will and leave without giving offence, and above all, an escape from the vulgar interests and mean details of private life into the healthier air of thought and ideas which concern mankind in general. Isolation and indifference are impossible to us. We could not, if we were foolish enough to wish it, remain absolutely and exclusively absorbed in our own affairs; but we have the choice in our own power whether we will participate, even if only as lookers on, in the great intellectual movements which influence our race, or whether our interest in that which is external to ourselves shall be confined to the petty gossip of the parish or the town where we live. More than that, every age and every profession has its characteristic merits and defects, and what we read may be and ought to be a kind of preventive of the one-sidedness which grows upon us from what we have to do.' (P. 125.)

- ART. X.—1. *Thirty-second Annual Report of the Inspectors of Fisheries (England and Wales) for 1892.* London: 1893.
2. *Dry Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice.* By FREDERIC M. HALFORD. London: 1889.
3. *North-Country Flies.* By T. E. PRITT. London: 1886.
4. *Angling Sketches.* By ANDREW LANG. London: 1891.
5. *The Riverside Naturalist.* By EDWARD HAMILTON, M.D. London: 1890.
6. *The History of Howietoun.* By Sir J. RAMSAY GIBSON MAITLAND, Bart. 1887.

IT is a marked and happy feature of the time that, with an immense growth of general knowledge, with a mental activity which spreads through all ranks of the people, and with a vast accumulation of persons in large cities, there has been an equally continuous growth in the popular interest in games and field sports. At some of our public schools and colleges pre-eminence in athletic amusements may, perhaps, be too highly regarded. But such an exaggeration is a necessary evil in connexion with any large and general interest either in field sports or in games; and, while it must be deprecated, it should not blind us to the value and importance of this national characteristic as a counterbalance to mental strain and urban life, which exercise so strong an influence on the present generation. And it is certain, if we look to the literature of angling, to the number of persons who follow this sport with enthusiasm, and to many facts in connexion with it, that interest in this pursuit is steadily on the increase. It might have been supposed that, with the introduction of new outdoor amusements, and with increased facilities for others, the interest in angling would have dwindled. But it has not; on the contrary, the passion for open-air life and amusement which is born in most Englishmen appears to spread as new avenues are opened to it. And there can be no doubt that the exercise of the art of angling is perhaps the most laudable form of this characteristically national love of bodily exertion; there belong to it nearly all the advantages and none of the disadvantages which may be regarded as attendant on most other forms of sport. Shooting trains body and eye; but the over-preservation of game is injurious to agriculture and an incentive to crime. It is theoretically true that the countryman should not take the rabbits which run into their burrows as he trudges home-

ward from work; but rabbit-poaching will, to the crack of doom, never be regarded as a crime by the agricultural labourer, and it has been the beginning of a convict's life to many harmless men. But the angler may over-preserve his trout stream as much as he pleases—it hurts no one—the only result is that his fish deteriorate in size and condition, and he is regarded as a curmudgeon by his friends. The day-long tramp by the river-side, it may be among the meadowsweet and the delicate grasses which wave above the banks of the Test or the Itchen, or over the rough bed of the Wharfe or the Esk, produces all the physical benefit of a walk over a Scotch moor or an Essex stubble. It is useless also to deny that, valuable as are the effects of the hunting-field in steadying nerve and banishing care, fox-hunting is often an occasion for the display of plutocratic wealth rather than of sportsman-like enthusiasm for the chase, and that the millionaire or the guardsman who rides for four or five days a week across country does damage which it is difficult to estimate. But who is the worse if the angler and half a dozen friends choose to whip a stream every day of the week, from sunrise to sunset? The only persons who suffer are the fishermen themselves. Thus, it is a matter for congratulation that angling, in every form, appears to be on the increase, so that the chief problem of the future is how to utilise to the utmost the streams which are to be found in every part of these islands. This has two forms: to enlarge the supply of fish in the water, both by the protection of fish which already inhabit it and by the addition of trout from artificial hatcheries. In respect of the former, nothing is more important than the prevention of pollution in its various ways. The Legislature has been by no means idle. In 1878 an Act was passed 'for the protection of fresh-water fish' and is known as the Freshwater Fisheries Act, 1878. It amplified the provisions of the Salmon Fishery Act, 1861, and practically gave a close time for trout or charr to the whole of England and Wales. In addition, it applied the provisions of the Salmon Fishery Acts of 1865 and 1873, which relate to the formation, alteration, combination, and dissolution of fishery districts, and to the appointment and powers of conservators to all waters in England and Wales frequented by trout or charr, and empowered these bodies to issue licences to fish for trout or charr. In one word, it put trout and charr in the same category as salmon, and gave power to any district to form a local body for the protection of the fisheries within its bounds. But the incentive

to the public to protect trout is considerably less than to safeguard salmon, for the latter have a commercial value which the ordinary trout is never likely to attain. But this statute was not confined to salmonidæ; it extended the protection of the law to humbler fishes, and enacted also a close time for all kinds of fish which live in fresh water (other than salmon, trout, charr, and pollan, which are separately dealt with) from the 15th of March to the 15th of June, with consequential regulations. There is no doubt that it was intended by these provisions to take a step towards enlarging the food supply of the people by increasing the stock of common freshwater fish. We are not, however, a nation of cooks, and the wife of the English labourer is not likely to be able to make a tempting dish of carp or perch, so that it is more than doubtful whether this part of the statute has had any perceptible effect on the supply of common freshwater fish in this country. But undoubtedly the Act did, in regard to trout, give powers which, if utilised, must largely improve the trout fisheries of England. This Act was followed in 1884 by one for the further protection of fish other than salmon in fresh waters, and it gave power to boards of conservators to regulate by bye-law the size of nets; but its most important provision was the prohibition of the use of poison and noxious substances for the destruction of fish which have over and over again ruined a river for a long time as a fishing place. A short Act passed in 1892 in regard to the marking of packages containing salmon, trout, or charr, so as to prevent a surreptitious trade, completes the chain of statute law. In regard to it one thing is very clear, that the time has arrived when the Salmon Fishery and Freshwater Fishery Acts should be consolidated in a single statute which should contain a clear and succinct statement of the statute law relating to fisheries. The task is an easy one, and should be undertaken without delay. So far, therefore, as the Legislature is concerned, it has done in the last quarter of a century about as much as could have been reasonably expected from it; but it is nevertheless an open question whether the Acts are not too permissive, and give too much latitude to a locality in regard to the protection of its fishing waters. On the other hand, so far as trout are concerned, the increasing demand for fishing, and the greater possibility of improving a water if once a lease of it can be obtained, have given a commercial value to every brook in England and Wales which can harbour a trout which encourages landowners and occupiers to preserve their water

with care. It is more likely that trout streams will in future be protected and improved by individual effort than by public bodies, which in most places are guardians of a public pleasure rather than of a public profit, and can thus be scarcely expected to take a very serious view of their duties, except by enthusiastic anglers. That there is a good deal of lassitude about the work of many boards of conservators is obvious from the report of the Inspectors of Fisheries for the year 1892. Take this instance from Wales:—

‘In the Dwyfach district,’ writes Mr. Fryer, ‘I found a tendency towards the establishment of a better feeling with respect to the carrying out of the provisions of the law for the protection of the fisheries, but the Fishery Board report that, owing to the want of funds, the rivers are practically unpreserved.’

During the year 1893 forty-six licences only for trout-fishing, amounting to 8*l.*, were issued, and the return for salmon licences was even more beggarly. This, in fact, appears to be a district in which local feeling is either dead in regard to the improvement of fisheries, or, what is more probable, there is a kind of tacit approval of poaching. But it affords an illustration of the comparative uselessness of permissive legislation. In quite a different quarter we find an equally regrettable state of things:—

‘Early last year,’ says the same Inspector, ‘I received particulars of a large “Fordwich trout” said to have weighed 26 lbs., which had been picked up dead in the River Stour, near Canterbury. The conservators of the district have, however, apparently given up as hopeless the task of protecting the river, in consequence of the evil effects of the sewage of the city of Canterbury, and although they have appointed their representative on the committee of the Kent and Essex Sea Fisheries district, they hold no regular meetings under the Salmon and Fresh-water Fisheries Acts’ (p. 15).

In other words, the body which when it has serious difficulties to meet should endeavour to face them with determination and perseverance, simply collapses; it holds no meetings, and as a consequence transacts no business. The contrast between this apathy and the energy which is displayed in some districts is clearly perceptible when we read such a paragraph as the following:—

‘The protection which has been so steadily afforded to the trout and charr fisheries in the Kent, &c., district (which includes Windermere, Coniston, &c.) during recent years has resulted in a great increase in both the size and the number of the fish, and the board and *those who have co-operated with them* are to be congratulated on the success which they have achieved. In conjunction with the local fisheries committee



for the Lancashire sea fisheries district, the conservators may, it is hoped, be able to take in hand the developement of the sparkling fisheries in their river' (p. 8).

The words which we have italicised obviously supply the key to much of the success which has followed the work of this particular board, and also to the absence of any satisfactory results from the boards to which we have already alluded. A Board of Conservators requires local co-operation and local assistance, and when this is absent it may be a name, and little else. The serious question which necessarily then arises is whether, when a board is either apathetic or wholly unsuccessful, some remedy should not be found to alter this state of affairs. In some instances in respect of local government, when the local body is found to be remiss, as in regard to applications for allotments, the County Council steps in. And we are inclined to think, though we by no means lay it down as being necessarily the best or only method, that in such cases as those of the Stour district and the Dwyfach district the Board of Trade should be empowered to call upon the County Council to elect or to choose some more efficient body. There are also other questions which require some consideration. The charge for licences should be regulated by statute and made uniform throughout the country. At present the Board of each particular district decides what shall be the amount of this tax, with the result that it varies in a somewhat unbusiness-like manner. Thus in the important 'Yorkshire district' the licence for the season is 1s. In the neighbouring Esk (Yorkshire) district it is 1s. 6d., in the Tyne it is 2s. 6d. for the season and 1s. for the month; in another and well-known district, in quite a different part of the country—namely, that of the Dart—the licence is 10s. for the season, 5s. for a month, and 2s. for a week. These are, no doubt, details, but they largely affect the prosperity of the rivers, because it is on the income from the licences that the boards chiefly depend for carrying on their work. A river cannot be kept in good condition without careful watching, and more or less continuous restocking, and neither the one thing nor the other can be done without sufficient funds. The result of this difference in the cost of licences is well exemplified by the facts of the Dart and the Tyne districts: in the former, where, as we have already stated, the licence duty is high, 655 licences produced 215*l.*; but in the latter district 1,213 licences, or very nearly double the number which were issued for the

Dart, produced only 117*l.*, or nearly half the amount of the lesser number of licences in the Devonshire district. There is, in truth, no more reason why the cost of the licence for trout-fishing should differ in parts of England than that for carrying a gun or shooting game, and it would be beneficial to the trout fisheries of the country if the Legislature were to adopt the highest duty levied by any board and make it the uniform and statutory rate for the whole of England and Wales.

Again, it is a question whether the staff of inspectors of fisheries is strong enough to keep a thorough and vigilant watch over the fisheries and the fishing authorities in England and Wales, and whether their advice is not a little too easygoing. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that useful work is done by this department of the State, and that even under the existing legislation and existing supervision the salmon and trout fisheries of England and Wales are fairly protected. We may very well conclude this part of our subject by an extract from the report from which quotations have already been made which shows very clearly the main figures in regard to licences for trout and salmon. The number of trout-rods licensed in all districts in 1892 was 45,488, and the sum paid on them was 3,725*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, being an increase of 1,155, and 15*l.* 8*s.*, respectively, over the return for the previous year. The number of salmon-rods licensed throughout the country in 1892 was 6,461, realising 3,385*l.*, being an increase of 131 in number and 163*l.* 18*s.* in amount as compared with 1891. The total revenue from licences for salmon-fishing instruments of all kinds was 9,113*l.* 2*s.* as against 8,736*l.* 1*s.* in the preceding year.

As regards the increase of the supply by the addition of young trout which have been artificially hatched, there cannot be any doubt either that such a practice is necessary in many places if a proper amount of fish are to be kept in the water, or that it is one which has largely increased during the last ten or twenty years. If a water is well fished from the beginning to the end of the season, the number of fish in it may be seriously diminished if from time to time it is not restocked. The necessity for so doing, it is obvious, depends on circumstances—not only on the extent to which the stream is fished, but also on its character as a feeding-ground and the manner in which during previous years it has been treated. The stock may have, and in many instances has, been so much diminished

by one cause or another that a considerable supply of artificially hatched fish must be added to the water for several seasons. There are some persons who consider also that the size and character of fish in a stream are improved by 'new blood;' this is perhaps the latest theory in regard to the practice, but it can scarcely be said that it is one which has yet been actually proved to be correct. Where fish have become sickly from the pollution which has at length been stopped, or where the stream is not a rich feeding ground, it is easy to understand that a supply of young and vigorous trout from a different water may in the first case quickly be a remedy, and in the second may have a temporary effect on the nature of the original trout in the stream. But that is not the same thing as the improvement of fair standard fish by the addition of others of the same class from a different stream. What appears to be the same view is advanced in the chapter on trout culture in the Badminton Library book on Angling. 'The future 'quality of the fish,' says Mr. Andrew, 'depends rather on 'the food they get than on the water from which their 'parents come; still it is advisable to get ova from good 'strains of fish and from large healthy breeders.' If, however, the quality of the breed depends on the nature of its food—of which there can be no doubt—the most inferior race of imported fish will ultimately languish in waters where food is poor or insufficient. The extent to which artificially hatched fish have been added to the waters of this country can scarcely be accurately stated, since a great deal has been done in this respect by private persons and by angling clubs. In fact, they, rather than Boards of Conservators, are the principal customers of the fish-hatcheries. In the official report from which we have already quoted there are only two allusions to this practice: in the one case it is stated that the Esk Board of Conservators placed in that river 1,500 yearling trout from Howietown, and in the other the Conservators of the Dee are censured for spending 100*l.* on 'hatcheries,' in which the ova of salmon from the Rhine, the Tweed, and other waters were placed, rather than for improving the facilities for the passage of fish up the river. The Inspector is certainly right in this particular case, but on the whole conservators have not done anything like what they might in this respect. For since the practice of fish-culture became established in England and Scotland there is no difficulty whatever in obtaining any quantity of artificially

produced fry or yearlings. Nothing in connexion with the progress of angling in the last twenty-five years, indeed, has been more remarkable than the rise and the prosperity of numerous public fish-hatcheries, as they may be termed to distinguish them from those used simply for private purposes, the produce of which is not sold. For our present survey it is unnecessary to describe these establishments or to enumerate them: it is sufficient to note their growth and existence. Of the former, that at Howietoun, begun in 1873 by Sir J. Ramsay Gibson Maitland, is the largest and the best known in these islands, though there are others as efficient, if not so extensive. The operations are well and fully described in the 'History of Howietoun;' they have become more extensive every year, and it has been not only the nursery from which the exhausted streams of this country have been replenished, but that from which the troutless waters of the Antipodes have received a supply from which thousands of fish have subsequently sprung.

But be the supply as generous as possible, it will not be of permanent use in a river in which the water is subject to pollution. It has been frequently stated that the law against the pollution of rivers is not sufficiently stringent. But it is not so much the law which is in fault as its administration. This is not surprising. As a rule, a river is polluted by a commercial firm or company, or, strange as it seems, by a so-called 'sanitary authority,' and the private riparian proprietor is not inclined to embark on a troublesome and expensive litigation against a rich and obstinate opponent. Equally, also, neither angling clubs nor Boards of Conservators have the funds for litigation; consequently the pollution of rivers has been rather objected to in theory than actually prevented in practice. Abundant instances of this appear all through the report of the Inspector of Fisheries from which we have already quoted: it would be tedious to cite them, but, as showing how matters are in fact, we take this single extract in relation to the Avon, Brue, and Parrett district. In answer to the ordinary inquiry as to what steps were taken during 1892 to prevent pollution, the answer in this case is—

'No steps have been taken, as the difficulty of enforcing the law against sanitary authorities, who are serious offenders as regards pollution, and against manufacturers is very great, and the board has not sufficient funds to undertake costly litigation' (p. 63).

The most encouraging fact is, however, that since the creation of County Councils under the Local Government

Act, 1888, these bodies have, by the fourteenth section of the statute which brought them into existence, power to enforce the Rivers Pollution Prevention Act, 1876, and a council may also contribute towards the cost of a prosecution by another council. At present County Councils, with one or two exceptions, have shown no desire to put these powers into force; but this is not surprising when the amount of more pressing business to which their attention has had to be directed is borne in mind. We are hopeful that these bodies, which appear to be gradually settling to their work in a satisfactory manner, will in due time take up this important question. But it is essential that riparian proprietors, anglers, angling clubs, and all persons interested in the welfare of local waters, should urge this matter on the attention of their local representatives. Combined and persistent pressure on County Councils as bodies, and on the members of them as individual units, is absolutely necessary in order to produce an effective result. Popularly elected bodies such as these councils can hardly fail under such circumstances to set to work to put an end to a practice which is the chief danger of the rivers of England and Wales—a danger which is one not only to the pleasure and the sport of many, but—what is, after all, of greater importance—to the health of the community.

If we look at the literature of angling at the present time, it shows plainly the perennial interest taken in this delightful art. Not a year passes but some new work on the subject is laid on our tables. Sometimes it is instructive, intended to show the beginner how to attain the whole art of angling. Such is the late Mr. Francis Francis's useful work on angling, and the two admirable volumes in the series now so well known as the Badminton Library. Sometimes it is of a high technical standard—a monograph on one special branch; but often it is a book partly descriptive, partly autobiographical. For it would appear as if there were a permanent charm in recording the delights and disappointment of angling, and in depicting the scenes—always attractive—in which fish have been landed or lost. The pleasure of narration appears, in fact, to be superior only to the pleasure of perusing the narrative, and we firmly believe that there are scores of men of capacity and knowledge of life who enjoy nothing better than to read for an hour the simple tales of the capture of a basket of trout in a Hampshire stream or of a grilse in a Highland pool—tales

similar to those which each one of them could have penned had he been so minded, and which, though they are absolutely commonplace, have about them the attraction of the actual pursuit. For no other explanation can be given of the fact that books are read which are perfectly devoid of all literary talent, and which have nothing more to recommend them than their subject and a flavour of fresh air. From time to time there appear works of a higher standard, showing a keener insight into nature and a more accurate observation, or produced with greater literary skill. Such, for example, is—as might be expected—Mr. Andrew Lang's recent little volume of 'Angling Sketches,' a book of the slightest possible substance, but readable from the beginning to the end. Here is an extract which every angler will appreciate, the last lines of the chapter called 'A Border Boyhood.' For unfortunate must the fisherman be who cannot remember innumerable incidents of his early days by brook and burn which increase rather than diminish in vividness with the passing years. They are recalled by such a passage as this:—

'These are the waters with which our boyhood was mainly engaged; it is a pleasure to name and number them. Memory that has lost so much, and would gladly lose so much more, brings vividly back the golden summer evenings by Tweedside, when the trout began to plash in the stillness—brings back the long lingering solitary days beneath the woods of Ashiestiel—days so lonely that they sometimes in the end begat a superstitious eeriness. One seemed forsaken in an enchanted world: one might see the two white deer flit by, bringing to us, as to Thomas Rhymmer, the tidings that we must back to fairyland. Other waters we know and loved: the little salmon stream in the West that doubles through the loch, and runs a mile or twain beneath its alders, past its old Celtic battlefield, beneath the ruined shell of its feudal tower to the sea. Many a happy day we have had there, on loch or stream, with the big sea trout which have somehow changed their tastes, and to-day take quite different flies from the greenbody and the redbody that led them to the landing net long ago. Dear are the twin Alines, but dearer is Tweed and Ettrick, where our ancestor was drowned in a flood, and his white horse was found next day, feeding near his dead body, on a little grassy island. There is a great pleasure in trying new methods, in labouring after the delicate art of the dry fly fisher in the clear Hampshire streams, where the glassy tide flows over the waving tresses of crowfoot below the poplar shade. But nothing can be so good as what is old, and, as far as angling goes, is practically ruined; the alternate pool and stream of the Border waters, where

the triple pride  
Of Eildon looks over Strathclyde,

and the salmon cast murmurs hard by the Wizard's grave. They are all

gone now, the old allies and tutors in the angling art—the kind gardener who baited our hooks; the good Scotch judge who gave us our first collection of flies; the friend who took us with him on his salmon-fishing expedition, and made men of us with real rods and “pirns” of ancient make. The companions of those times are scattered, and live under strange stars and in converse seasons, by troutless waters. It is no longer the height of pleasure to be half-drowned in the Tweed, or lost on the hills with no luncheon in the basket. But, except for scarcity of fish, the scene is very little altered, and one is a boy again, in heart, beneath the elms of Yair, or by the gulleets at Ashiestiel. However bad the sport, it keeps you young, or makes you young again, and you need not follow Ponce de Leon to the western wilderness, when in any river you knew of yore you can find the Fountain of Youth’ (p. 35).

Here some of the attractions of angling are lightly and suggestively touched on: the natural beauty of the riverside, the pleasures of memory, the types of men made kinsmen by a love of their common pursuit, the interest and even the uncertainty of the sport. And when we are carried to the famous Tweed, we are brought again to the company of anglers whose names have become household words, not only among the fishermen of the Borders, but in Southern haunts—the feats piscatorial and literary of Hogg, of Stoddart, and of Russell have become classical, and will probably outlive the less robust productions of a later day. In truth, the incidents of angling are so picturesque, they touch so many of the best feelings of our nature—the love for landscape, the goodfellowship of men, both those of our own station and those of humbler degree—that a skilful writer can hardly ever fail to interest his readers. Such books as those of which this of Mr. Lang’s is one of the best of recent examples, though they tell us nothing new, are certain to be of perennial interest and from time to time to find successors. For they appeal to permanent interests, not to mere passing fancies of the hour or episodes of the age; thus to go back to the days of boyhood by the Tweed is, after all, but to work on the same feelings as have been the opportunities of poets for centuries.

Of the class of angling literature which may be called technical, inasmuch as it deals with the minuter and more difficult parts of the art of angling, two notable examples have been published in recent years—Mr. Halford’s work, ‘Dry Fly Fishing,’ and Mr. Pritt’s ‘North-Country Flies.’ They are interesting on account of the thoroughness with which they deal with their particular subject, and because they are illustrative of the characteristics of the anglers of

the North and the South of England. In the South of England dry fly fishing has been within the last fifteen or twenty years, in some senses, almost created; at any rate, has vastly increased, and its followers have reduced fly fishing to a fine art. It has spread, indeed, even beyond its original locality, and has votaries in the Midlands.

'In Derbyshire,' writes Mr. Halford, 'a few years back, everyone used two, and many three or four, or even more flies; everyone fished down stream and fished the water. Now, hosts of anglers have invaded the district, and the trout and grayling are as shy and wary as any in the county, and what is the result? Day after day, and year after year, more of the successful anglers fish up stream with floating flies, and over rising fish only, and it is only on an occasional blustering day that one of the old school succeeds in getting a moderate bag' (p. 40).

It is only a question of time when it will be more extensively practised in the North, and it is equally certain that it will eventually spread to America and New Zealand, where trout-fishing is now becoming a recognised pastime. When trout become shy in clear and comparatively smooth water, dry fly fishing is the only means of taking them with a fly. With the increase of anglers it is impossible to prevent an increase in the wariness of fish. There is nothing, indeed, which is more clearly established than the ease with which trout may be taken when unaccustomed to artificial hues as compared with the difficulties of their capture in a stream along which the angler, week by week and day by day, wends his way. Hence the very popularity of fly fishing renders it every year a more skilful pastime, if success is to attend the efforts of the angler. It is certain that no more delicate and skilful method of capturing a created thing, no more difficult exercise, if we regard it in comparison with other physical pursuits, has ever existed than that of dry fly fishing. It is not only the nicety of the operation at the time of casting a single fly so that it alights—whatever may be the difficulties of place or wind—in a particular spot with complete certainty, and proceeds to float down over a rising trout absolutely imitative of the living insect, with wings erect and natural motion, but there is also the beautiful perfection with which the insect is imitated by the fly-dresser, and the slightness of the tackle to which it is attached. Lastly, there is the skill which is required to land a fish of some size on such delicate tackle.

The very thorough work of Mr. Halford, a complete monograph on the art of dry fly fishing, bears witness to the



nicety of this pastime. His book is a technical treatise which deals not only with what may be termed the mechanical part of the work, but with the portion of it which requires a knowledge of the habits of the trout. For example, after the fly has reached the water it is necessary that it should float along exactly like the natural insect, neither faster nor slower, nor in any other direction than would a living fly. When it does not do so, the artificial fly is technically said to be dragging; 'the meaning is that 'it is travelling down the stream in some degree differently 'to the natural insect. This can occur in one of three 'different respects:—Firstly, by the artificial fly travelling 'more rapidly than the natural fly; secondly, by its 'travelling more slowly; and, thirdly, by its drifting across 'the run of the stream, in such case leaving a more or less 'perceptible wake' (p. 82). Mr. Halford then elaborately shows in greater detail under what circumstances 'dragging' is likely to occur and how it is to be prevented. This, of course, is but one point which the angler must study, but it will sufficiently show those who are not yet acquainted with dry fly fishing the extreme skill and the acute observation which are required in order to reach perfection in this fascinating and charming pursuit. It is surely not astonishing, then, that those who have made themselves masters of this craft are apt to look down on all other fishermen. 'There is far too much presumption of superior 'scientific knowledge and skill on the part of the modern 'school dry fly fishermen,' says Mr. Halford, and he of all men should know. But those who have passed through the necessary apprenticeship may well feel some pride in their perfection, which itself is an example of the ardour for out-of-door sport and of the skill which is now displayed in it.

To turn to the book of Mr. Pritt—which, as we have said, illustrates very well an increasing and noticeable characteristic of angling in the North of England. This is best stated in the writer's own words:—

'In one important matter, the fancy of Yorkshire anglers, indeed of anglers all over the North of England, had undergone a change during the past twenty-five years. It is now conceded that a fly dressed hacklwise is generally to be preferred to a winged imitation. The reasons for this are not far to seek, and are satisfactory. It is far more difficult to imitate a perfect insect, and afterwards to impart to it a semblance of life in or on the water, than it is to 'produce something which is sufficiently near a resemblance of an imperfectly developed insect struggling to attain the surface of the stream. Trout undoubtedly

take a hackled fly for the insect just rising from the pupa in a half-drowned state' (p. 19).

Further reasons are then given for this opinion; but the practical result may be said to be that, whilst the Hampshire fisherman has been developing the power of imitating and of angling with copy of the live insect sailing on the surface of the water, the Yorkshire angler has been proceeding in quite an opposite direction, and has been endeavouring to develop the system of angling with imitations of half-drowned insects in rapid streams. The North-countryman's view is sound and sensible: to make elaborate wings, which are life-like in the tacklemaker's shop, but which cling round the body when the fly is sunk, is to labour in vain. On the other hand, bearing in mind the undoubted fact that the natural insect, after a very short submersion, or before it ever has risen to the surface, is a somewhat shapeless creature, it may be fairly asked if it matters much whether the fly be dressed with wings or simply as a hackle fly, provided the size and general colour be right. Mr. Pritt remarks, 'It will generally be found that the hackled flies account for the largest number of fish,' but we doubt if there are yet sufficient clearly ascertained data to make it possible to say with certainty whether the Yorkshire theory is clearly true. Most anglers have from time to time fished in rough water with a cast comprising both winged and hackle flies, and over and over again trout are pretty equally taken by both kinds. Be that as it may, the noticeable fact is that two distinct schools of anglers are now in existence, each of which, perhaps, pushes its theory rather too far. The modern North-country trout fisher practically discards any flies except hackle flies, of which he has an immense number. Mr. Pritt illustrates (in a very admirable way too) and describes in his work sixty-two different kinds, every one of which may be considered as desirable for an angler on the Wharfe, or the Ribble, or any other North-country water. The Southern angler is apt to look down on any other form of angling than dry fly fishing. True, this form of angling, in some circumstances the only kind in which fish can be killed, is undoubtedly the very summit of angling. Again, dry fly fishing may be, and sometimes is, employed when a less delicate kind of angling is sufficient. But a limited number of flies in his book and a single one on the cast fished dry are the cardinal points of the Southern angler's creed at the present day, emphatically distinct from that of his Northern brother, who delights in a mass of tiny imitations and half a dozen flies on his

casting line sunk beneath the surface. Each school contains so many excellent anglers that we refrain from further criticism; it is sufficient to emphasise the undoubted growth in recent years of these different theories and equally different practices.

Of quite a different order are the books which give us the results of the observations of the student of nature, and which take us with him in his rambles by the river. Parts of the works of Mr. John Watson are pleasing and excellent examples of this class of literature, for they are from the pen of a writer who is first a naturalist and then a sportsman. They humanise what is the most refined of sports, while they show how much pleasure and profit, and how much insight into natural history, may be obtained by an angler, whether his basket be full or empty; they spread a knowledge of animal life among those who are not fortunate enough to be able to pass their lives in rural scenes; and they give at the same time pleasant pictures of meadow and stream. The instructive and the descriptive elements together form a most healthy kind of book. How refreshing is this scene by the river-bank, one which a careful fisherman not too engrossed in his craft may note for himself, and yet one which may equally interest the man confined to urban life!—

‘In the trout stream the heron stands looking more like a lump of drift stuff caught in the bushes than an animate object. Gaunt, consumptive, and sentinel-like, the bird watches with crest depressed, standing upon one leg. At other times it walks cautiously with lowered head and outstretched neck, each step being taken by a foot drawn gently out of the water and quietly replaced in advance. Occasionally the wader steps into a deep hole, but this causes not the slightest flurry. The walk is changed into a sort of swimming and paddling deep in the water, until the feet again touch firm ground. Woe to the trout or smelt that comes within range of the heron’s terrible pike, for it is at once impaled and gulped down. This impalement is given with great force, and a wounded heron has been known to drive its strong bill right through a strong stick. If a fish is missed, a sharp look-out is kept for its line of escape, and a stealthy step is made towards it. Should the distance be beyond range of the bird’s vision, a few flaps of the wings are tried in the eagerness of pursuit’ (‘Poachers and Poaching,’ p. 173).

These details take us to the solitary stream; they are the fruit of days of accurate observation and of hours passed by brook and mere, all too short for the endless interests perceptible to a watchful eye and a patient mind.

It is obvious that this varied yet simple kind of literature

will last as long as the taste for angling endures ; it is part and parcel of the sport, and it is just as clear an indication of a natural characteristic of the time as the old legends of Tyrol which peopled the mountain lake and dark forest with supernatural beings. It reflects a feature of the age just as much as the drama of the Restoration shows us the coarseness and the demoralisation of its social life. Thus, while it has to be regarded as part of the body of modern literature for its own merits or faults, in days to come it will be perused by the historian of the society of the nineteenth century for indications of some of the noticeable characteristics of the period with which he is occupied. While, therefore, we may in serious mood look upon a great deal of it as trivial, we must not forget its relative character, we must not overlook the absolute and uniform healthiness of the entire body of it, and we must not shut our eyes to those parts which are full of charming description, which touch on enduring human interests, or which accurately portray and analyse the operations of nature. Such portions of it as deal with the subject of natural history help us to appreciate the large interest which in the last few years has been taken in the natural history of fishes, especially of Salmonidæ. The impetus given to accurate research into the phenomena of nature by Darwin and his school has been noticeable in the modest investigations of the angler naturalist. In these we recognise, in fainter form, but not the less surely, some of the consequences of the teaching and example of the higher kinds of modern science, and we may too well regard works in which their results are chronicled as evidence of the scientific tendency of the age. Indeed, the same influence may be traced in such works as Mr. Halford's 'Dry Fly Fishing,' to which, in its more purely angling aspects, we have already alluded. But the really accomplished fly fisher of to-day studies the habits, the character, and the life of the insects which are the prey of the trout and grayling with as much accuracy and care as he does those of the fish themselves. Upon the growths of the river depend the creatures which are the food of the fish ; hence, even a knowledge of plant life is indispensable to the man who wishes to be a competent master of a fishery. But such knowledge would not so many years ago have been regarded as absurd by mere sportsmen, and to the powerful influence of science at the present day must be ascribed the fact that the serious angler is now, in a sense, a man of science. The result has been that of late

an immense quantity of facts have been recorded concerning the habits of various species of the family of fishes, but it must be admitted that they have served chiefly to show how difficult it is to state any definite opinions on many obscure points, and how dangerous any dogmatic generalisation is on many questions as to the division of species and of the habits of fish. In the introduction to the 'Study of Fishes,' a work which it would be impertinent to praise, Dr. Günther has written :—

'We know of no other group of fishes which offers so many difficulties to the ichthyologist with regard to the distinction of the species, as well as to certain points in their life history, as this genus, although this may be partly due to the unusual attention which has been given to their study, and which has revealed an almost greater amount of unexplained facts than of satisfactory solutions of the questions raised' (p. 631).

This was written in 1880, and in the ten years and upwards which have since elapsed a still greater number of 'unexplained facts' have been recorded, and few 'satisfactory solutions' of debateable points have been found. It is well, perhaps, that we are able to understand our ignorance, but we repeat that the fact shows that in regard to natural history it is folly to dogmatise, since the accumulation of facts by observers has in the case of this genus chiefly tended to show how little in the way of general principles can be truthfully asserted. If there is anything which is a point of principle more than another, it is the proper enumeration of the species of a genus. But there is scarcely more agreement now as to the number of species into which the genus *Salmo* may be divided than in the day of Cuvier and Müller. Every observant angler has recorded fact after fact in regard to the trout, and still it is not yet settled whether there is one species of sea trout (*Salmo trutta*) indigenous to Great Britain or several, and, if several, how many. In the intelligent and observant work by Dr. Hamilton, which he well entitles 'The Riverside Naturalist,' the points at issue are clearly stated, as well as the conclusion, which we think the mass of facts proves.

'Are we to consider *Salmo trutta* and *Salmo cambricus* as two distinct species, or are we to take Dr. Day's view, that these two fish are one and the same, dividing them into a northern and a southern race? Are we, as some suppose, to consider the phimock and the herling a distinct species, or only the grilse state of the sea trout? Is the whitling or whiting of Cumberland the same as the phimock or herling?

'Is the white trout of Ireland a distinct race, or the same species with the *Salmo trutta*?

'After a very careful study of the mass of information collected on the subject, it appears to us that the external distinctions which have been relied on are dependent on localities and liable to change: that the internal differences are also too variable and inconsistent to form specific characters: and that the so-called species, as Day says, pass into one another by insensible gradation without showing any line of demarcation; that, if anything, they are merely local varieties. Indeed, some zoologists hold to the opinion that the sea and freshwater species are merely local races of one species, that anadromous and freshwater forms simply result from local circumstances consequent on immediate surroundings, but that both are descended from one ancestral form' (p. 259).

The last sentence which we have quoted carries us a step further: it raises a doubt as to whether the sea trout and the freshwater trout are one species only, and it introduces us to what might have been supposed to be settled—the question as to the number of species, if any, of the common trout. Let us take one instance. There exists chiefly in the lochs of Sutherlandshire a fish which it has been the desire of every keen angler since the days of St. John to hook—what is popularly called the '*ferox*'; in other words, as specified by Dr. Gunther, the *Salmo ferox*, the great lake trout of Great Britain and Ireland, which this eminent authority asserts to be a distinct species. Dr. Hamilton dismisses this theory perhaps too summarily:—'As regards the great lake trout (*Salmo ferox*), most authors and fishermen who have studied the subject, we believe, have come to the conclusion that the *ferox* is nothing but an overgrown and ugly example of the *Salmo ferox*' (p. 266). The effect of locality upon trout is so marked that we confess we are in accord with Dr. Hamilton on this particular point. No one ever takes a small *ferox*; in other words, the *ferox* is a solitary and comparatively rare fish, nearly always of large size, and always taken in deep water in lochs of considerable extent. Thus the locality is such as to cause the ordinary lake trout to be large, powerful, and few in number; while any differences between the so-called great lake trout and the common trout are such as may always be accounted for by the effect of locality, which at any rate the records of anglers proves to be extraordinary. In the work on Fishing in the Badminton Library, in which the great lake trout is treated as a distinct species, an angling writer is quoted in regard to the existence of this separate species in Sweden. The marks by which he (the writer aforesaid) distinguished the *ferox* from the *fario* when of a greater weight than, say, 8 or 12 lbs. were 'the thick clumsy form, the great square tail, and the dull

‘bluish steel colour of the body, with but fewish spots’ (vol. ii. p. 177). Oddly enough, however, a little before another writer, who proves the existence of this separate species, is quoted. This writer thus states the differences between the common trout and the great lake trout:—

‘The larger he (the common trout) grows the less he really resembles the great lake type. His increase is lateral rather than longitudinal. But the lake trout never loses his noble athletic and artistic proportions. In these characteristic qualities he runs with salar and trutta themselves. Into rivers or brooks, except for the purpose of making them tributary to the propagation of his young, he never wanders even in the lower reaches of rivers discharging into the lakes he inhabits. I have never met him in the summer months.’

But it will be noticed that the characteristics of the *Salmo ferox* of this writer are wholly opposed to those of the writer previously quoted, and that the peculiar habit of not entering into rivers is in truth an argument against the existence of a separate species, since to remain in the depths of the lakes shows that he is a shy and large specimen of the ordinary trout. But we said previously that a small *ferox* is unknown. In the same volume it is stated that in the parr or early stage of growth it is very difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish between the young of the *Salmo ferox* and of the common trout. But if the characteristics of the so-called separate species are the same in youth, it clearly lies on those who aver that two separate species exist to prove conclusively that the differences in age do not arise from the effect of food, habits, or length of years, having regard to the fact, which has now been proved to demonstration, that in colour and form the ordinary trout is subject to variation through the influence of food and locality. We have dwelt upon the question of the existence of the *Salmo ferox* as a distinct species because it is one which it might have been supposed was of an elementary kind and could be disposed of without difficulty. It shows, however, that the mass of recorded fact has not yet produced agreement, and that the data of the most eminent naturalists are in truth uncertain. ‘Yarrell,’ writes Dr. Hamilton, ‘makes *ferox* a distinct species, as having 13 dorsal rays instead of 14, with a different form of scale. Günther ‘makes a difference of vertebræ—56–57 in *S. ferox*, 59–60 ‘in *S. fario*. But Day asserts that there are undoubted ‘specimens of *Salmo fario* with 13–15 rays on the dorsal ‘fin and with 56–60 vertebræ.’ When such eminent authorities differ we do not propose to arrive at a conclusion.

Again, it is by no means certain that some day the so-called Loch Leven trout, which even so eminent an authority as Dr. Günther considers as a separate species, and which is at present generally accepted as such, may not turn out to be the common trout affected by locality. Because, as we have more than once said, the cardinal fact, which certainly is proved beyond doubt, is the effect of locality on the trout. It is customary to place the young of this trout in various waters in order to improve the quality and appearance of the local fish. At the various fish nurseries which have come into existence during the last ten years great pains have been taken to cultivate this breed, and it is contended that its introduction into other waters has improved the quality of the trout in such places, causing their flesh to become pink and firm. But it was pointed out early in this century by Sir Humphry Davy whose opinions are always worth careful consideration, because he added the training of a learned and scientific observer to the ordinary gifts of sight of a keen and enthusiastic angler that trout when placed in a different water from that in which they have been produced would not at once change their characters, but would do so gradually; and he proceeds to state that he has known trout so transferred which have gradually deteriorated, so that in about twenty years the variety was entirely lost and all the fish were in their original white state. Sir Humphry Davy, therefore, clearly regarded what may be termed the process of deterioration under the influence of locality as one which might not become really noticeable until so long a period as twenty years had elapsed. Thus it is obvious that it is yet impossible to generalise upon the influence of the change of trout from water to water with anything like certainty, and that before any distinct conclusion is reached many years full of careful, prolonged, and analysed observations must elapse. The angler naturalist has yet many facts to verify, and we think our readers who have not hitherto gone into details will be surprised at the opportunity which exists for the settlement by accurate observations and records of so many disputed points in this branch of natural history. And if in this old country we are not yet able to agree on these comparatively simple problems of natural history, how large a field of investigation, of argument, and of dogmatism lies open before many generations of our successors as the unknown lands of Africa and Asia become gradually accessible to the naturalist and the sportsman.



ART. XI.—1. *Life in Parliament, being the experience of a Member in the House of Commons from 1886 to 1892 inclusive.*

By Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, Bart., M.P., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., LL.D. London: 1893.

2. *Essays on the Questions of the Day, Political and Social. The Political Crisis in England.* By GOLDWIN SMITH. New York and London: 1893.

THE close of last year leaves after it a retrospect of baffled assaults on the Constitution of the realm and the integrity of the United Kingdom—a record of unexampled labour and unmitigated failure. Eight months of weary debate were spent on an impossible Bill, which served only to exhibit to the nation its manifold absurdities, inconsistencies, and dangers. The measure was at last forced through the House of Commons by arbitrary and unparliamentary proceedings, and this raw and ill-digested scheme was sent up to the House of Lords, where it instantly met its doom, to the great and general satisfaction of the country. No attempt was made to challenge that sentence, which had been foreseen from the beginning of the contest, and many even of the supporters of the Bill acquiesced in it with pleasure. Home Rule dropped for the present out of sight. The ‘great mandate,’ to carry a Bill Mr. Gladstone avowed to be the sole object of his political existence, was forgotten; and an attempt was made to divert the attention of the Ministerial party to other objects. For Mr. Gladstone was not yet satisfied. He added to the labours of a most unproductive Session an uncalled for adjournment to the late autumn, for the purpose of tampering with parochial charities and restricting the liberty of British workmen. Under the simple title of a Parish Councils Bill, a measure was introduced bristling with intricate details and far-reaching consequences; but so clumsily was it drawn that its own authors were compelled to smother it with amendments. But here again Mr. Gladstone was foiled. No result had been arrived at when the year ended, and the month of January still finds the House of Commons floundering amidst the blunders of 1893. Then, indeed, the powers of human endurance were overstrained. The Speaker was driven from the Chair by sheer exhaustion, which was shared by the officers of the House. Three hundred members dispensed themselves from attendance. We have to lament the loss of at least one accomplished and amiable

statesman who fell a victim to this cynical and brutal policy. The Ministerial majority, consisting entirely of the Irish faction, reigns supreme over English affairs; and the continuance of the Session through the winter already blights the promise of the coming year. It seems probable that the Session of 1894 will open about three weeks before Easter. That fact alone annuls all the pledges thrown out to lure the unwary, for there will be no time to redeem them, and the discussion of the Budget will be at hand. Is this legislation? Is this government?

Yet there never was a moment when great imperial and social interests demanded a more active and vigilant attention, and we scarcely need to be reminded by Mr. Goldwin Smith in his powerful essay that England is in presence of a crisis of no ordinary gravity. The augmentation of the navy, the administrative organisation of the army, the relations of the Queen's Government with the African Chartered Companies, the finances of India, the finances at home, the silver question, the increasing exactions of the 'Trades' Unions, and our foreign relations, all demand the firm grasp of a statesman of cool, collected, and comprehensive mind, in the full vigour of his powers; for these are questions immeasurably more important to the vital interests of the Empire than the speculative reforms which have absorbed and wasted the whole time of Parliament.

At home we are confronted with a falling revenue, with a great trade depression. South of Yorkshire, the farmers have seldom had worse times than those they have lately experienced. We see workmen clamouring for work, for whom no work can be found. The great strife in the coal trade between capital and labour, causing the loss of many millions, and carrying distress into a multitude of other trades, seemed for a time likely to cause almost irreparable disaster to the great industries of the country. That strife has been patched up for the moment, rather than healed; and in a few weeks more it may be again renewed.

On the Continent of Europe, nations armed to the teeth are confronting each other. France and Russia have displayed, in a manner almost unprecedented, the warmth of sentiment that unites them. A Russian fleet appears to have become a permanent addition to the naval squadrons of the Mediterranean, at the very time that the public were surprised by the disclosure of the vast increase in recent years to the naval strength of France. Between France and England difficulties have occurred in the far East,

which might easily have given rise to something worse than strained relations. Whether those difficulties have been surmounted in a fashion satisfactory to England—whether our national prestige, so all-important to our position in Asia, has been upheld—and whether such arrangements have been arrived at as will secure future harmony between the rival powers, are matters of the first importance about which, as yet, the Ministry has given us no information.

Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet are supposed to enjoy ‘the confidence of the House of Commons.’ But, alas, it is in the House of Commons itself that the people have largely lost their trust! In the name of wonder, what is the meaning of this moral influenza which has attacked the House of Commons? What is the reason of its legislative paralysis? Why is it abdicating functions that belong to it as the great council of the nation? It was to Parliament, and to the House of Commons especially, that Englishmen used to turn when the political horizon was dark. But now men see only that their representatives have been labouring for the last eleven months with scarcely an intermission, at what? First of all, in endeavouring to found a new constitution upon the dreams of an octogenarian Prime Minister, and latterly in the more prosaic occupation of providing machinery to transact the local business of English parishes. In their first labour, though their exertions were gigantic, they naturally failed. In their last, though they have been toiling like galley slaves, they have not yet succeeded.

What has come over the House of Commons? Has that famous assembly permanently descended from its high place, the greatest and wisest representative council which the world has seen? Is the House of Commons, after so many centuries of renown, to lose credit with Englishmen, for the reason—a sufficient one, if it is true—that it no longer fulfils the functions which they have a right to expect from it? A House of Commons which, within the memory of more than one of its present members, has been three times reformed, which, much more than in the days of pre-reform parliaments, truly reflects the varied interests, aspirations, and prejudices of every section of the community! A House of Commons entirely free from every suspicion of that corruption which once cast so deep a shadow over its good name! A House of Commons chosen by electors, effectually protected from those influences of intimidation and direct bribery, in former times such potent factors in its constitution! A thoroughly representative House of Commons, a pure House

of Commons, a purely elected House of Commons, ought not surely, in the matter of efficiency and of credit with the people, to fall below the standard of the parliaments of Walpole, and of Pitt!

Who leads the House of Commons? For 'a leader, they, 'as all bodies of men, must have—be their work what it 'may, there is one man there who, by character, faculty, 'position, is fittest of all to do it.'\* Is it the leading or the leadership of the House, rather than its composition, that is to blame? Mr. Gladstone, in his prime, was the greatest parliamentary tactician of the century. At the age of eighty-four he is still the ablest debater and the finest rhetorician in the House of Commons. But an English Parliament has often shown that there are qualities it values more highly in its leading men than even the perfection of skill in the dialectics of debate, combined with the most impassioned eloquence. All men respect Mr. Gladstone's experience, they reverence his years; whilst, at the same time, they know, if they know anything, that an octogenarian Premier necessarily owes his position not to what he is, so much as to what he once has been. Lord John Russell, referring to the leadership of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Althorp, wrote, 'There are qualities which govern men, 'such as sincerity, and a conviction on the part of the hearers 'that the Minister is a man to be trusted, which have more 'to do with influence over the House of Commons than the 'most brilliant flights of fancy and the keenest wit.' †

The work which the House of Commons is invited to undertake by its leader ought to be of a kind to bring it credit. The leader must have regard before all else to the great interests of the nation. The Parliament of the United Kingdom, ay, the majority of the House of Commons, has to do higher work than that of a party caucus! It is a degrading view of the duty of a member of Parliament to suppose that his sole *raison d'être* is to place and keep in office a particular statesman, and that statesman's nominees. He himself has some responsibility towards his country—a responsibility which he has no moral right to cast off upon the party whip or the local wirepuller. Let us inquire what, under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, has been the record, so far, of the existing House of Commons.

The Parliament, elected in July 1892 has now existed for

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\* Carlyle's 'French Revolution.'

† 'Recollections and Suggestions,' by Earl Russell.

a year and a half. The House of Commons has not yet concluded what is virtually the first session of the new Parliament. True, it held a short session in August 1892. Mr. Gladstone then declared, and the House of Commons accepted the statement, that the Unionist Government did not enjoy the confidence of the House or of the country. Wisely, perhaps, no censure was then passed upon the policy of the Unionist Government; no indication was given of the policy of those who were anxious to take its place. The House of Commons voted Lord Salisbury out of office and voted Mr. Gladstone in. Mr. Gladstone thereupon chose his colleagues, and Parliament was prorogued.

What other work, we ask our readers to consider, has the Parliament of 1892 accomplished? What Mr. Gladstone's opinion may be we know not. Possibly his party managers and placemen may hold that the House of Commons in August 1892 performed, to the general admiration, its sole function of voting out one set of officials and voting another set in! We only know that thinking men are profoundly impressed with the failure of the new Parliament to do the work for which Parliament exists. The House of Commons has absorbed to itself so very large a proportion of the authority and power of Parliament, that no one, to whichever political party he may belong, can see without regret and apprehension the decline of that assembly in the respect and estimation of Englishmen. Let the House of Commons begin by respecting itself if it would continue to retain the respect of the country.

The first business session of the new Parliament began in February of last year. Month has followed month, and year has succeeded to year, and when that session will end is still doubtful. From July 1892 to February 1893 Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues had full time to mature that Home Rule policy which, for the six previous years they had assured an over-credulous people, would, in appearing to separate Ireland and Great Britain, really and for ever unite into a single nation the jarring races, creeds, and local patriotism of the United Kingdom. They would satisfy Irish aspirations after Irish nationality; they would prove to the British people that they, the Home Rule Ministry, were the best of Unionists.

On February 13 a Home Rule Bill made its appearance, and for a second time in the history of the Home Rule controversy vague promises, inconsistent political professions, maudlin clap-trap about the Union of Hearts, had to give

place to the business-like discussion of a definite scheme. With the Bill we have dealt sufficiently on previous occasions. That a dozen English statesmen were found willing to take the responsibility of laying before Parliament so unjust, so retrograde, so unworkable a constitution as that devised by Mr. Gladstone is still matter of astonishment and perplexity to the great mass of educated Englishmen. The historian of the future will ask what manner of men were these who accepted at the hands, even of Mr. Gladstone, so grotesque a constitution. To Ireland it meant ruin; towards England, it was in some of its aspects so strangely conceived that its provisions move men more to ridicule and to laughter than to indignation. What it is important, however, for our present purpose to recognise, is that when once that Bill was printed and laid before Parliament, it became apparent to every one—not less, indeed, to Mr. Gladstone's supporters than to his opponents—that it could not possibly become law without the sanction and approval of the people. The Bill was eminently useful as showing precisely what Mr. Gladstone and his Cabinet understood by the phrase Home Rule; but as the project of a new constitution which was ever to come into actual operation, it was altogether unreal. Nevertheless, throughout the whole of a sitting of inordinate length, from February to September, the House of Commons was kept at work upon this precious project of its leader, as if it was supposed that anything could result from its deliberations! What did result was only what every one knew would happen. The measure was turned inside out in the House of Commons, and was then rejected by the House of Lords. In order to save the pride of Mr. Gladstone, it was necessary that the Bill should pass the House of Commons, that the people should then be told that Mr. Gladstone's measure had obtained the approval of the nation, and had been rejected only by the aristocratic prejudices of some five hundred gentlemen sitting in a gilded chamber! To achieve a mere party object in the hope that some satisfactory electioneering result might be attained by setting the House of Lords in direct antagonism to the 'Liberal' Party was the intention of the Ministry. The majority of the House of Commons did the bidding of its leader; it renounced all business but the consideration of a bogus bill and the necessary voting of Supply, and it surrendered, as if it ignored, the rights and privileges which it is of the utmost importance to the people, as well as to its own dignity, that the House of Commons should retain.

Adjourned in the latter half of September, the House of Commons again meets in November. Mr. Gladstone had declared that two measures affecting England must be passed before Christmas. It is not suggested that it was of the least national importance that the Royal Assent should be given either to the Employers' Liability Bill or to the Parish Councils Bill in December 1893 rather than in August 1894. Both are measures of detail, as to the general principles of which men of all parties are fairly well agreed. The latter measure, establishing parish government upon a basis of popular election, is of considerable importance and intricacy. Many thinkers have long hoped that in the practical dealing with local affairs electors would find the best school to fit them for the exercise of the wider privileges of citizenship. The success of such a measure depends upon the skill and thoroughness with which its details are worked out. It is essential that the plan of the Cabinet should be hammered out in the House of Commons by men fully as well acquainted with the wants of rural parishes as any of her Majesty's Ministers. It is clearly a bill which might well form the *pièce de résistance* of an ordinary session. Was it wise to try to hurry it through in a few weeks before Christmas? The House of Lords again is certainly not less well acquainted with rural parishes and their needs than the House of Commons, and the Peers are required by the constitution to give a detailed examination to the clauses that come up to them from the other House.

It must be clear to any one of the slightest Parliamentary experience, that under these conditions such a Bill as the Parish Councils Bill can only be passed by conciliatory methods, by getting rid of those portions to which great objection is taken, above all by treating opponents and the House of Commons as a whole with the utmost frankness. This, indeed, seemed to be the view of Mr. Fowler, the Minister in charge of the Bill, and whilst his moderating guidance prevailed, there really appeared to be some prospect that, if the objectionable poor-law provisions were reserved as a subject for future consideration, the measure might become law; and the great exertions of the House of Commons might not have been made in vain. These hopes have been dashed to the ground. Advice other than that of Mr. Fowler appears to have been acted upon; the Opposition feels that it is to be put down rather than reasoned with; it even believes itself to have been tricked; and the New Year is begun!

Again the doubt arises. Are Ministers electioneering?

Do they want to pass a Parish Councils Bill into law? Or do they want to charge their opponents with being the cause of its loss? If the House of Lords would only throw it out, or make such amendments as the House of Commons could plausibly reject, would not that suit, better than anything else, the peculiar exigencies of the Gladstonian Party?

The Employers' Liability Bill is simple enough. It proposes to abolish the exception to the general law of liability by a master for the negligence of his servant. The courts of law hold that where a man is injured by the negligence of a fellow-servant, the former cannot claim from his employer compensation for the injury. Previous legislation has already greatly narrowed the application of this exception, and the Bill proposes to sweep it away altogether. About this, in the present state of opinion, there was no difficulty, and in both Houses of Parliament the main object of the Bill was approved. This, however, does not suffice for our electioneering Ministry. On several of the great railways, and in other industries of the country, employers and employed have by voluntary mutual arrangements themselves provided for compensation to men who are accidentally injured whilst at work, whether there has been negligence or not on the part of others. Large insurance funds have been raised by the subscriptions of both masters and men. Why, in the name of common sense, if the men prefer this insurance system, under which their right to compensation is a certainty, to the hazard of an action at law based on evidence of negligence, should they not be allowed to adopt it? It is believed that the leaders of the trades unions object to these insurance funds, because the men by subscribing to them give to their employers a hold over their employés, which makes them less dependent upon their trades union, when strained relations spring up between employers and employed. The trades unions have much political power. Their organisations are strong. The London County Council has discovered this, and has bowed before the masters of many votes. The House of Commons under party pressure does the same. The House of Lords introduces a provision for the protection of these insurance arrangements where they have the approval of the large majority of the workmen. They do this at the instance of the workmen most concerned. Hence the House of Lords and the House of Commons are at issue. Shall we again be told of the 500 gentlemen, and



of the gilded chamber, or will the Prime Minister guide the House of Commons to accept at the hands of the House of Lords a provision which only the pressure exercised by himself and his colleagues induced it to reject?

The longer the House of Commons sits, and the harder it works, the less it seems to do! More serious even than all this lamentable waste of time is the increasing popular disrespect in which its conduct is involving it. How can it be otherwise? Yet primarily the fault is not in the House itself. It is in the absence of a wise and high-minded guidance of Parliament for great public ends that the discredit and the danger of the situation really lie. Before examining the prospect which Mr. Gladstone now holds out to an irritated, overdriven, and apparently helpless popular chamber, let us glance at the very recent past.

It must be admitted that the Home Rule Party acquired office at a time, and in a manner, which made it difficult for them to achieve, as compared with their predecessors, any very conspicuous success. The six years' rule of the Ministry of Lord Salisbury, rendered possible only by the cordial alliance and patriotic co-operation of Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, had been singularly productive of benefit to the nation. In Ireland, law had been justly and firmly maintained, tenant farmers had been converted, and were being converted, by thousands into proprietors of the land they tilled, and a wise generosity on the part of Parliament had enabled the Irish Government to contend with some success against the chronic distress which always in greater or less degree affects the over-populated districts of the south and west. With the return of public confidence had come its usual accompaniments, increased prosperity and growing contentment. Yet the Irish Nationalist members of Parliament remained as hostile as ever to the Unionist policy; indeed, their hostility even increased, as they perceived in the success of the policy of their opponents the overthrow of that argument of despair upon which so many timid politicians in England had based their acceptance of Home Rule. The better Ireland is governed under a United Parliament, so much the worse in the eyes of every Irish Nationalist for the cause of Ireland a nation. Here, however, was a Government and Parliament which had shown both the will and the power to govern Ireland, which, not content with maintaining amongst Irishmen full protection of person, of property, of individual liberty, as they are enjoyed in England, extended to the farming peasantry of

that island, at the expense or on the credit of the taxpayers of the United Kingdom, material advantages such as no one ever dreamt of bestowing upon the farmers of England. The Unionist Parliament had proved that it possessed the power to govern Ireland firmly and justly, which some men had been foolish enough to doubt, and that it was at the same time ready to act with at least as much sympathy and consideration for the trials and distresses of the Irish people as for those of the people of England and Scotland.

Abroad, and in its general policy, the late Government was equally successful. Wars great and small had been avoided, and the country had been kept free from those strained relations with other powers which have so often proved the cause of vast expenditure and the seeds of future mischief. Year after year, Mr. Goschen's budgets lightened the burdens which annually fall upon the shoulders of the taxpayer, and especially lightened them upon the shoulders of those who were least able to bear them. By his successful conversion of the National Debt, the annual charge for interest was greatly reduced, whilst Mr. Goschen was able to boast that he had paid off a larger part of the debt itself than had been paid off in any equal period of our history. Yet, during his reign at the Exchequer, the State established Free Education, the army was fully maintained, and for the navy a great scheme of construction was carried through, but for which the reasonable uneasiness now felt as to the strength of our navy, when compared with that of France, would have risen to a veritable panic. The principle of popular representation in the local government of counties was adopted both in England and Scotland, and a local government bill almost identical in its principles with the Scottish Act was offered to Ireland. The present generation has not known a Government more successful in administration, or a Parliament more fruitful in useful legislation, than the Government and Parliament which began their career in the summer of 1886.

With the accession of Mr. Gladstone to office this era of rational progress came to an end. With him it was true enough that 'Home Rule blocked the way.' Yet Home Rule, the moment it ceased to be a mere party cry, and took upon itself the character of a definite policy clothed in the language of the parliamentary draughtsmen, not only roused in a high degree the antipathy of the British people, and drove the prosperous and protestant and loyalist population of Ireland to prepare for vigorous resistance, but seemed

even to lose much of its old charm with Irish Nationalists themselves. Mr. Gladstone and the Anti-Parnellite members of Parliament alone showed any zeal to amend, in the Gladstonian sense, the 'Provision for the Government of Ireland.' No great meetings were held in England in support of the Bill; no audible lamentations, no language of patriotic indignation, reached us from Ireland when it was rejected. Even Irish political agitation seemed to be paralysed by the shock. Yet the keen emotions of the Irish people, whether of anger or of grief, are not usually experienced in silence. In short, the Bill was dead as soon as it was printed. The Home Rule 'cry' had done its work, a majority had been got together for Mr. Gladstone, and after years of agitation in the country, after months of weary debating in the House of Commons, what was the result? A measure which, in the language of Mr. Courtney on the third reading, 'no self-respecting legislature could pass.' It did pass the House of Commons, however, which, if it retained its own self-respect, assuredly in passing it lost the respect of the country!

No government and no majority can afford to suffer defeat in its main policy. Mr. Gladstone came into office with the professed intention of carrying Home Rule. He fails. It is clear that not only is his scheme lost for a session, but that it is annihilated for the duration of the present Parliament. The pride of a Minister and of his colleagues has generally led them to prefer resignation to the retention of office after they had become powerless to carry into effect their principal policy. They had, as an alternative to resignation, the power to dissolve Parliament. But Mr. Gladstone, with a truly magnificent courage, informed his constituents in Midlothian that to advise a dissolution would be to commit high treason against our recognised principles of popular government! \*

The Ministry has been defeated, but it still believes that it can do what it likes with the House of Commons. Has not that assembly already proved, by the surrender of its right—nay, of its duty—of debate, by its readiness to pass fundamental changes in the Constitution, without one word of discussion, that it will obey the orders of its master, whatever they may be? He has at his command a party majority, of what elements it is composed it may be worth while to consider. This, apparently, is sufficient for the Prime Minister, and he announced with the utmost confidence that

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\* Mr. Gladstone in Edinburgh, September 27, 1893.

in an autumn session of a few weeks before Christmas the Parish Councils Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill will be passed into law. As every one conversant with House of Commons procedure foresaw, this project has failed. Mr. Gladstone refuses either to lighten the Local Government Bill or to conciliate the Opposition, orders the House to sit every day of the week, sometimes even on Saturdays, up to Christmas, when he allows them three days' holiday, after which he again requires their attendance till their allotted task is complete. The majority once more does his bidding. Is the spectacle, we ask our readers, of legislation under duress an edifying one? Let us consider the methods adopted, and to what result procedure of this violent kind is tending.

The Parish Councils Bill is applicable to England only. A considerable majority of English members are strenuously opposed to the provisions of the Bill which affect the administration of the poor law, and they hold also views opposed to the latest phase of Ministerial opinion on the subject of parish charities. Three hundred members of the House of Commons are absent from Westminster, having for the most part paired, and having thereby disentitled themselves from taking part in the further consideration of the Bill. The Irish Nationalist cohort, in sufficient numbers, remains. They, of course, care nothing for the Bill, which does not affect them; but their votes are in the pocket of the statesman who has promised them Home Rule. Without their assistance he cannot maintain office for a day! Without their help an English Bill would be modified to suit English ideas! The Minister must play to the gallery. He must court the more bitter section of nonconformist Radicals; he must dangle before the eyes of the rural peasantry the prospect of operating upon the poor-rate. Through what is becoming little more than the rump of a Parliament he will force his Bill! It is not easy to characterise in becoming language either the indecent violence of the Minister or the abject submission of his followers.

And what is the object of all this violence? Why are the traditions of the House of Commons as to times and seasons to be flung aside? Are we in the midst of some great national emergency which justifies the overriding of our recognised Parliamentary customs? Is it an imperative national object that the Parish Councils Bill should pass in a limited number of weeks, and precisely in the condition desired by her Majesty's Ministers? It is impossible to palm off on the public so transparent a pretence. No! As

with the Home Rule Bill, so with the Parish Councils Bill, our Ministers are not inviting the House of Commons seriously to legislate for the good of the country. They are asking their majority to play a part which may stand them in good stead, when they can postpone no longer the dreaded day of dissolution. Electioneering, to the exclusion of statesmanship, is the business which occupies the present advisers of the Queen.

It is supposed to be essential to the interests of the Gladstonian Party that heated conflict should arise between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Mr. John Morley, on November 8, declared that 'the combination between British Radicals and Irish Nationalists is one that will endure. We have each a common object, and one common enemy, the House of Lords, which has been the centre and the mainspring of Irish misgovernment.'\* Historically, the statement that the House of Lords has been the mainspring of Irish misgovernment is untrue; but Mr. Morley is guilty of a more serious fault than the now common one of basing historical conclusions upon their suitability to the exigencies of present party conflict. What men grieve to see in those who rule them is the utter want of responsibility to the nation as a whole, which is displayed in the language we have quoted. Mr. Morley is a Cabinet Minister, one of the immediate advisers of the Crown; yet he speaks of 'enmity to the House of Lords,' one of the branches of our Legislature, as if that were by itself a glorious sentiment, which almost sanctifies the political alliance between British Radicalism and the men declared by Mr. Gladstone to be marching through stages of plunder and rapine to the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire. Is it a light thing to bring the Constitution to at least a temporary dead-lock? To set the Houses of Parliament in violent antagonism to each other? To produce a strained condition of public affairs out of which, without revolution, it is difficult to foresee the issue? Mr. Morley's position in the State is a high one. He owes it to his countrymen and to himself to use the language of an English statesman, rather than that of a Sunday spouter in Hyde Park.

There is at the present time no question before the country as to reforming the House of Lords. It may well be that changes may be required in the constitution of the Upper Chamber, which will increase its usefulness by

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\* Speech at Manchester.

bringing it into closer sympathy with the people. When the time comes--when these proposals are seriously put forward--they will be considered on their merits. At present, the House of Lords is there. Its recent action, though it offends Mr. Morley, has the approval of a great majority of the British people. Mr. Gladstone last September was, it is quite evident, of the opinion that the House of Lords was supported by a majority of the people of the United Kingdom. Hence, of course, his remarkable extension of the doctrine of 'constructive treason'! In the meantime, our Ministry has to deal with the Constitution as it exists, though we are well aware that they wish to substitute for it something very unlike it; indeed, very unlike anything which has ever existed here or elsewhere. Cannot our Cabinet forget for a few short hours that they are electioneering, and *reflect*? We gather from recent utterances that at least two of our Home Rule Secretaries of State have developed into federalists! Do they, who find it not too easy to govern a nation with two legislative chambers, think they will manage better when the United Kingdom is endowed with eight or ten? It is not a high recommendation to a man to drive a four-in-hand, that he has already upset the coach in trying to drive a pair!

Let us return to the House of Commons. The great aim of its leader is so to lead it as to get it into conflict with the House of Lords. To our mind, an unworthy, a miserable end for statesmen to pursue! What has happened, however, so far, at all events, is not that any material injury has been done to the House of Lords; but that the House of Commons is itself being lowered in the estimation of men. If the desire to accomplish legislation is genuine, there must be on the part of Parliamentary leaders and managers some reasonable adjustment of means to ends. Having promised to satisfy everybody, they have as yet done nothing for anybody. The feverish impetuosity of their action with regard to parish councils and employers' liability seems to be plunging them deeper and deeper into the mire. We are already in January. If these Bills are to pass at all, the month will be nearly finished before Parliament is prorogued. Indeed, we believe it has been suggested that it is not obligatory to prorogue at all, and that the session might be prolonged by adjournments during the whole duration of the Parliament, which would land us at once in a Long Parliament, and ignore the authority of the Crown. Events will not move any faster if the Bills are lost by

disagreement between the Houses. Members must have a reasonable recess, and Easter Sunday is on March 25th. Ministers, to meet present embarrassment, have mortgaged their future. But the future has claims of its own. On the Address to the Queen's Speech the House of Commons will be enabled to discuss, and ought to discuss, matters of greater national importance even than parish councils. The Estimates have to be considered, and the naval policy of the Ministry, whilst over both will be cast the gloom of the coming Budget. It is hardly too much to say that by its astounding mismanagement and misunderstanding of the House of Commons, the Ministry have already sacrificed, for the session before Easter, the legislative efficiency of Parliament. This is not all. The treatment to which the House of Commons has been subjected has, we believe, destroyed its self-respect, and with it its power to do effective work. A Parliament which has wasted its first two years of existence is not likely in its later days to acquire vigour. Mr. Gladstone and his composite majority have tried their hands, and miserable indeed has their failure been.

The great object of Mr. Gladstone and his followers proclaimed to all the world was to carry into law his Home Rule policy. In order to obtain a majority for this purpose, promises were lavished upon every section of the electors. Where is the Home Rule Bill? What has happened to the promises? People have hardly yet realised the completeness of the defeat of the Bill. When the Home Rule leader, by refusing to dissolve, left the victory with the House of Lords, the game of Home Rule was up for ever, so far as he is concerned. Even under the most favourable conditions, the same Bill, if reintroduced, can hardly be in active operation in Ireland till next century. We believe Gladstonian hopes point to a dissolution in the spring of 1895; the re-introduction of the former Bill in 1896, its passage through both Houses, and its receiving the Royal assent before the end of that year. The Bill, however, will not become operative till 'the appointed day,' a year or so after it has received the sanction of the Crown. For six years after it has passed, the Irish Judiciary and Constabulary would remain under Imperial, not Irish, appointment and control; and for three years Irish land, a peculiarly Irish 'affair,' will also be withheld from the management of the Irish Parliament. It is clear, therefore, that the sovereignty 'in Ireland of an Irish Parliament, dealing with Irish affairs, is, even on the supposition that the hopes of the Gladstonian Party are

realised, a still distant prospect. It would be for the statesmen of the twentieth, rather than for those of the nineteenth, century to decide upon what new principles the United Kingdom shall then be governed.

Mr. Gladstone's majority was obtained for the purpose of carrying Home Rule, but not by means of any popular enthusiasm in its favour. What has the House of Commons done to satisfy the expectations of those to whom promises were made? Let us hunt up a few of these promises. In October 1891, at Newcastle, whence issued the famous programme of the party, Mr. Gladstone promised, if words have any meaning, the following benefits or rewards to the people if they would only return him to power: Short Parliaments, Readjusted Taxation, Evacuation of Egypt, Permissive Bill, Payment of Members, One Man One Vote, Establishment of District and Parish Councils, Abolition of Entail and Facilitating of Land Transfer, Disestablishment of Scotch and Welsh ('or perhaps he should say of Welsh and Scotch') Churches. Home Rule for Ireland, without stating what he meant by it, to take precedence, of course, of everything else. Mr. John Morley in Dublin, with Lord Ripon in the chair, had promised (if words have any meaning) that the Irish political prisoners should be amnestied. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, in Ireland, had promised that the evicted tenants should be immediately reinstated, whilst leading Nationalist members of Parliament promised that future evictions should cease. In London men were encouraged to believe that it was one of their most valued rights as free citizens to meet when they chose in Trafalgar Square. The people were exhorted never to forget the wickedness of a Ministry during whose rule rioters had been shot at Mitchelstown. The efforts of Englishmen to civilise and possess Uganda were discountenanced, and a vote of a few thousands for the survey of a railway from the coast was resisted.

Is comment needed? 'Short Parliaments' sounds like a joke! Who but Mr. Gladstone prolongs the life of the present one? The Permissive Bill, made inapplicable to Ireland, in order that Mr. Gladstone may retain the support of Irish members who would not tolerate it in their own country, has no chance of passing the House of Commons. It exists only to be talked about, not to be seriously pressed. Under Mr. Morley's rule evictions proceed in Ireland. With Mr. Shaw-Lefevre in the Cabinet the evicted tenants are not reinstated. Under a Ministry of Mr. Gladstone English rioters are shot down at Featherstone. Lord Rosebery increases



the army of occupation in Egypt. Perhaps he is about to take over the direct government of Uganda. Mr. Asquith keeps in gaol the Irish political prisoners, and orders his myrmidons in Trafalgar Square to break the heads of the Anarchists who come to 'demonstrate' there. Have men ever before gone so far in leaving undone what they said they would do, and in doing what they said they would not do?

In Sir Richard Temple's '*Life in Parliament*' a most industrious member of the Conservative Party describes the various incidents of a six years' attendance at the House of Commons. His narrative ends before the present House had entered upon its duties. Severe as was the work, often the mere drudgery, which his life entailed upon him, he could console himself with the reflection that it was not thrown away. If he sat long hours and walked wearily again and again through the lobbies, at least good work was accomplished, and valuable results were won for the nation. The Parliamentary machine in those days occasionally laboured very heavily, but there was as yet no deadlock. The exertions, doubtless, on the part of ministers and members were great, but then very great results, as we have already noticed, were achieved by the Parliament of 1886-1892. For our part we should be inclined to doubt whether at any period of our history the House of Commons deserved, either in the social sense or with reference to those creature comforts which clubmen are supposed to value, to be called 'the best club in London.' We are assured that the true 'club bond' subsists in perfection 'amongst the 'members of the Conservative Party,' but that it is wanting to the House at large. It is, however, the very variety in the opinions, experience, class, and profession of members, that the real personal interest of the House of Commons, no less than its usefulness, lies, and which to many men will always make the tea-room, and the smoking-room, and the terrace of the House of Commons compare to advantage even with the luxurious halls and intimate fellowship of the Carlton.

Let any one turn over the pages of Dod's '*Parliamentary Companion*,' and he will satisfy himself that, to whatever criticism the House of Commons may be open, that Chamber has at all events succeeded in gathering within its walls a thoroughly representative body of Englishmen. There is hardly a walk in life in which some one or more members have not risen to eminence. Bankers, merchants, shipowners, brewers, directors of our great railways, men known in lite-

rature and science, lawyers and doctors, country gentlemen, colonial governors, soldiers and sailors, working men, are brought together, often the most eminent members of their class. It is not in its *personnel* we are convinced that the fault of the House of Commons lies, but in its management. It is one of the great evils likely to result from the present treatment of the House of Commons that the *personnel* of future Parliaments must suffer. Busy men, barristers with briefs, bankers and merchants with work to do, country gentlemen with their rural duties to perform, will not in future be able to attend the House of Commons. They can, of course, become members of Parliament and 'pair,' which may perhaps suit the interests of the Minister better than their attendance. More probably they will give place to professional members of Parliament, who will practise the profession of politics because they can succeed in no other—a class which the Gladstonian project of providing salaries for members will greatly foster.

Sir Richard Temple tells us that in six years he took part in 2,072 divisions out of the 2,118 which actually occurred. At a moderate computation he must have spent no less than ten weeks of six days a week, and eight hours a day, in the mere process of dividing! Perhaps in those hansom-cab drives in the small hours of the winter mornings from the Houses of Parliament to the top of Hampstead Heath, when he shared the companionship of Mr. Ambrose, Q.C., and when the two used to exchange confidences on the events of the preceding twelve hours, the one or the other may have sometimes expressed a doubt whether such mechanical labour was altogether worthy of a distinguished Anglo-Indian ex-Governor, and of Her Majesty's Counsel learned in the law. Our author always speaks of himself with becoming modesty as a mere sample of the great Conservative Party. His hardships and his adventures were, he tells us, the lot also of his friends. Yet there is something impressive about that nightly drive to Hampstead, something which enables the reader to gauge in the concrete, so to speak, the lamentable waste of learning and of power due to our parliamentary methods.

The breakdown of the existing House of Commons in its efficiency is complete. And no wonder! For Mr. Gladstone has been attempting to do with it what has never yet been done in this country. He has tried, by the mere driving power of the party machine, to force through Parliament revolutionary changes unsupported by

public opinion. A whip or an election agent counts votes : a statesman should also weigh them. Amidst Mr. Gladstone's followers in the House of Commons there is no individuality of conduct left. It is true that in some cases where constituents take a strong view, as happened with the Employers' Liability Bill, members have found themselves, to use a common expression, 'between the devil and the deep sea,' and have voted in some instances against Mr. Gladstone. In former days there were always in the Liberal Party, and in the House of Commons, men out of office of high standing who had to be listened to, for they could and would make themselves heard and felt. Their independent action was due to their own character and their own self-respect. It was not dictated to them by their fears. Indeed, in rendering what they believed to be a service to the country, they were often willing to jeopardise their seats. Have members of this kind entirely disappeared from the ranks of the 'Liberal' party? To all appearance the sense of personal responsibility for their parliamentary action weighs as little nowadays with independent supporters of the Ministry as with Junior Lords of the Treasury! This may seem at first sight to add to the strength of the Minister; but, in truth, and in the long run, it is not so, for a parliamentary majority becomes discredited with the public when it is known to consist only of officials and of 'items.'

Some months ago Mr. Goschen pointed out, in a remarkable speech at Hartlepool,\* the danger to which the country was exposed, from the fact that its destinies were in the hands of 'a preoccupied Prime Minister.' Mr. Gladstone does not care for, he hardly pretends to care for, such measures as Disestablishment, or the shortening the duration of Parliament, or the payment of members, for the sake of the measures themselves. With him they are but stepping-stones by means of which he may attain the sole object of his desires. No institution is too venerable or too important to be treated by the Prime Minister as more than a mere counter in the game of Home Rule. In administration, in the general management of our national affairs, the absence, or rather the entire preoccupation, of what should be the superintending mind is disastrously apparent. Mr. Gladstone lives, politically, but for one purpose—the carrying of Home Rule. And whilst the people are, for the most part indifferent, if not actually hostile, to the policy of the

\* October 11, 1893.

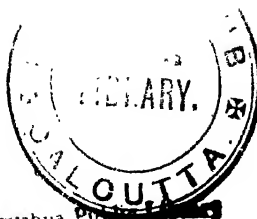
Prime Minister, he is personally indifferent to those matters which, far more than Home Rule, occupy the minds of men.

It must now be as clear to the Prime Minister as it has long been to everyone else, that the existing Parliament will neither pass a Home Rule Bill nor give legislative effect to the principal 'planks' of the Newcastle Programme. For what, then, is its existence prolonged? To what ends are the energies of the House of Commons to be directed? There is only one answer, and it is one which those who respect the House of Commons hardly like to contemplate. The life of the House of Commons is prolonged for electioneering purposes alone, and in the hope that, if the advisers of the Queen can succeed in 'setting by the ears' the two branches of the British Legislature, some gain may accrue to the Democratic party when the General Election arrives.

'Enmity to the House of Lords,' to use the language of Mr. John Morley, is not a policy - it is merely an election cry. Are the mystifications and the folly of Home Rule tactics to be repeated, and a vague phrase once more to be employed to conceal the absence from the minds of our statesmen of any definite plan of Reform? Are the Ministry really going to propose to abolish the House of Lords as a legislative chamber? Assuredly they have not said so. Indeed, it would appear from their crude attempt at constitution-building in Ireland that they are inclined to believe, in a general way, in the usefulness of a second chamber. Do they, then, intend to reconstruct our second chamber, and to limit its powers? If so, they have as yet given the country no inkling of their scheme, nor of the means by which they intend to carry it into effect. It is difficult to discover in the speeches of Ministers that the thoughts of any one of them are projected beyond the next polling-day. Hence their preference for a 'cry' rather than a policy. Should 'Enmity to the House of Lords' prove a good cry, and the Gladstonian party once more find themselves in a majority in the House of Commons, the country will doubtless be told that its approval has been given in advance, and that the next gimcrack constitution which may spring from the brains of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues has behind it the 'mandate' of the nation.

We believe that these tactics are vain. The most important question at the present time before the country is the character of the House of Commons and its efficiency to do the work for which it exists. Englishmen are much more

interested in restoring to the House of Commons its old character and dignity as the great assembly of the nation, than in patching and tinkering the constitution of the House of Lords. It is, in truth, the House of Commons, and not the House of Lords, which is upon its trial. The country, as well as the House of Commons, is sorely in need of guidance ; for men feel that the arts and methods of electioneers and wirepullers have too long taken the place of responsible and patriotic statesmanship. We trust it will be long before a House of Commons again suffers the humiliating experiences of 1893. This House of Commons has been worse than mismanaged. It has been led to play a part quite unworthy of its great position in the State ; and we fear there is but little prospect that it will regain the character it has lost. The nation will, indeed, be disappointed if in a new Parliament the House of Commons does not show itself once more worthy of its ancient fame.



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Vols. 109 (pt. 1+2)

Accn No. 7608 THE 257.75.

# EDINBURGH REVIEW,

APRIL, 1894.

No. CCCLXVIII.

- ART. I.—1. *Discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stefanie.* By Lieutenant L. VON HÜHNEL. English translation by N. D'ANVERS. 2 vols. London: 1894.
2. *The Rise of our East African Empire.* By Capt. F. D. LUGARD, D.S.O. 2 vols. London: 1893.
3. *The Sacred City of the Ethiopians.* By J. T. BENT, F.S.A. 1 vol. London: 1893.
4. *Travels and Adventures in South-East Africa.* By F. C. SELOUS. 1 vol. London: 1893.

THE contrast between a map of Africa published twenty years ago and one published last year is astonishing. Not only have unknown regions been explored, and huge gaps filled up in geography, but, instead of vague district and tribal names, the latest maps are coloured, over almost the whole extent of the vast continent, so as to show definite boundaries between regions claimed by various European States. The geographical mysteries have been almost all solved, and the scramble for possession is nearly at an end. The objects which are supposed to have been held in view among statesmen include the establishment of peace, the developement of trade, the spread of European colonisation, and the propagation of the Christian faith. It is proposed here to inquire, while sketching the recent results of exploration, how far the actions of governments and of trading companies have as yet tended towards the attainment of these objects.

It must be confessed that the impression left after reading books on African travel—whether by Burton, Stanley, or  
VOL. CLXXIX. NO. CCCLXVIII.

later writers—is that the dark places of the earth are full of bloodshed. The greed of traders, European or native, the ambition of soldiers, and the speculations of financiers have produced, perhaps, as much misery in Africa as has been caused by the slave raids of Arab ivory hunters or by the cannibalism of the Congo. On the north shores of the great continent the Spaniards are fighting Berbers. On the west the French are fighting their way from Dahomey to Timbuctoo. Further south the Germans are fighting Kaffirs. On the east coast Portuguese and Germans are fighting half-bred Arab slavers and fierce native tribes. On the Red Sea coast the Italians are fighting Abyssinians and Soudanese Moslems. In the Congo Free State (as it is humorously called) a strong tyranny of Arab origin has arisen, spreading massacre and slavery on every side. And above all Great Britain has been engaged in a series of African wars, in Egypt, the Soudan, in Abyssinia, and Ashantee, and frequent conflicts in Southern Africa with Kaffirs, Boers, and Zulus, down to the Matabele expedition. We look in vain for the new region in which trade has taken root, in which peace and good government are maintained, and to which a steady tide of European colonisation has begun to flow. We are forced to ask what good purpose is served by the suffering, the expense, and the strenuous efforts of Europeans. Are they due to the national vanity which leads nations to vie with one another in these contests; or are there high reasons of statesmanship and solid interests to be considered, pointing to future advantages to be won for Europe and Africa alike?

Among recent works on the subject, that in which Lieutenant Ludwig von Höhnelt records the journeys of his chief, Count Samuel Teleki, in East Africa, will always hold a foremost place, both on account of the importance of the geographical discoveries, the description of regions and peoples never before visited, even by native caravans, the courage and endurance shown by the explorers, their many narrow escapes from wild beasts, wild men, and starvation, and not less because of the scientific results and numerous observations. The book is well written and well illustrated; and the language of the English translation offers a marked contrast to the vulgar style of other works mentioned at the head of this paper. The account given of the real character of the country now claimed by Germany and by the East Africa Company, coming from an independent witness, is of great value; and the maps explain both the geological forma-

tion of a large region, its water supply and soil, and also the distribution of the native population, and the proportion of pastoral or agricultural country to that of waterless desert, or of wilderness where the great beasts of chase have found refuge from man. The account is recent, and far clearer and more detailed than any that has been given by those who are interested in the proposed colonisation of these regions. The general result appears to be that wherever there is water, and a soil capable of producing grain and bananas, the land is held by warlike tribes of savages, who have of late been driven to hostile action by European interference with the ancient trading customs of their countries. Even in the drier pastoral regions hordes of wandering Masai—warriors and shepherds—are found beside the natural waters, but have of late been ruined by the cattle-plague, the destruction of game, and the incursion of various European expeditions. With exception of the country round Lake Victoria, these inhabited regions are, however, of small extent, as compared with the vast plains and terrible deserts, the volcanic ranges and wind-swept sand tracts, in some of which not even the wild beasts can find a home.

It is impossible to enter in detail into the mass of information touching the country and the natives gathered during the travels of Count Teleki with his comrade who tells the story. Roughly speaking, they traversed 2,400 miles in a year and nine months (from January 1887 to October 1888), proceeding north from the mouth of the Ruru river at Pangani, by Mounts Kilimanjaro and Kenia, to Lake Baringo; and then entering the unknown country stretching 400 miles from the Equator, they discovered in Lake Rudolf a sheet of water larger than the Albert Nyanza, with the smaller Lake Stefanie to the east. The total journey to the north end of the great lake was 900 miles long, not counting various branch expeditions amounting to another 500. The return journey was yet longer, since famine obliged the travellers to make a *détour* westwards to the Turkana country. From the north end of Lake Rudolf to Mombasa nearly 1,000 miles of country had to be traversed. The Count penetrated at least 300 miles further than any former traveller, for his predecessors have been usually intent on reaching Lake Victoria and Uganda; and the terrible deserts north of Lake Baringo are hardly known even to native ivory traders, none of whom had journeyed along Lake Rudolf itself at this time.



The principal points which may be noticed concern the character of the country—partly in the German sphere, partly in that claimed by the East Africa Company; the character of its inhabitants; the distribution of the game, especially of the elephant; and the relations of the travellers with the various tribes. Though little credit is taken by the author, it is clear that unusual courage and determination were needed throughout, and that every effort was made to treat the natives with justice and liberality. The only serious encounter occurred among the drunken tribes of the Kikuyu country, where the caravan got out of hand for a day. On the return journey the expedition was almost starved, and helped itself to a flock of sheep and goats taken from the dreaded Suk raiders north of Lake Baringo. With these exceptions, the travellers succeeded in passing through wild and warlike tribes, whom they converted into friends by paying such *hongo* or presents as were customary, by restraining their own followers, and by liberally rewarding all who served them well, showing throughout a tact and good temper, combined with firm determination, which recalls the conduct of Livingstone and Thomson, and which contrasts with the action of some more recent English travellers in Africa. Count Teleki was also a mighty hunter, and his game-bag included thirty-two elephants and ninety-nine rhinoceroses, with a multitude of other fierce beasts—buffaloes and lions—as well as zebras, giraffes, antelopes, and birds of every kind. The collections brought home included 247 species of beetles, of which sixty were new to science, as well as fifteen new species out of thirty-nine of butterflies and moths. The botanic results were equally important, and these lists occupy fifty pages. To such scientific results must be added a detailed map of the route, with all the necessary boiling-point observations for altitude, and thousands of angles with the compass. The caravan was accompanied by a respectable Moslem ivory trader, and a large quantity of ivory was brought down. The greater part of the animals slain were intended to feed the expedition or to secure specimens, and the tusks of the elephants were in each case carried off. The slaughter of the rhinoceroses was useless for any purposes of trade, but the flesh is eaten by all Africans; and it is only to be regretted that many of the great monsters attacked went away full of wounds, and served no useful purpose. The game appears to have been more plentiful in 1887 than it now is, and elephants were found as far south as Mount Kilimanjaro;

but native hunters had already begun to collect ivory far north, and no very large herds appear to have been encountered, though in the deserts east of Lake Rudolf as many as twelve bull elephants were seen together, some attaining very great size.

We may now trace the route somewhat more in detail, in order to show clearly its arduous character, and the generally desolate nature of the country explored. The first section of the journey was from the coast at Pangani—south of Mombasa—to Mount Kilimanjaro, about 190 miles along the basin of the Ruvu or Pangani river. In this distance the country rises 2,500 feet to Taveta, which stands among the woods south of the great mountain, and which is a starting point for caravans from the coast. The region traversed is described as resembling African scenery in many other parts of the continent. After passing the mangrove swamps, a wide expanse of yellow grass land was crossed, followed by undulating plains, parched and barren, with single trees. On the river banks there were occasional thickets and groves of palm, but the mountains and steppes were arid and sun-burnt, the home of ostriches, giraffes, zebras, and buffaloes, within sixty miles of the coast. A bushy plain, waterless and uninhabited, came next, and the conditions were unchanged for 100 miles, till the first outposts of the Masai nomads were reached.

Six weeks were employed in exploring Kilimanjaro and Mount Meru to its west. On the south is the reedy Lake Jipe, and to the east 'the monotonous bush-clad steppes, 'stretching away to the coast, a waterless and therefore uninhabited wilderness.' The staple food of Taveta is found in the banana groves, which 'cover vast tracts of ground,' behind which is the acacia forest. The natives are partially clothed in skins, and the young warriors made terrible with red grease; their language is a Bantu dialect, but they copy the manners of the Masai to the north and west. Mount Meru is an extinct black volcano, nearly 15,000 feet high, with the crater Lake of Balbal on its south slope. A good many elephants still existed in 1888 in this vicinity. Kilimanjaro is a yet larger volcanic mountain, with two peaks. The saddle between them is 14,000 feet above sea level; of the two snow-covered peaks, the western is called Kibo, rising to 20,000 feet, and the eastern attains to 17,500. Count Teleki ascended the former for some distance in the snow, till warned by overpowering desire for sleep to return. Dr. Meyer afterwards reached the summit. The natives at

the base of the mountain make raids on the tribes inhabiting the slopes, and carry off slaves and ivory.

On July 15, 1887, the expedition left Taveta, and passed out of the German sphere into what became later the country of the East Africa Company, skirting Kilimanjaro on the east and north, and entering the grassy plateau of the once dreaded Masai nomads, which is described as a dreary volcanic plain, with but little water, and sands impregnated with salt. The grass was sear and scanty, yet the game was abundant. The murrain, which has now destroyed all the Masai cattle, had already begun its ravages. No difficulty was experienced in dealing with the Masai—a Nilotic people who are mainly nomadic cattle breeders. They are divided into two classes, the young warriors and unmarried women living in frontier settlements, while the married men, who have made a name for courage, have relinquished war, and settled down with their wives to pastoral pursuits.

Crossing the white waterless sand plateau, with scattered bush full of wild beasts, the caravan drank at the water pits dug in the torrent beds, and bought ivory from native hunters. On August 27 they had passed over all the Kapotei plateau, without any interference from the Masai, and turned north-east towards Mount Kenia, entering the cultivated district of Kikuyu, on the south slope of the Aberdare range. They thus crossed at right angles the route by which the South Africa Company communicates with Uganda, after ascending the course of the Sabakhi river, which is navigable for canoes for about one hundred miles from its mouth. The Kikuyu country is one of the few fertile regions along this route, which, for the most part, is waterless, leading from the thorny coast region, the climate of which is deadly to Europeans for 150 miles inland, the plains beside the river being barren and sandy. The Kikuyu plateau is 6,000 feet above the sea, and to the north-east, after crossing the Masai grass lands, the desolate Mau mountains rise, north-east of Lake Victoria, to a height of 8,000 feet above the sea, or 4,000 above the lake. They are clothed with impenetrable forest, and uninhabited by man.

The Kikuyu country had hardly been entered as yet by traders, and the natives bore a terrible reputation. Every attempt was made to pacify them by presents and by ceremonies of blood-brotherhood; but during the month's journey they became more and more aggressive, though the travellers were often protected by the chiefs and fighting men. The

Kikuyu people cultivate grain by irrigation, and have extensive groves of bananas. They own flocks and herds, and appear to be a mixed people, partly of Bantu origin (akin, that is, to Kaffirs and Zulus), and partly of the Nilotic stock, to which the Masai belong. They are, however, accustomed to get drunk with banana wine, and the subsequent contest was mainly due to this intemperance. On some occasions Count Teleki made his way by pushing aside the threatening spears; and the tact shown in promising rain, which the natives demanded, was aided by the fortunate showers of the early wet season. Slave girls from the Masai, and from the Southern Wakamba, were here offered for sale, in exchange for brass wire and beads; but, after much harassing, the Count's followers at last lost temper under a shower of arrows, and attacked the Kikuyu warriors near the north-east limits of their country, killing several, and driving off ninety cows and 1,300 sheep. On October 3 the expedition passed out of this region, and camped again in the wilderness south-west of Mount Kenia, near Ndoro. No less than sixty-two streams flowing from the mountains had been crossed, and to these the Kikuyu country owes the fertility of a narrow slip of territory at their feet. The soil is a grey volcanic sand, and Kikuyuland is the granary of the surrounding regions. The sacred mountain of the natives is Kenia, where they believe that Ngai, their rain-giving god, has his secret abode.

The exploration of Mount Kenia, and the march extending north-west for 100 miles to Lake Baringo, occupied two months, to December 7. Mount Kenia is another extinct volcano, more than 15,000 feet high, with bamboo jungles full of green parrots on its slopes. Count Teleki, who was supposed to have gone to consult with Ngai as to rain for Kikuyu, ascended the mountain, and looked down into its crater, 600 feet deep. Game was here abundant and ivory was reported to the west. A native sorcerer visited the standing camp, and asked for medicines to cause rain, to give victory over enemies—especially the Masai—to prevent the cattle plague which afterwards became so ruinous, and to keep the innumerable flights of birds from the crops. The rain was fortunately abundant, and the Kikuyu attributed their later misfortunes entirely to their hostility to the caravan. This rendered the return journey through the north-west corner of their territory much easier than had been feared.

The journey to Lake Baringo, which is one of the furthest stations of the native ivory traders, led for a hundred miles

over country growing more and more desolate, strewn with lava and ashes, but abounding in game. The course of the Guaso Nyoro river to the east was explored, and it was found to flow towards Lake Baringo. Elephants began to be more numerous, and at the station south of the lake 1,100 lbs. of ivory were bought, including tusks of 90 lbs. and 100 lbs. in weight. The value would be about 1,000*l.*; but this belonged not to the Europeans, but to their native ally, Jembe.

The Baringo station contrasted sadly with that at Taveta, and famine was discovered to prevail in the country round. The neighbourhood was dreary and dusty, and the food of the expedition consisted mainly in the meat of their conquered flocks. The soil is poor, and cultivation is arduous, depending on irrigation. The havoc made by elephants and by numerous birds discourages the natives. The lake itself has an area of 140 square miles, and is 3,600 feet above the sea. Although it has no outlet the water is said to be sweet and drinkable. The months of December and January were passed in hunting elephants and buffaloes for the support of the party, and in a fortnight's time Count Teleki was charged eleven times by the latter beasts. The expedition now numbered 220 men, with nineteen grey donkeys, all the Muscat mules brought from the coast having perished. The cattle were reduced to twenty-one head, and the sheep and goats to sixty; but the travellers determined to push on for yet 350 miles, through one of the most desolate deserts of Africa, and Lieutenant von Höhnelt set out when hardly recovered from severe and recurrent dysentery.

The unknown region to be explored is a Dead Sea desert in Africa; and Lake Rudolf itself, which runs north for 180 miles, with an average width of twenty five, was finally discovered to be brackish water, while hardly any potable water is found in the torrent beds around. Streams occur in this part of Africa where the impervious gneiss is on the surface; but where, as in this region, the volcanic sandy soil above the basalt allows the rain to sink in, the result is an utterly barren and dusty soil, with precipitous mountains of bare rock, rising 8,000 feet or 9,000 feet above the sea. The route followed was across plains and hills, where only ashes, lava, basalt, and pumice-stone were found, though even here game was met, including the curious giraffe antelope, which appears to be a link between the giraffe and other antelopes.

On February 26 a long forced march was necessary, since water had not been found, leading to the mountain called Nyiro, or 'desert,' rising from the salt steppe of Sukuta—a

rugged mass of gneiss with lava and ashes at its foot. A few elephants were encountered, but the scenery grew more and more dreary, until the lake was discovered with an active volcano on its south. Here the leaders met with terrible disappointment in finding the water unfit to drink.

For a whole month, from March 6 to April 4, 1888, the caravan toiled along the eastern shore, averaging only about six miles a day of road, and suffering from ever increasing privation, want of food and water, a constant sandstorm from the east, and increasing tropical heat. The whole region is volcanic, and sixteen craters were seen on islands in the lake. A bubbling spring of bitter water was found flowing into Lake Rudolf at one point, and salt pans by its shore further north. On March 18 a frantic struggle for rain-water, in a gorge with walls of columnar basalt, destroyed all discipline for several hours. Four men died of thirst and exhaustion, and but for the care of the leaders a third of the men would have perished, staggering under their loads across a brook near the north end of the lake. On the islands in the lake a semi-amphibious tribe of Galla savages lived among the crocodiles, and fed themselves with fish. They had never seen guns, and took the Zanzibaris for women because of their white skirts. They asked the travellers if they were cannibals; but when they were reassured on this point, they brought dhurra (obtained from the north) to feed the starving expedition. Very little food was to be obtained by hunting, and all the cattle had now been eaten. A good many elephants (some of gigantic size) came down to browse on the salt weeds; standing unmoved among the breakers near the shore. One of these, mortally wounded, seized the canvas boat, carried from the coast, in its trunk, and reduced it to splinters. One of the tusks brought home from this region weighs 220 lbs. of ivory, and another bought by Jumbe weighed no less than 264 lbs.

At the north end of Lake Rudolf, where two strong rivers run into this sheet of salt water, which like the Dead Sea has no outlet, the travellers found a region cultivated and full of native hamlets. The people belong to quite a different race. Those to the east of the lake are a mixture of Nilotic and Galla tribes, with some infusion of Somali blood. Those to the north are Gallas—the brown race who inhabit the region south of Abyssinia. To the east of this country the deserts stretch towards the Somali coast. The people near the lake had never before seen either Europeans or native traders, and, though friendly and fearless, they unfor-

tunately preferred exactly that kind of bead of which fewest had been brought in the loads. Count Teleki rested his expedition among them for nearly six weeks, during which time, however, a journey of a hundred miles to Lake Stefanie on the east was accomplished, and a return journey to the Reshiat villages at Lake Rudolf. The smaller lake is about seventy miles long and fourteen broad, and at a level of 1,740 feet above the sea or 440 above Lake Rudolf. The water is also salt, and the surrounding region utterly barren.

The return journey proposed along the west shore of Lake Rudolf proved impracticable, the northern rivers being impassable, and the shores flooded by the rising of the lake. The caravan was forced to return by its old route on the east; and though its leader had fever, and several men died on the way, the remainder, now numbering two hundred, got back in sixteen days to the south shore, over a distance which they had taken twenty-eight to traverse in coming up. Being, however, entirely without provisions, and carrying only beads, brass, cloth, and ivory, it was determined to climb up to the western plateau of the Turkana country, where the explorers hoped to be able to buy goats and grain. In this *détour* of a hundred miles the active volcano was visited, rising 600 feet from the plain, and pouring out black smoke and lava. The country near the lake at this point is described as a 'chaotic wilderness of ochre-coloured débris' from the craters.

The Turkana plateau, 3,000 feet above the sea and 1,700 above the lake, is thinly occupied by a Negroid people, speaking a Nilotic dialect, and possessing oxen, sheep, goats, donkeys, and even camels. But the whole region was suffering at this time from famine, and the expected supplies could not be obtained, especially as tobacco, of which the travellers had very little, was the only currency. They pushed on therefore southwards, up the course of the Trrawell river, which flows from Mount Elgon northwards into Lake Rudolf. Here they had water, but there was no game and no native produce. They were reduced to living on sycamore figs and berries. It was decided, therefore, to cross the river to the region of the much-dreaded Suk nomads on the east, where grain might be found. But here also there was famine, and the dhurra crops were still green in the end of July. The Suk are a fierce raiding tribe like the Masai, speaking a Nilotic language. The porters, having stolen the unripe grain, were assailed with showers of arrows, and the position was well nigh desperate. Lieutenant von

Höhnel says that they had lived 'for nine and twenty days 'on berries, weeds, half-ripe figs, acacia resin, birds' nests, 'mushrooms, and unripe dhurra.' It is ill to reason with starving men, and, as trade was impossible, the expedition seized the flocks and escaped safely without combat, travelling back to Lake Baringo, where things were not much better, as a general famine prevailed all over this region. Lieutenant von Höhnel in turn suffered from violent fever, but, after an absence of 166 days, the whole force got back to this furthest station of native traders. Most of the beasts they had captured were ill with murrain, and only parts of the flesh could be eaten. Count Teleki's weight had decreased during this terrible journey from 238 to 141 lbs.

The game region was, however, now again reached, and buffaloes and rhinoceroses afforded food. A caravan was met which had collected 200 slaves in its journey from the coast. The way led by the sweet-water Lake of Naivasha, south-west of Mount Kenia, and thence eastwards through the Kikuyu country, where the natives were now submissive and friendly. The Masai plateau was avoided, and the groves of Taveta, at the foot of Mount Kilimanjaro, safely reached. From this point the return journey led eastwards to Mombasa, by well-known paths across the rugged and treeless (but once well wooded) highlands of Iveti, and the cultivated region of the Wakamba—a Bantu people near the Sabakhi river. The journey to Lake Rudolf had occupied fourteen months, but the return was more hasty, and the coast was reached in six and a half from the country of the Reshiat. The travellers, who had undergone so much fatigue, danger, and privation, suffered severely from fever at Mombasa, yet on their way to Europe in 1889 they stopped at Aden, and made a further journey inland to Harrar, on the borders of Abyssinia, of which expedition a future account is promised. The short sketch of their adventures here given will serve to show, not only the value of their work for science and geography, but also the real character of the country, which has been described as a densely populated and fertile region.

It is important that those interested in East Africa should be informed as to the fitness of this region for colonisation and developement. Lieutenant von Höhnel says:—

'If ever the dreams of European colonists are realised in Central Africa, it will, without doubt, be on those portions of the Leikipia and Kenia plateaux which are between 5,000 and 7,000 feet above the sea-level.'



It must, however, be remembered that these regions are 300 miles inland; that they are only reached after more than a month's journey; that they are inhabited by warlike tribes, and full of wild beasts; that they possess nothing of commercial value which can attract a crowd of speculators; and that a tract of deadly lowland must be crossed in journeying from the coast. The question must be considered more fully in connection with Uganda; but, generally speaking, the only agricultural region possessed by the East Africa Company is in the country of the Kikuyu people, and of the Wakamba along the Sabakhi river. East of this are vast waterless plains; to the north are the impenetrable forests of the Mau mountains; and to the north-east the utter desert of Lake Rudolf.

We may, however, turn for the moment to consider the prospects of colonisation in regions further to the south.

The first commercial company to fail, and to call in the aid of the Government, was that of the Lakes, trading on Nyasa. The waterway by Nyasa and Tanganika, from the mouth of the Zambesi and up the Shiré river, which is navigable by boats, appears on the map to be the natural high road to the eastern highlands and to the Nile. Yet it is little used by travellers or by traders. On the Shiré highlands a successful mission has been established at Blantyre, about a hundred miles from the coast, in a region said to be healthy. The greater part of the route leads, however, through dismal swamps. The shores of the lakes are subject to deadly fever, and are inhabited by fierce tribes, some, like the Angoni, of Zulu stock notorious for their cruelty, others descended from the Makololo brought down by Dr. Livingstone. The upper part of Nyasa, the bush cutting known as the Stephenson Road, which leads to Tanganika, and the country to the east (now German territory) are strongly held by the mixed Arab-Bantu tyrants, who trade in ivory and in slaves, and who are allied with Tippoo Tib, the notorious Congo slaver. No less than 47,000 slaves are said to have passed into the Portuguese territory by the south end of Nyasa in a single year.

After the establishment of this company a British trader named Monteith opened a trade with the slavers at Karonga's station, near the north end of Nyasa, on the west shore. In 1887 he quarrelled with Ramathem, a Beluch agent of Tippoo Tib, about paying for a large quantity of ivory which he had bought. The 'Arabs,' stationed seven miles to his

west, attacked the station; the debt was paid, but the creditor was afterwards shot, and the commercial relations of the company and of the slavers ceased. About this time Captain Lugard, who came to hunt elephants after his services had been declined by the Italians at Massowa, reached Blantyre, and found the missionaries alarmed for their own safety. He was not welcomed by our Consul, but the missionaries thought it necessary that the slavers should be defeated. He therefore joined Monteith with a party of seventeen Europeans, most of whom (according to his account) were the waifs and strays of Natal and of the gold-fields—men to whom mercy and religion are unknown. To these were added some 300 savages armed with guns, and a mission doctor. The object of the fighting was, we are told, to establish English ‘prestige.’ This word, which originally meant ‘an illusion,’ now means, according to the dictionary, ‘influence due to former fame or excellence.’ By soldiers it is understood to mean intimidation by massacre. Captain Lugard, speaking of the slave-trading Arab (vol. i. p. 91), says: ‘His prestige is founded on precisely the same basis as that of European settlers.’

The expedition to ‘vindicate British honour’ reached Karonga’s in May 1888, after setting fire to a native village on the west shore of Nyasa. The attack on the Arab stockade failed, and Captain Lugard was shot in the arm. After a period of mutiny, fever, and misery, a cannon was smuggled into the country; but three hours’ firing at the stockade with this 7-lb. screw gun produced no effect, and the expedition broke up in January 1889. Captain Lugard had fired on an Arab dhow from the German side of the lake, but now sent messages of peace to the slavers on that shore. Suffering from fever and wounds, he left Africa, and Mr. Johnston, arriving as consul, found British ‘prestige’ much damaged, and the slavers reinforced from the north. He was obliged to make peace, and to offer Jumbi, their leader, a subsidy of 300*l.* per annum in order that the British flag might be flown by the slavers. This statement is so extraordinary as to be almost incredible; we therefore think it right to quote Captain Lugard’s own words:—

‘Mr. Johnston’s first step on entering Nyassaland was to call at Kota Kota, the village of Jumbi, the most noted slaver on the lake. He concluded a friendship, subsidised him, gave him presents, and besought his good offices in the conclusion of a peace with Mlozi. Jumbi sent his head man with Mr. Johnston for this purpose, and accepted the subsidy of 300*l.* a year to fly the British flag. The

subsidy he draws to the present day, but a correspondent writes that he has not abandoned his slave-trading propensities.\*

A second expedition in 1891-92 led to the murder of Captain Maguire and to the defeat of his force. The slavers cut off communication with Nyasa, and threatened the mission. Disaster was only averted by sending gunboats and bluejackets to the rescue. The Portuguese, under Serpa Pinto, had also attacked the Makololo near Blantyre after Captain Lugard's failure; and the question threatened to disturb our relations with Portugal. The protectorate is at present financed by the South Africa Company, and if the latter failed the annual 10,000*l.* must cease. Meanwhile trading interest in this region seems to have diminished. The elephant has been almost exterminated, and the only product grown in any quantity seems to be coffee. The fine church and mission schools at Blantyre must be protected—which at so short a distance from the coast is not difficult; but this is almost our only interest, and as a field for European colonisation the lake region is unsuitable on account of its deadly climate, while the cost of carriage to Uganda by this route is variously stated at 150*l.* and 300*l.* per ton of goods.

The coasts opposite the island of Zanzibar have been held since 1698 A.D. by the descendants of the Imâm of Oman from Muscat. The southern half, from Cape Delgado, is now German territory, a sum of 200,000*l.* having been paid to commute the revenue gained from customs. The German colony is bounded by Nyasa and Tanganika; it includes the south half of Lake Victoria, and its north-west angle is south of Lake Albert Edward. It was across this region that Speke and Burton travelled from Zanzibar to discover Tanganika, and found the country held by half-caste Arabs. The climate of the swampy plains and marshes is deadly, and the chilly uplands between these are perhaps not much more healthy. The German colonists are said to 'die like flies,' and the large sums of money spent on starting the colony have as yet brought no return. The Germans have been at war with the Arabs, and have hanged such slavers as they caught red-handed. They have also had much trouble with the Masai tribes, who wander on the grass plateau south of the Victoria Nyanza. Dr. Peters decimated the Masai, and all their cattle have perished by pestilence; but firearms and powder are sent from the

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\* Lugard, vol. i. p. 160.

Congo State into the German colony, and now that the regions north of Lake Victoria have fallen by agreement to England, it seems likely that the Germans will in time get tired of an expenditure of life and of money which leads to no results.

North of the German territory is the region given to the East Africa Chartered Company. The boundary line runs from opposite the Island of Pemba to the middle of the east shore of Lake Victoria, skirting Kilimanjaro on the east. The boundary with Italian territory in Somaliland and in Abyssinia has also been settled, and the whole British area includes some 500,000 square miles, or about a third of the area of British India, but with a savage population believed to reckon only about six millions in all, or less than a thirteenth of the density of Indian population, even including all the deserts and uninhabited mountains of our Asiatic Empire. To speak of 'dense populations' in such a region is therefore quite misleading; and whereas in India a large proportion of the inhabitants are civilised, in East Africa they are, as we have seen, savages, having but little agriculture, living as pastoral peoples or as nomadic hunters, for the most part naked or covered with mud, and eating game or bananas. Their only needs are cloth and beads and wire, representing money paid in return for food: and, according to Captain Lugard (vol. i. p. 274), a single porter's load of half a hundredweight is enough to buy food for 200 men for a month. The only valuable product of the country, as he states (vol. ii. p. 417), is ivory, and of this the chief supply is found, not in the territory of the company, but in the Congo State.

The rush to Uganda was mainly due to the appearance of Dr. Peters, who made one of the usual treaties with the king, and to the fear that Germany or France would seize the Nile springs. It appears to be generally agreed that Uganda is the best possession of the East Africa Company. The climate is fairly healthy, though Europeans suffer from ague and from fevers sometimes of malignant type. This is at least the only part of their domains in which the rudiments of native civilisation can be found.

The relations of the company with the tribes south and east of the lake appear to have been unfortunate. Captain Lugard was at first employed in building six stockades along the river Sabakhi, which were never garrisoned. He was then sent to Uganda as an agent of the company. That he is a bold traveller and hunter, and that experience as a

transport officer in Burmah and in Egypt made him a successful caravan leader, is clear, from his long account of his travels. His marches were rapid and well conducted, and he appears to have taken care of his men. The book might easily have been condensed to a single volume, by leaving out accounts of hunting in India and of personal adventures quite unconnected with the subject, as well as various other digressions, on questions concerning which he has no personal experience. It would also be none the worse for the omission of various ill-drawn pictures of massacres and horrors, which may, however, be popular with certain classes. Had Captain Lugard written less he might have avoided some self-contradictions, and the charge that, in detailing the miserable disputes which arose, he is often self-accused by self-excuses.

Into the merits of the triangular quarrels between the company's agents and the Protestant and Roman Catholic missionaries, which plunged Uganda into war, it is not proposed to enter. The narrative of the events that took place will be taken exclusively from Captain Lugard's account, and the reader will draw his own conclusions in the matter.

At the stockaded fort of Machako's, halfway to the Victoria Lake, the tribes were at war, the native caravans had violated women, stolen the crops, and seized the food brought for sale. Captain Nelson became the company's agent at this post in 1890. He fired on the Masai, according to Captain Lugard, and killed many of them when they attacked the Kikuyu tribes. The latter massacred the company's men. The tribes living some fifty miles from the coast are also said to have been 'taught a lesson,' by hanging men on trees. About forty miles north of Machako's Mr. Wilson was left in charge by Captain Lugard. The natives were, as usual, friendly at first, but became estranged, and murdered several porters. Mr. Wilson evacuated the fort, which was burned; and the stores, including a steel boat for Uganda, were looted. The Masai offered aid, and covered by their advance the agent returned and taught the local tribes 'a lesson.' He then compelled a daily payment of fifty goats, and set the natives to rebuild the fort. Mr. Wilson was dismissed by the company, and joined a missionary society. Captain Smith succeeded him, and built Fort Smith. He fired on the Masai; and they retaliated by murdering some forty men belonging to the company. The local tribes were also hostile, and the small garrison of a

hundred men with guns are left, by Captain Lugard's account, in a perilous position.

Turning next to the Uganda question, the history of this region may be briefly noticed. In 1862 Speke and Grant found the present race in possession, under the famous tyrant Mtesa, possessing a rude civilisation, well-made roads, rude bridges, and a fleet of canoes on the lake. The race now dominant had arrived, according to tradition, about the middle of the seventeenth century,\* and many had accepted the Moslem creed of the Arab traders from the south. In 1877 the Protestant missionaries appeared, and Mtesa sent envoys to England, who were received by the Queen next year. In February 1879 the French mission from Algeria arrived, and settled in the western province of Buddu, on the shores of the lake. The king was somewhat confused by the presence of two species of Christians, who denounced each other's teaching. A massacre of the Moslems followed. Mtesa died in 1884, and was succeeded by his weak son, Mwanga, the present king, who was then eighteen. Persecution of the Christians then began, and in its barbarity rivalled the worst cruelties of the Inquisition. In 1885 Bishop Hannington unfortunately entered Uganda from the east, from which quarter, according to native tradition, the conquerors of Uganda were to come, and whence also Captain Lugard approached the country. In October of the same year the Bishop was killed by Mwanga's order, with all who accompanied him. In 1888 the Christians, who had become numerous, rose, fearing further butchery, and Mwanga fled. The Moslems then attacked and defeated them, and became masters of Uganda. In September 1889, the Christians returned from the south, drove out the Moslems, and killed most of the Arabs. By this time the population consisted of some half-million of pagans and Moslems, the other half being almost equally divided into two factions, of whom the larger called themselves, not Catholics, but 'French,' and the smaller, not Protestants, but 'English.' They were court parties, having under their command peasants, often of the other Church, or simply pagan or Moslem in belief. As

\* According to Count Teleki's ethnographical map, the natives of Usoga, east of Uganda, are of Bantu origin, with Nilotic tribes to north and east. Speke regarded the Uganda people themselves as an offshoot of the Abyssinians or Gallas—like the Reshiat and other tribes north of Lake Rudolf.

to the missions, it is enough to quote General Gordon's opinion, that they were 'secular rather than spiritual.'

The factions now began to quarrel over the division of the lands taken from the non-Christian half of the nation. In February 1890 Dr. Peters arrived, with 500 men armed with sniders. He effected a treaty, by which Mwanga promised free trade to all European nations. He departed, and was followed by Mr. Jackson, who also proposed a treaty, by which the East Africa Company were to levy taxes and custom dues; but nothing was settled in the matter.

This was the situation when Captain Lugard, having seized canoes, crossed the Nile, and entered Uganda unannounced. He reached Mengo, the capital, which is in the centre of the Uganda shore-line, above the deep bay of Murchison, on December 18, 1890; and he remained in these regions eighteen months in all. His orders were to prevent a trader named Stokes from importing arms and powder; to offer Mwanga 'guarantees of peace in his kingdom;' to 'impress him with a sense of the power of the company;' and to 'exercise a steady pressure upon him;' with a view to securing 'a control of all white affairs in the country.' He was to 'exercise impartiality,' but to 'consolidate the Protestant party' if others proved intractable. These orders he understood to mean that he was to become dictator of Uganda, settling native affairs with the provincial chiefs, and only supporting the king when he did what he was told. A soldier, in command of some 300 armed men with two Maxim guns, who came without leave asked, and at once began to build a fort at the capital, who moreover came from the east, and refused to pay any taxes, was naturally regarded with suspicion, and all the forces of Uganda were summoned to the king's town. Immediately on arrival—in spite of advice—Captain Lugard forced the king to sign a treaty, which was invalid because, being drawn up by himself, it was unwillingly subscribed. The native chiefs asked for delay until they could hear from the coast whether Uganda was really 'to follow England.' The details of the treaty are not given by Captain Lugard, but they appear to have included the establishment of the *corvée*, and to have obliged Mwanga to supply forced labour for 'public works, roads, &c.' (vol. ii. p. 649). It was inevitable that trouble should follow, especially when Captain Lugard, having taken the trader's powder into his fort, and established a 'statute-book' to record his decrees, forced the king to divide

between the factions the islands of Sesse in the lake, which seem to have previously belonged to the 'French' faction, who so controlled the navigation to the south shores. Captain Lugard convinced himself that in most of the quarrels and outrages between natives—over which he claimed control—the French party were in the wrong. He was inevitably drawn to identify himself with the smallest of the factions, and was told that while the 'French' detested his party, the 'Protestants looked on us as their saviours.'

After three months, during which the king appears to have been afraid to act, Captain Lugard agreed to join the Christians, who all combined against the Moslems, then raiding the north frontier from Unyoro. His force consisted of 650 black soldiers, well armed, with two Maxim guns. He issued arms, bullets, and powder to the native camp-followers, and the total force was about 6,500 men. They quarrelled steadily on the march, but reached the frontier about eighty miles from the capital, where they were opposed by about 3,500 natives, of whom at 'least 300 or 400' were killed in the fight that followed.

It does not appear to have been recognised by anyone concerned at this period that many of the estates over which the Christians were disputing had belonged to the other half of the population—the so-called Moslems. Their claims were only recognised at a time when both the factions held aloof from the company's agents. Having, however, thus given to Mwanga 'guarantees of peace in his kingdom,' the army broke up, and Captain Lugard proceeded by a more westerly route to Buddu, the south-western province, containing the earliest settlement of the Roman Catholic mission. On May 18, 1891, he entered what he calls a 'thickly inhabited country, richer in products and in cultivation than any we had seen in Uganda,' and which was destined soon to be wasted by war. Here the Soudanese and Zanzibaris of his battalion began to steal the native food supply and crops, and were flogged daily—more than seventy blows being, we are informed, considered inhuman.\* The 'French' peasants refused to supply the food, which the 'English' brought daily without payment, as it would appear, 'according to the custom of Uganda.' Strong parties were sent to 'cut the food for ourselves in the recalcitrant villages,' and the 600 foreigners thus appear to have

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\* In Count Teleki's expedition flogging was very rarely necessary for theft; the maximum inflicted on one occasion was fifty stripes.



lived at free quarters, while 'estates' were given them later by Mwanga near the capital. There was throughout apparently no consultation with the white residents of either sect, and both alike suffered heavy losses in the troubles that arose later. Thus 'impartiality' was exercised, the control of white (and black) affairs was secured, 'steady pressure' was exerted, the Protestant party was 'consolidated,' and the king was 'impressed' with the 'power of the company.'

Captain Lugard now heard of ivory grounds west of Lake Albert Edward, and of salt on its western shores; also of the Soudanese garrison left behind by Stanley on the shores of Lake Albert. He marched out of Uganda in search of such products as would 'defray expenses,' and of further recruits for his foreign army. His orders, however, do not seem to have contained any instructions for the subjugation of these more distant regions. He left behind him at Mengo Captain Williams, R.A., with part of the force, and one of the Maxim guns. The division of the Sesse Islands caused troubles and murders during his six months' absence, and his delegate supported the 'English' faction as before. His own force amounted to more than 400 natives, who had 'lived in luxury on native produce'—vegetables and goat's flesh—during their stay in Buddu.

Arriving on the north-east shores of the arm which projects from the lower end of Lake Albert Edward, Captain Lugard's men fired on the natives who opposed them; and the naked savages in the villages fled before him. He found large piles of salt collected, which his followers took, and they expended 'one hundred rounds' of ammunition. He looted 14,000 lbs. of grain and beans, 'besides what the men secured for themselves;' and, entering a deserted country west of the lake, he captured envoys from Emin Pasha, and detained his letters to the coast. He built 'Fort George' on the north-west shores of the Albert Edward Lake proper, close to the Salt Lake, and thence marched into the Congo Free State, south-west of Mount Ruwenzori, and beyond British territory. The expedition were in good spirits, and willing to go on 'for years.' Large herds of elephants were here found, and Captain Lugard shot one for the first time in Africa.

Returning to Fort George, the expedition marched northwards, east of Mount Ruwenzori, leaving thirty Zanzibaris and 700 rounds of ammunition behind. 'Unfortunately a misunderstanding arose,' and on the west shores of the

arm of Lake Albert Edward the native tribes gathered to oppose the passage of a stream. In order to 'test' the Maxim gun, Captain Lugard opened fire. 'I only fired 'twenty rounds,' he says (vol. ii. p. 185); 'but my aim and 'estimate of distance was [were] correct, and they took 'terrible effect.' He then forbade the natives to hunt elephants except for the benefit of the company, and seized the flock of goats belonging to one of the chiefs 'as a fair 'spoil.' His force consisted now of some 300 men, including porters, with whom he crossed the Semliki river, which runs from Albert Edward to Albert Nyanza; and he proceeded to Kavalli, supposed to be in British territory, on the west side of Lake Albert, near its south end. Here also the natives were fired on, the whole country being hostile, while small-pox was raging in the Unyoro province to the north-east. At Kavalli he found Selim, the gigantic leader of some 600 Soudanese soldiers, who, with their attendant slaves and concubines, formed a tribe of 9,000 persons, who had already eaten up the whole country near. They were the last remains of the forces under Emin, which had so long lived at free quarters on the Nile, and whom Captain Lugard calls a 'lawless soldiery.' He determined to settle them in forts, which he built between the Albert Edward and Albert Lakes, and east of the Semliki, on the borders of Unyoro. The Soudanese were Moslems, and were thus placed on the flank of the Moslems who threatened Uganda. They had eighteen boxes of powder and twenty-five boxes of ammunition. The whole horde were transported to their new centre, or 'repatriated,' as our author calls it. As regards the natives of the country, Captain Lugard says:—'I regretted greatly being forced to bring 'this host of Soudanese to spoil their fields, and I gave 'them a present of beads and cloth.' 'In Africa an army 'passes through and eats up a country; so does a flight of 'locusts.' These locusts, however, did not pass through, but settled down. The Soudanese pillaged the very expedition that had come to look for them, and, as regarded the natives, 'they looked on these as hostile countries where 'they could repeat the license of the Soudan.'

Leaving these allies behind, but reinforced by about 100 of their soldiers, Captain Lugard returned to Uganda, placing Mr. De Winton in charge at Fort George. The subsequent history that resulted may be briefly explained. The tribes from the Congo State crossed the Semliki, killed 100 men and took 200 women slaves; these foes were sent

by powerful slavers from the west. Mr. Grant was sent against them, and inflicted a fine of ten tusks, which presumably were given to the natives who had suffered. A Uganda chief Zachariah—a Protestant and a ‘most moderate man’—was sent to Ntali, a chief on the south-east of the Albert Edward, to stop the convoy of arms and ammunition coming to the Unyoro Moslems. The caravan was massacred and all its goods were seized. The Soudanese brought smallpox with them to Uganda. Those who remained were at first reported to be intriguing with the Moslems, near whom they had been stationed, but afterwards fought them. They oppressed the natives, looting and thieving; and demanded labour from them to build forts, and a tax in grain like that which led to rebellion in the Soudan. Sir Gerald Portal has described yet worse enormities which they committed; and, finally, Selim was convicted by Captain Macdonald of treacherous intrigue with the Uganda Moslems, aiming at the defeat of the company. He was taken prisoner to the coast and died. Two of Captain Lugard’s forts were also evacuated. Mr. De Winton, left at Fort George, made an expedition into the Congo State. In March 1892 he became a hostage in the hands of the Moslems, and soon after died of fever. These appear to have been the main results of bringing Selim’s Soudanese to the borders of Uganda.

In the middle of December 1892 Captain Lugard once more reached Uganda, which had been fairly quiet under Captain Williams for six months. Troubles broke out soon after he returned, suffering from heavy fever and from his old wound. King Mwanga was flying the flag of his father Mtesa, and had divided the Sesse Islands as he promised, though riots had resulted. The question of flags seems to be considered important by the Uganda natives. Captain Lugard insisted that ‘all this nonsense about French and English ‘must cease,’ and that the English flag only must be flown. A Protestant was shot, and the king decided that he was an aggressor. Captain Lugard decided the other way; but the king remained firm, and the influence of the agents of the company at his court gradually dwindled. The situation is thus summed up:—

‘More than half the people are against us; the endless quarrels between the factions are as bad as ever; and, lastly, the whole thing depends on us two.’

In other words the king, the Roman Catholic missionaries, and the Protestant missionaries soon after, were estranged

from 'us two,' and a quarrel was the result. The pagans were also hostile, and the Moslems were declared enemies. As soon as the two factions began to fight about the recent murder, Captain Lugard issued arms to the Protestants. The missionaries took no part in the fight; the Catholic church and station were left unguarded. Captain Williams opened fire with his Maxim, which soon jammed; Captain Lugard also turned his Maxim on the 'French' faction at 1,400 yards, and informs us 'I kept it going.' The result was the defeat of the Roman Catholic faction (who fled with the king to the Sesse Islands) and the burning of the Roman Catholic church. The fathers received Captain Lugard in the ruins and offered him wine. They were taken to his fort with their female converts, but preferred to join the defeated party in the islands. The French Bishop proposed the sensible plan—now adopted—of dividing the country into provinces, and separating the factions; but to Captain Lugard it for the moment presented 'grave objections.' On January 29, 1892, an ultimatum was sent to the king demanding criminal jurisdiction, and asking him to return to the capital. The reply was to demand a fine for the fighting, and the surrender of the guns with which Captain Lugard had armed the 'English' faction. He then ordered an attack on the island, and Captain Williams proceeded to the shore of the lake with one Maxim gun. The island was a quarter of a mile from the shore, and the number of deaths from the Maxim was at least 100. The English officer then went across and captured the king's ivory and a 'quantity of loot,' with all the French priests, except the Bishop, who again fled with the king. The priests were taken to the fort, and 'for additional privacy' 'an enclosure was built round their houses.' Thus Captain Williams carried out the orders of Captain Lugard to 'rub it in' (vol. ii. p. 359).

The whole country was now in a state of chaos, and the factions fought both in Buddu—the south-west province—and in Chagwe, the province near the Nile. Captain Lugard was disgusted that the Protestants at the capital would not attack Buddu. On February 8 the English missionaries came up from that province where the mission-station had been attacked and looted, property valued at 2,000*l.* having been lost. They complained that they had had no warning of the impending fight; and a general defection of this party resulted. Captain Lugard then made unsuccessful overtures to the pagans and to the Moslems, and threatened to put

the king's Moslem uncle on the throne if he did not return. Peace was finally brought about through the efforts of the Roman Catholic priests; for the company's agents were cut off by the rebellion from their route to the coast, they were unable to cross the lake, and were surrounded with enemies; while the English missionaries and the Protestant faction held aloof from their former champions. Captain Lugard consented to the proposed division of the country, which was to gather all the 'French' into their old province of Buddu, leaving the larger part of Uganda to the 'English.' Meanwhile the smallpox had appeared far east in Usoga, and the fighting between pagans and Protestants continued. 'Food had become a difficulty,' and Captain Lugard insisted on receiving supplies, or else on helping himself. An indemnity in ivory was suggested by Captain Williams, but this point was waived in the new treaty. The trembling king returned to Mengo, and Catholics and Protestants embraced with joy. The treaty included the flying of the company's flag, the recognition of the Resident as arbitrator of white disputes and of peace and war, immunity from taxation to all servants of the company, and payment for money expended on 'development' of Uganda out of the revenues of the country.

Captain Lugard now proceeded to settle the claims of the Moslems, with whom he had been in treaty—a proceeding bitterly resented by the Christians. He was suffering from fever and nightmare, and his soldiers were foraging for themselves; troubles as to the treatment of women, including the king's sister, also arose. The whole of the Moslems (10,000 souls) advanced, and Mwanga met his uncle with peace. Provinces were assigned to them, immediately north of that granted to the 'French' in Buddu. Captain Lugard had been eighteen months north of Lake Victoria, and now returned to the coast. Captain Macdonald, R.E., in charge of the Railway Survey—an officer of well-known character and ability—was ordered to hold an inquiry into the administration of his predecessor, who returned to England and left the service of the Company. He brought home with him letters from Mwanga, speaking with effusive servility of the man he feared and must have hated. But the Uganda natives, Captain Lugard tells us, are liars on whose word no reliance can be placed.

Thus the 'prestige' of England was 'confirmed, at a cost variously estimated at 20,000*l.* or 40,000*l.*, as against some 5,000*l.* worth of ivory (whence obtained is not stated)

which was sent down. All along his return route Captain Lugard heard of troubles and massacres, but could take no action, because he 'held no official position in the company.' The reader will draw his own conclusions from this abstract of Captain Lugard's own account, and will perhaps agree that it is not for the interests of peace, of commerce, or of Christianity that young English officers, with few ideas beyond military autocracy and what they regard as 'prestige,' should be let loose on Africa with black troops and Maxim guns. Captain Lugard objects to the methods of the native traders, who pay 'hongo' or a tribute in return for food for their caravans; but he takes credit for the economy of having fed his own men for a great part of the time during which he was employed without expense to the East Africa Company—and, we may add, without expense to himself.

We now arrive at a change in the direction of affairs. The chartered company acknowledged that their resources were exhausted, and that the native country could not repay the expense of holding it; they therefore sought to transfer their burdensome possessions to the British government. Appeals were made to public opinion in England and to the Cabinet. The late Government had agreed to spend 20,000*l.* on the survey of a possible line of railway from Lake Nyasa to the coast—a vote which was strongly opposed by Sir W. Harcourt and his friends. And in January 1893 Mr. Gladstone wisely determined to despatch Sir Gerald Portal to Uganda to settle existing disputes, and to report on the state of affairs, before deciding on any definitive course of action. The main features of the settlement were already known in August of the same year. They included the breaking up of Selim's Soudanese tyranny, the grant of Sesse and of other provinces to the Roman Catholics, who originally were the larger faction, but who, even by the map of August 29 (in the '*Times*'), now occupy only a quarter of the kingdom. The Moslems, after receiving the provinces given by Captain Lugard, caused trouble, and have been expelled. The arrangement has been skillfully made to depend on agreements between the English and French bishops, who have also promised to divide the mission field—the French working to the west and north, the English to the east, instead of each treading on the heels of the other, which was one great reason for constant disputes. In South Africa the various Protestant sects have long since recognised the necessity of such

division of labour. It is impossible to pronounce the name of Sir Gerald Portal without expressing the profound regret of the whole nation at the premature termination of his illustrious career. He and his brother Raymond who accompanied him, doubtless fell victims to the malaria which dogs the steps of every African traveller, which follows them even on their return to England, and is the fatal penalty of these explorations. Gerald Portal had every quality required in the direction of African affairs. He had early shown his daring in his mission to Abyssinia, and his daring was ever tempered by his sense of justice and his amiable character. His loss to the country is irreparable—more painful still to those to whom he was endeared by the closest ties. We regret that Sir Gerald's report on his important mission to Uganda has not been laid before Parliament and the public whilst we write these lines. It will doubtless throw much additional light on the questions we are discussing.

We now turn, to consider the present position of the East Africa Company after their retreat from Uganda, and the interests that have to be guarded by the British Government in these remote and inaccessible regions. The company is said to have spent 450,000*l.*, and their present assets are probably not worth 20,000*l.*, while their income includes about 5,000*l.* from ivory. They are reported to be willing to sell the business for half what they have expended, and to propose that the British Government should purchase it, which is to throw on the British taxpayer at least half their losses, with no corresponding return. That is an arrangement against which we protest. The chartered companies have secured from the Crown large powers and much independence. We do not control their action, and they must bear the entire responsibility for the results of it. Besides ivory, the present products of Eastern Africa include about 1,000*l.* worth of 'rubber' found near the coast, and customs, which amount to about 19,000*l.*, of which 11,000*l.* are due to the Sultan of Zanzibar, by the contract which allows them to farm this source of revenue from native traders and slave caravans. The total, therefore, of annual income is at best about 14,000*l.*, not including the barter of cloth, beads, and wire to natives, who can only in return offer their spare food, derived from the flocks now decimated by pestilence and from the small cultivation of the villages. The main source of revenue has always consisted in the customs. The cost of transport to Uganda by porters is 200*l.* per ton of goods, requiring forty

porters to carry it. By a recent order of the Sultan the hiring of porters in Zanzibar is forbidden, which edict, if it could be enforced, would put a stop not only to the slave trade, but to the whole transport of legitimate commerce. Animal transport has so far failed. The Indian elephants died soon after landing. Donkeys and horses have been taken even to Uganda, but the tsetse-fly exists in places on the route. Oxen would be subject, like other animals, to the pestilence. The camel is at present unknown south of Lake Rudolf, and would probably have been used by the Arabs long ago if it could have been acclimatised. One main difficulty in the use of animal transport of any kind exists in the occurrence of large rivers and of extensive swamps, which they could not pass. The use of steamers on the lakes is also subject to difficulty in the supply of fuel. Emin Pasha's steamers are said already to have exhausted the wood supply near the Albert Lake. The cost of transport of the vessels is also very great.

To remedy this difficulty it has been proposed to construct a railway 700 miles long up the Sabakhi river, over the Mau passes, and through its forests, and so to the Uganda plains. The survey has been made at the expense of Great Britain, and the cost of the line is estimated at two and a half millions sterling. It appears to be practicable from an engineering point of view, but the cost of the cheapest Cape railways has proved to be 6,000*l.* per mile, which would make the present line cost more than four millions. Even if the lower estimate is correct, and a guarantee of 3 per cent. were undertaken by Government, there is no profit to be made. The customs are paid at Mombasa on the coast, so that only some 5,000*l.* worth of ivory per annum remains to be carried. As long also as there is no railway there can be no telegraph, since the natives would steal the wire. Captain Lugard suggests the use of the heliograph; but this will depend on the number of stations required by the character of the country, and in Africa generally it is very difficult to find suitable points. The heliograph could only be used if all the stations along the route were garrisoned, and there is not sufficient communication necessary to pay for the establishment of the service.

The commercial products expected from the country include rubber, cotton, grain, coffee, bananas, vines, &c., none of which as yet exist in superfluous quantity. It is supposed that European colonists or colonists from India would develop such commerce, but there are at present no such



colonists in the country. When they read of the massacres by natives, of the fevers, of the wild Masai tribes, of the pestilence and smallpox, of troops of eight or ten lions roaming together, of savage buffaloes, rhinoceroses, hyænas, and leopards, it is not likely that they will flock to such isolated regions, where it is admitted that ranching on the prairies is the main inducement. For a quarter of the distance inland from the coast the climate of the East Africa Company's territory is deadly to Europeans. It has already cost the lives of many distinguished men, deeply to be regretted. The only inducement to speculators to rush into the country would be the discovery of gold. The natives have no gold trade, and though its existence has been reported west of Port Durnford, it is clear that Captain Lugard does not look forward to the discovery of it inland. These unfavourable views are confirmed by the last Report of the East Africa Company.

Captain Lugard's suggestions for raising money under these circumstances are not worthy of serious consideration. They are the devices of desperation laying hands on the property of others. It is proposed that the British Government should hand to the company the 200,000*l.* paid by the Germans to the Sultan of Zanzibar. He has already been deprived of nineteen-twentieths of the civil list enjoyed by his father. It is now proposed to seize the other twentieth by 'remitting' the 11,000*l.* payable by agreement for the farming of the customs. It is further proposed to tax the natives north of the great lake to the amount of 9,000*l.*, payable in kind. What advantages they are to enjoy in return it is not easy to understand, or how this tax is to be levied. The Portuguese are hated because of their taxation of natives, though this is said not to exceed one-fifth of that imposed in the Lakes Protectorate, where it is variously stated at 2*s.* or 4*s.* per hut per annum. The grain tax produced a rebellion in the Soudan. The Nyasa taxation leads to constant man hunting. The cost of administration in East Africa is variously estimated at 20,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* per annum, not including the military expeditions which would be needful to put down the natives; and when by unjust means about half of this cost was defrayed, the British Government are expected to find the balance in a country whose revenue would not exceed some 14,000*l.* per annum, including customs levied on the sea coast.

But many of the good men who subscribed their money at home, without expectation of profit, did so in order to esta-

blish the British peace, in regions endeared to them by the names of Livingstone, Speke, and Thomson, who are not recorded to have massacred natives by machinery, or to have taken their food without payment. They did so to support the spread of Protestant Christianity in Uganda, and in memory of Bishop Hannington, and of the innumerable native martyrs hacked in pieces and burnt at the stake by Mwanga. They did so in order that the terrible wrongs of the slave trade might be righted, and that the human beast of burden might become a man with a man's rights; that women might no longer be prostituted by Arab owners, nor wives torn from their husbands—even though they were black. We cannot but think that when they read the history of their company, they will feel ashamed of what has been done; and that their honest but sentimental interest in the ruined undertaking will give place to a sense of bitter humiliation. Better to leave the savages to be slaughtered by other savages than to oppress them under the cloak of civilisation and of Christian humane dealing. The natives do not want our administration. They have only goats and bananas to offer for the flimsy calico from India or America, or for the beads from Birmingham, which now reach them from the Congo. Every caravan which goes up country consists mainly of slaves, owned by Zanzibari dealers. The greater the amount of traffic, the greater are the profits of the Congo slavers. The slave lives on an average only eleven years, and the waste of human life, which amounts to 500,000 souls for every 50,000 brought to the coast, barely suffices to supply the 240,000 porters annually engaged and the slave labour of the coast plantations.

The ivory question is important, because ivory is the wealth of the slave trader far more than are his slaves. Ivory is now found almost exclusively in the Congo State. The elephant is exterminated in Uganda and in Nyasaland. Some 500 tons of ivory reach London yearly; but the supply is decreasing. It is estimated that 75,000 elephants are being killed every year; and, if this is true, even the Congo herds cannot long survive such slaughter. It is generally agreed that, as the she-elephant has only one calf every two or three years, the destruction is going on much faster than the breeding. Meanwhile it is to be remembered that ivory is essentially a slave-trade product, and comes from the lands of Tippoo Tib. The sale of arms and ammunition must be prevented from all sides. The

sale of spirits offers less temptation to the European trader, because these Arabs are Moslems, and do not drink.

The roll of African missions includes many honoured names of men who have taught peace and truth and mercy, who have sought no gain, who have laid down their lives in times when civilisation was not spread by machine guns. If there be missionaries who import guns, arm natives, deal in court intrigues, and incite to war, they disgrace the names of their forerunners. But we cannot judge them on hearsay evidence, reported by those who have ruined and imprisoned them. The days of persecution in Uganda are over. If the missions obey their bishops and observe their compact with each other, they are protected by at least half a million of brave natives, without our aid. The Moslems have been defeated and distributed over the various districts. The missions seem only to require to be left to themselves in working on the sounder lines now laid down.

It is difficult, therefore, to understand what is meant by the vague term 'retention of Uganda,' or what the reasons are for expending large sums on this region, at a time when money is denied for vital interests, in Europe and in India. Uganda is by common consent within the British sphere, and the interests of France, as represented by her missionaries, will be respected. Our presence will not prevent expeditions, from the French Congo region, reaching the Nile at Lado by a long and difficult route. Do we seek to develop Uganda trade? Its products appear to consist only in bananas. Do we require ivory? It no longer comes from Uganda. Are we to stamp out the slave trade? There are no slave traders in Uganda. Are we to protect European colonists? No European colonists have as yet shown any desire to settle in Uganda. Are we afraid for the missions? The missions have converted half Uganda, and the Moslem power is broken. No amount of popular enthusiasm can change facts, can make distances less, can convert waterless deserts into cornfields, or fever swamps into healthy districts. The elephant cannot now be saved from extinction; the gold which alone tempts men to crowd together in the wilderness is not found in volcanic regions. The native tribes hold such few districts as are habitable, and they resent intrusion. Civilisation cannot be artificially fostered by establishing colonies without colonists, and an expensive government without a trade.

When we look further north to the region of Italian influence we find no more progress to have been made than

has been attained in the German or in the British spheres. The Italian sphere theoretically includes all Abyssinia, Gallaland and the Somali coast (excepting that opposite Aden, which is English), reaching inland almost to the Resbiat district, north of Lake Rudolf. Practically they have occupied the shores of the Red Sea north and south of Massowa, and the mountains to the east as far as the Mareb river, or about half of Northern Abyssinia. The districts of Amhara and Shoa to the south, with Harrar and Gallaland, are unoccupied by any Europeans. In the north a railway has been made to the foot of the black rugged mountains, which rise 7,000 feet above the Red Sea; and at Asmara, on their summit, the Italians have begun farming operations said to be successful. Thence further north to Keren these indefatigable engineers are making a road, with the object of attracting the Soudan trade through Kassala to their port at Massowa. This result has been attained by a great expenditure of money, and at the cost of many lives—for the Italian soldiers are invalided home in shiploads; and as yet no return has accrued. It is to be remembered that, from the seventeenth century B.C. onwards, the trade products of Abyssinia were ivory and gold. We hear nothing now of the gold once brought from the Sason mines; and the elephants, once numerous near the coast, have now retreated far inland. Three centuries ago the Portuguese endeavoured to occupy Abyssinia, but found the task beyond their strength.

The Italians first came into conflict with Ras Alula, the popular and self-made ruler of the Tigrè province, whom King Menelek had deposed in favour of a younger governor of the royal family. Ras Alula had defeated the Egyptian invaders in 1875, and the Soudan Moslems from Kassala some time after. His prowess is recorded on the painted walls of the church at Ras Addi, but he met with a crushing defeat from Italian troops, and has retired to his mountain fastness further south. Quite recently another terrible conflict has occurred between the Italians and the Kassala Moslems on the north-west.

Into this region Mr. and Mrs. Bent made a comparatively modest journey of a hundred miles in 1893, penetrating to Adowa, which is thirty miles beyond the furthest Italian station, in order to study the antiquities of the old Sabæan town of Yeha (Ava)-and those of Axsum, the ancient Gheez capital—the former ten miles east, the latter about ten miles west of Adowa. There is not very much that

is new in Mr. Bent's volume, but he gives a readable sketch of the present state of the country, where Byzantine Christianity of Coptic origin is the prevailing religion of the tall brave mountaineers—a race of mixed Arab, Nubian, and Galla origin, with a mixed language, partly Semitic and partly African. He found four short inscriptions in Himyarite characters at Yeha, and recovered the Sabæan text of the well-known Græco-Sabæan inscription of Axsum, which, it may be said in passing, dates from the reign of Constantius, and not of Constantine, as he supposes. He also took 'squeezes' of the Ethiopic texts at the latter city, which were already known, and which date from the fifth or sixth century A.D. But we cannot follow him into his archæological researches. As to the results of Italian interference, the following is Mr. Bent's conclusion:—

'It is scarcely possible,' he says, 'to realise, without visiting the country, the abject misery and wretchedness which has fallen upon the Ethiopian empire during late years. Besides internal troubles, they have had to contend with Dervish raids from the north, Galla raids from the south; bands of robbers haunt all their mountains. Gondar, which was the capital of the country a few years ago, with forty-three churches, palaces built by the Portuguese, and every element of prosperity about it, is now almost a desert, having been raided three times by the Dervishes. The Emperor Menelck lives in Shoa, powerless and inert. Tigre is convulsed with the quarrels of the rival chiefs, and, it would seem, if help in some form or another does not soon come, the great plateau of Ethiopia will become practically depopulated.'

.With the question of South African extension it is not proposed here to deal. The subject has been recently treated in the '*Edinburgh Review*,'\* and the conflict there foreseen has since come about. The colonists have conquered the region in Matabeleland on which their eyes were then fixed; and, though the operations were perilous, the misfortune of defeat has been spared to the colony, by the well-arranged expedition, which—in spite of some deplorable losses—will probably drive the Zulu power beyond the Zambesi. The question stands on somewhat a different footing from those above considered. The conquest is an extension only of the area of European colonisation. There is no doubt that Matabeleland is fertile, well watered, and fairly healthy, and that it already contains a small European population. This population may slowly increase, now that the fear of the Matabele has been removed; and

\* No. 364, April 1893.

if gold were found in sufficient quantities, mushroom towns of miners would at once spring up. Meantime we find that, even here, European inroads have led to conflict with the natives more terrible than any in other parts of Africa. Some 3,000 Zulus have fallen to the Maxim gun, in defence of their independence; and the new settlers have to deal with a native population of about 200,000 souls. But it is evident that the solution of the question rests entirely with the South African Colony and the chartered companies, and is of no immediate interest to the people of this country, who will not easily be tempted to emigrate to a sub-tropical region.

Mr. Selous' volume is mainly concerned with hunting adventures as exciting as those of Count Teleki, which are modestly related, in a style superior to that of the two works above noticed. It contains some interesting information as to the early relations of the South Africa Company with Lobengula, who, from the first, appears to have tried to resist the occupation of Mashonaland; but its estimate of the future is perhaps too enthusiastic. The company have now to pay for an expensive war, and for two partially completed railways, as well as for the normal expenses of administration. The chances of a dividend appear still to depend on the discovery of gold in quantities sufficient to pay a double profit—to the miner and to the company—while bearing the heavy cost of transport, which still amounts to 40*l.* per ton, equivalent to the payment of a sovereign for about a shilling's worth of coal delivered. It remains to be seen if any inducement to rapid increase of population exists in the country. If not, the European colonists of these remote regions cannot be expected to exceed in numbers those of the more accessible Transvaal.

The general results of such inquiry into the facts of African colonisation are far from encouraging. Popular enthusiasm seems to have been diverted from the Pole to the Equator, and we are reminded of the zeal once devoted to the discovery of the 'North-West passage.' But colonists are slow in appearing. America, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are not yet exhausted; and the dangers which threaten the settler in Africa from climate, wild beasts, wild tribes, and waterless deserts do not exist in those countries towards which the tide of emigration now sets. Until such emigrants are convinced that Africa presents superior advantages, or until the more favoured regions are fully occupied, the expenditure of governments, or of commercial companies,

does not promise any appreciable return. It must be plain, from what has here been said, that the districts in which agriculture can flourish are few, and comparatively small: that the deserts are extensive; and that the interests of the acclimatised Arab and of the naked native are both opposed to those of the European colonist. It is possible that the enthusiasm of the moment may lead to no greater results than were attained, centuries ago, by the Dutch or the Portuguese, and it may leave no greater mark in history than the buccaneering raids on the Spanish main, which excited popular admiration in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to which some of the more recent expeditions may not unjustly be compared. It is at least to be hoped that the present account will show the reader what are the opinions of independent witnesses as to the real character of the vast regions over which we now claim sway on the eastern side of the African continent. If we are indeed 'pegging out claims' for futurity, that future appears to be at least uncertain and remote, while the vital interests of our trade and of our empire demand all our attention much nearer home.

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ART. II.—1. *A Dictionary of Hymnology, setting forth the Origin and History of Christian Hymns of all Ages and Nations, with special reference to those contained in the Hymn-books of English-speaking Countries, and now in common use; together with Biographical and Critical Notices of their Authors and Translators; and Historical Articles on National and Denominational Hymnody, Breviaries, Missals, Primers, Psalters, Sequences, &c. &c.* By JOHN JULIAN. London: 1892.

2. *Hymns: their History and Development in the Greek and Latin Churches, Germany and Great Britain.* By ROUNDELL, Earl of SELBORNE. London and Edinburgh: 1892.

3. *The Book of Praise, from the best English Hymn Writers.* Selected and arranged by ROUNDELL PALMER. London: 1862.

THE 'Dictionary of Hymnology,' which after many years of patient research Dr. Julian has happily been able to complete, is a volume of 1,628 large pages, printed in close but distinct type. The first 1,306 pages are taken up with very full biographical and critical notices, alphabetically

arranged, of the hymn-writers of Christendom, including the most notable psalms and hymns described under their respective first lines. In this part of the book are included also comprehensive accounts of groups, most of them supplemented by special details under the head of the several writers. Thus, to give a few examples out of many, there are separate articles on the hymnody of the Church of England, Baptists, Presbyterians, and many others; there is one consisting of thirty-two columns on English psalters. Pages 1307-1504 contain an admirable and well-nigh perfect cross-reference index of first lines in nearly every European language, compiled by Major G. A. Crawford. Those who have felt the want of an index like this in such books as Daniel's '*Thesaurus Hymnologicus*' will appreciate its inestimable value to the student. This cross-reference index is followed by an alphabetical list of authors, translators, and editors, while the last ninety-two pages contain supplements bringing the whole book up to date.

Dr. Julian has been assisted by thirty-five contributors, but a casual glance through the Dictionary will show what a large proportion of the work has been done by himself. Indeed, no one of them has helped to any considerable extent, with the marked exception of 'the Rev. James Mearns, whose assistance has been so extensive, varied, and prolonged as to earn the unsolicited and unexpected, but well-deserved and cheerfully-accorded, position of 'assistant-editor of this work.'

Much of the work of preparing the book must have been intricate and baffling. No less than ten thousand manuscripts have been consulted; rare books, almost inaccessible pamphlets, and broadsides without number. The main difficulty lies, as a rule, in the discovering where the desired information is lurking; this once scented out, there is usually a clear run. Not always even then. Manuscripts damaged by time and by damp have to be deciphered as best one may; crabbed and nearly illegible writing has to be read. In very many cases a few lines of print mean weeks of toilsome research. The words of one of the contributors are evidently no idle boast: 'All the references by page or number to the works of German authors have been made either by [the writer] or by others at his request specially for this Dictionary.' Just realise what that means. And throughout the book signs of original work are constantly turning up. It is no compilation. Alike in its comprehen-



sive breadth of view, its catholicity of tone, and its minutely accurate scholarship, it is worthy of its subject.

The total number of Christian hymns is reckoned to amount to some four hundred thousand, and these are written in two hundred languages. More than one hundred thousand are German, and about thirty thousand English. Third and fourth in respect of the number of their hymns come the Latin and Greek languages.

It will, we think, be obvious that so complete a book, written by a committee of specialists and dealing with every branch of the subject—from Bohemian to Syriac hymnody; from the temperance ballads to *Troparia*—could be adequately reviewed only by a like committee. We shall in this article content ourselves with pointing out the many good qualities of the Dictionary and the few faults we have been able to discover in it; as we proceed to talk, somewhat eclectically, about one or two branches of the science of hymnology; above all, directing attention, as the Dictionary itself also does, to ‘the hymns contained in the hymn-books of English-speaking countries.’ At the same time we disclaim all intention of giving a connected history even of these divisions of the subject.

In 1881 Lord Selborne, who had already laid us under great obligations by the publication of the original texts of the choicest English hymns in his ‘Book of Praise,’ increased these obligations by a masterly article on ‘English Hymnody’ in the ninth edition of the ‘Encyclopædia Britannica.’ The little book which we have prefixed as the second part of our title is an amplification of this, and is further illustrated by a selection of hymns, these being accompanied when not in English by representative translations. The ‘Book of Praise,’ small and unpretending as it was, has proved to be no less an epoch-making work than Bunsen’s ‘Gesangbuch’ was in Germany. Since its publication in 1862 few hymn-books have failed to follow more or less closely the principles there laid down by him.

Let us begin, then, by asking ourselves, What is a hymn? St. Augustine’s definition, ‘the praise of God with singing,’ is good so far as it goes. But the expansion of Church life and the developement of Christian doctrine have forced us to widen this a little, so as to admit into the rank of hymns both certain meditations and certain prayers. For instance, James Montgomery’s hymn beginning ‘Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire’ is ‘an expanded definition of prayer of great beauty.’ The first few stanzas of Tennyson’s ‘In

'Memoriam,' beginning with 'Strong Son of God, immortal Love,' which are inserted as the 109th hymn in the Congregational Hymn-book, do not fit into the limits imposed by Augustine. The metrical litanies now to be found in every hymn-book are, as their name implies, prayers.

The liturgical use of hymns in the early Church was by no means extensive. Still, they were sung, and scattered throughout the New Testament we find either examples of them, such as the 'Magnificat,' or allusions to them. But when once we leave the Bible the next hint as to their being sung comes from a non-Christian source. The younger Pliny,\* writing from Bithynia in the year A.D. 103 to the Emperor Trajan, says that the Christians 'were accustomed' on a fixed day to assemble before daybreak and to sing a 'hymn antiphonally to Christ as God.' Now, Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, had just, owing to a remarkable dream, introduced antiphonal singing into the Church services in his diocese, whence it had spread to other parts. And Hippolytus,† Bishop of Porto early in the third century, says: 'All the psalms and odes which have been written by faithful brethren from the beginning hymn the Christ, the Word of God, as God.'

Yet the use of hymns sung in the public services of the Church was, as we have said, rare. There was, for some reason or other, a prejudice against them, and the Council of Braga, at a later date, forbade the singing of them throughout Spain. The impulse which first brought them into greater prominence came from without. Bardesanes, or Bar-Daisan, a Gnostic teacher of ability and poetic skill, hit upon the plan of writing and singing hymns which should enforce his peculiar views among the congregation at Edessa, a flourishing city in Northern Mesopotamia. These caught the popular taste, and were still sung by the people of Edessa when Ephraem, the orthodox Syrian Father, came there some century and a half after. The idea struck him: Why not fight these Gnostics with their own weapons? So Ephraem, who had a very pretty knack of composing songs, set to work and produced a good many metrical homilies and hymns. With these he hoped not only to counteract the wrong teaching of the Gnostics, but at one and the same

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\* Pliny, Letters, x. 96.

† The Dictionary, p. 640, says Caius; but it is generally acknowledged now that Hippolytus was the writer referred to by Eusebius, v. 28.

time to put an end to the profane games and more than profane dances then in fashion. We are glad to be able to say that the ingenious Father was eminently successful. The populace flocked out to listen, until Ephraem had won the whole city and put his enemies to shame. These homilies and hymns paid no attention to rhyme or quantity, not even to accent. To our ears they would sound as simply rhythmical prose.\*

About the same time that Ephraem was singing to his Edessa congregations two other great men were writing hymns in other parts of the world. Gregory of Nazianzus, in Asia Minor, was, at the age of about fifty, elected Patriarch of Constantinople in A.D. 379. But his position there was so difficult and troubled that after two years he resigned. He now retired to Nazianzus, where he lived several years, writing hymns and sacred poems. Gregory used classical metres, even elegiacs, which are scarcely fitted for congregational singing. But among his 240 hymns many are first-rate, and might with advantage be taken into more general use. Mr. Chatfield has produced a good translation of many of them.†

The third of the illustrious band of contemporaries was Hilary, Bishop of Poitiers, who has been called the Father of Latin Hymnody. In A.D. 356 he was exiled by Constantine to Phrygia, and thus had an excellent opportunity of learning something of Greek hymns. On returning to his see, soon after A.D. 360, he compiled a 'book of hymns,' but this has unfortunately been lost. A few, however, have been preserved, among them a morning hymn containing a metrical account of part of the Gospel story: the hymn begins 'Hymnum dicat turba fratrum, hymnum cantus personet.' The article in the Dictionary on Hilary is, we must confess, disappointing. In the first place, it gives no adequate discussion of the reasons for and against attributing to him the eight hymns assigned him by the Benedictine editors. After all, the only undoubted hymn of Hilary out of these eight seems to be the 'Lucis Largitor splendide,' which was sent with a letter to his daughter from Phrygia. And,

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\* This holds good also of the hymns of the Greek Church, excepting the earliest. Those translated by Dr. Neale are all in rhythmical prose. See his 'Hymns of the Eastern Church,' Introduction, pp. 15, 25, *sqq.*

† Songs and Hymns of the Earliest Greek Church (London: 1876). The well-known hymn 'Lord Jesus think on me' is translated by Mr. Chatfield from the Greek of Synesius, who died A.D. 430.

whereas fuller details are promised under their respective first lines, only two are so mentioned, in either case the writer denying that they are Hilary's. Again, under 'Beata nobis gaudia,' we read: 'This hymn is sometimes ascribed to St. Hilary of Poitiers; but . . . upon insufficient evidence. [See Hilary.]' But, as we have said, no discussion of the sufficiency or insufficiency of the evidence is to be there found.

Not long after the death of Hilary St. Ambrose brought the use of hymns into his cathedral church at Milan. 'A beautiful tradition makes the "Te Deum Laudamus" to have been composed under inspiration, and recited alternately by SS. Ambrose and Augustine immediately after the baptism of the latter in 387.' (Dictionary, p. 56.) But, alas! it is not true. The Bishop of Salisbury, in his scholarly and suggestive article on the 'Te Deum'—that grandest of unmetrical hymns—comes to the conclusion that it was written at some period in the first half of the fifth century, whereas Ambrose died in A.D. 397. The chief grounds for denying the Ambrose-Augustine authorship are the comparative lateness of the tradition, the existence of so many rival claims, the apparent use of St. Jerome's Gallican Psalter in the last eight verses, and the expression 'suscepisti hominem' in verse 16. We can promise the reader who will take the trouble to consult the article in the Dictionary, not forgetting the additional details in the first appendix, much interesting and profitable reading. The first definite mention of the 'Te Deum' is to be found in the rule of Cæsarius, Bishop of Arles, which was drawn up not later than A.D. 502.

At any rate, St. Ambrose wrote Latin hymns; they are models of what congregational hymns should be—short, terse, vigorous, yet simple withal. The morning hymn, 'Splendor paternæ gloriæ,' and the Advent hymn, 'Veni, Redemptor gentium,' no doubt genuine, are good examples of his style. The Benedictine editors assign him twelve of the 'Ambrosian' hymns, so called as being more or less closely written in his manner, of which Daniel's 'Thesaurus' gives no less than ninety-two. Here, as in the case of Hilary, the Dictionary is disappointing. After giving the first lines of the twelve hymns, 'histories of these hymns, together with details of translations in English,' are promised, to 'be found under their respective first lines.' Let us see how this promise is carried out. Three of the twelve are omitted 'under their respective first lines,' and

have, therefore, to be hunted up in the cross-reference index; while of one of these three, so far as we have been able to discover, the Dictionary gives no further account whatever.

Prudentius—or, to give him his full name, Marcus Aurelius Clemens Prudentius—an able Spanish lawyer who, after gaining the office of judge, was appointed to a high post at the Imperial Court, retired soon after A.D. 400, at the age of fifty-seven, to write hymns full of sweetness and light. The usually severe Dr. Bentley calls him ‘the Horace and Virgil of the Christians,’ which is no doubt extravagant praise. Archbishop Trench says, more soberly and more truly: ‘Giving, as he does, many and distinct tokens of ‘belonging to an age of deeply sunken taste, yet was his gift ‘of sacred poetry a most true one, and in many respects a ‘most original. . . . Whether consciously or unconsciously, ‘he acted on the principle that the new life claimed new ‘forms in which to manifest itself.’ The fact was that Prudentius lived at a period of transition. On the one hand, attention was no longer paid to the quantity of syllables; on the other hand, the compensations of rhyme were not yet developed. His hymns for Christmas, ‘*Corde natus ex Parentis*,’ and for Epiphany, ‘*O sola magnarum urbium*,’ are extracts from longer poems, and have always been widely used.

We shall find this a suitable point at which to say a few words on two growing tendencies in Latin hymns which through them have affected hymns in general. These are the substitution of rhythmical for metrical laws and the adoption of rhyme at the end of lines. Quantity was no native of Latin soil, but a foreign thing imported from Greece. ‘It therefore had struck no deep root and obtained ‘no wide recognition in the universal sense of the people.’ Hymns were, as yet at any rate, to be sung by the unlearned as well as by the learned. As time went on there were ever fewer and fewer who could appreciate a melody based on the quantitative value of words. And so hymn-writers naturally and of necessity fell back on accent, which was appreciable by every ear, even the most uncultivated. But as, after all, the ear demands in poetry some means of knowing when the verse is ended—a knowledge, be it remembered, no longer afforded by the metre—rhyme now became necessary.

The use of rhyme was, however, no novelty in Latin poetry. Rhymes are fairly frequent, for example, in Ennius and Ovid, are found even in Virgil, the great master of

metre. But whereas in the metrical poets they were but occasional and rare, they now came to be the almost invariable accompaniment of poetry. From the third century and onward it grew more and more usual to help out by the aid of rhyme lines that absolutely refused to scan on the exact principles of the old prosody, until the exceptions to its use were almost unknown. The hymn-writers of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries had perfected this instrument, and the use made of rhymes in such poems as the 'Dies iræ' or the 'Stabat Mater dolorosa' is splendidly effective. It is true that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there was a revival of metrical hymns written by the brothers De Santeuil and by Charles Coffin. But these are isolated exceptions which go to prove the rule. Rhyme was, therefore, at least to begin with, no merely meretricious ornament. But in later days, when monks had little to think about and less to do, it was certainly misused with perverse and artificial ingenuity.

The rhythm of St. Bernard, a monk of Cluny, born at Morlaix in Brittany, but of English parentage, affords us an excellent example of rhyme thus run mad. This poem contains nearly three thousand lines, is entitled 'Concerning the Contempt of the World,' and is mainly a fierce satire on horrible corruption in high places. By way, however, of contrast with the evil of earth, the glories of heaven are depicted in glowing colours and with genuine poetic fire. The rhythm is famous owing to its having given us the beautiful hymns, 'Brief life is here our portion' and 'Jerusalem the golden,' which are Dr. Neale's free translations from the Latin. Here are the four verses which begin the hymn 'Brief life is here our portion':—

'Hic breve vivitur hic breve plangitur hic breve fletur,  
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur;  
O retributio ! stat brevis actio, vita perennis;  
O retributio ! cœlica mansio stat lue plenius.'

What a metre for a man to choose! Its intense difficulty will be noted, inasmuch as each hexameter is divided into three equal parts, of which the first two rhyme together, while the end of the line rhymes with the next. Well might Bernard, in his dedicatory epistle, say: 'Unless that spirit of wisdom and understanding had been with me and flowed in upon so difficult a metre I could not have composed so long a work.' It will be worth our while to compare Mr. Moultrie's attempt at translating these lines in the original metre:—

'Here we have many fears; this is the vale of tears, the land of sorrow.

Tears are there none at all, in that celestial hall, on life's bright morrow ;

There is eternal rest, there after toil the blest cease from life's fever,

There in Heaven's banquet-hall sounds the high festival of the Receiver.'

Now, this is, no doubt, a good deal better than we might have expected in dealing with so contorted a measure. And yet, after all, what chance of adoption in English-speaking congregations would the old monk's rhythm have had but for Neale's spirited paraphrase in ballad metre? Surely none.

Peter Abælard, so well known by reason of his romantic attachment to Héloïse, wrote some fairly good hymns, chiefly for Héloïse and her nuns. He also wrote this remarkable one for the Festival of the Holy Innocents:—

'Ad mandatum regis datum  
generale

Nec ipsius infans tutus  
est a cadde.

Ad Augustum hoc delatum  
risum movit,

Et rex mitis de immiti  
digne luit :

"Malum," inquit, "est Herodis  
esse natum ;

Prodest magis talis regis  
esse porcum.'

The puerility and jingle may serve to remind us of a hymn actually printed in at least one modern English hymn-book:—

'So shall He collect us, direct us, protect us  
From Egypt's strand :

So shall He precede us, and feed us, and lead us  
To Canaan's land.

'Toils and foes assailing, friends quailing, hearts failing,  
Shall threat in vain :

If He be providing, presiding, and guiding  
To Him again.'

One of the two or three greatest of Latin hymns is the 'Stabat Mater dolorosa,' which Rossini and, recently, Dvorák have wedded to such exquisite music, and which the editor and sub-editor have dealt with most ably. This lovely and

tender sequence is here ascribed, not as usual to Jacobus de Benedictis, commonly known as Jacopone of Todi, his birth-place in Umbria, but to Lothario Conti, Innocent III., the pope who fought our own King John. Here, again, we come upon a slight misunderstanding; for at p. 575 Jacopone is treated as the undoubted author of the 'Stabat Mater,' and there is not so much as a hint of any other writer. This same Innocent III. is also, on the whole, the least unlikely of the conjectured writers of the exquisite Whitsuntide sequence, 'Veni, sancte Spiritus,' the original of the hymn in the Service for the Ordination of Priests, 'Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.' The whole article on this hymn by the same two is very able.

But the masterpiece of Latin Hymnody is the 'Dies iræ,' with its stern and majestic simplicity, and its triple rhyming metre—a metre which is unique among Latin hymns, and which has been aptly compared to the successive ringing beats of a sledge-hammer on the anvil. The three-fold beat of the rhyme may be seen from the first verse:—

'Dies iræ, dies illa,  
Solvat sæclum in favilla,  
Teste David cum Sibylla.'

Most modern translations of the hymn, especially those in Church use, substitute for the third line 'Crucis expandens vexilla,' herein following the Paris and other Missals. Dr. Alford's rendering of the verse is:—

'Day of anger, that dread Day  
Shall the Sign in Heaven display,  
And the Earth in ashes lay.'

Our readers will remember the magnificent effect with which a shortened translation of the 'Dies iræ' is introduced in Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and the original in Goethe's 'Faust.' As in the case of many another grand old hymn, the author is not certainly known. Thomas of Celano, who was one of the most distinguished pupils of St. Francis of Assisi, and who lived early in the thirteenth century, has probably the best claims to the honour. The whole case is well stated and argued in the Dictionary; and notices both of Thomas and Innocent III. will be found in the Appendix.

We reluctantly pass on, leaving many glorious old hymns unmentioned, to more modern times.

The history of the gradual developement of our English hymns is a very remarkable one. For, numerous as they



now are, they were for the 150 years which followed the Reformation practically non-existent. How was this? What took their place? It is a story worth the telling, though we shall have to compress it into the very narrowest limits, referring to the Dictionary for details, under the heads 'English Psalters,' 'Old Version,' and 'Early English Hymnody.' Thomas Sternhold, groom of the robes to King Henry VIII. and Edward VI., was a sober and God-fearing man. Not altogether unlike Ephraem at Edessa, he was cut to the quick at the ribaldry and licentiousness of the songs of the day, and determined, like the man he was, to give them something better to sing in their stead. To this end he translated some of the Psalms of David into ballad metre, the old Long Measure. Now, curiously enough, Clément Marot, valet of the bedchamber to the French king Francis I., had done much the same a very short time before in France. Marot's venture had been a brilliant success. Set to bright airs, his psalms were sung by high and low. His own prediction was carried out:—

' O bien heureux qui voir pourra  
Fleurir le temps, que l'on orra  
Le laboureur à sa charrue,  
Le charretier parmy la rue,  
Et l'artisan en sa boutique  
Avecques un Pseaume ou cantique.'

Marot's psalms were completed by Théodore de Bèze, usually known as Beza, and became as it were the badge of the Huguenots. Translated into Flemish, they were enthusiastically welcomed in spite of the most rigorous measures taken by the Spanish with a view to their suppression.\* Thomas Calberg, for instance, who was convicted of having copied some hymns from a book printed at Geneva, was burnt alive. As if that would stifle the new psalms! 'The psalms of Marot,' to use Motley's words, 'were as current as the drugs of Molucca or the diamonds of Borneo.' The real reason for the immense popularity of both Marot's psalms and Luther's hymns was this. Although the hymns of early hymnists, of Hilary and Ambrose, and their imme-

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\* Compare the opening scene of Goethe's 'Egmont,' where Jetter says:—'Da sollen wir nun die neuen Psalmen nicht singen; sie sind wahrlich gar schön in Rhymen gesetzt, und haben recht erbauliche Weisen. Die sollen wir nicht singen, aber Schelmenlieder, so viel wir wollen.'

mediate successors, had been composed for the singing of the whole congregation, for many generations the mouths of the laity had been closed in the services of the Church. All the more recent Latin hymns were arrogated to the clergy and choir; the ejaculation of the 'Kyrie eleison' ('Lord have mercy upon us') was the only part for the congregation to sing. But, when the people got hold of these new psalms and hymns written in the vulgar tongue, they sang them with a will. It was as if the flow of song had been pent up for centuries, and, now that the flood-gates were opened, was at last bursting forth with a force intensified tenfold.

To return to the English Psalter, where the same influences were at work. The immediate result of Sternhold's labours may not have been so startling at the time, but it was certainly not less enduring. Sternhold himself published a metrical version of thirty-seven Psalms in 1549. But, as he died soon after, John Hopkins, said to have been a schoolmaster and clergyman in Suffolk, brought out a second edition, to which he added seven of his own. During the reign of Queen Mary I. the English-speaking refugees at Geneva went on continuing the work thus begun, and in the year 1556 brought out an edition, containing fifty-one metrical versions of the Psalms. More were added from time to time during the years that immediately followed, until in 1562 appeared the Complete Psalter, which is so well known under the name of 'the Old Version,' and also as 'Sternhold and Hopkins;' although as a matter of fact these two translators contributed only one hundred and seven of the psalms between them, of which number Sternhold claimed forty, Hopkins sixty-seven. It is also known as 'Daye's Psalter,' from the name of its publisher. The title ran as follows: 'The whole Book of Psalmes, collected into English meeter by T. Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others: conferred with the Ebrue, with apt notes to sing them withal. Faithfully perused and allowed according to th' ordre appointed in the Quene Maiesties Iniunctions:' &c. The latest addition to this Psalter was made not earlier than 1581.

Of this book the most contradictory opinions have been at various times formed and expressed. It was, for instance, bitterly attacked by Thomas Warton, as warmly defended by Bishop Beveridge. The fact is that its execution was most unequal. To give an example or two. What could be grander, in spite of the extraordinary mistake in line 5, than

these lines, which form a part of Sternhold's translation of the 18th Psalm:—

'The Lord descended from above,  
and bowed the heauens hie :  
And underneath his feete he cast  
the darknesse of the skie.  
On cherubs and on cherubims  
full royally he rode,  
And on the wings of all the winds  
came flying all abroad.'

And what a grand hymn we have in 'The Old Hundredth,' 'All people that on earth do dwell,' which is in the Dictionary shown on pretty conclusive evidence to be the work of William Kethe, a Scotsman, and one of the Genevan refugees. By the way, no notice is taken of the almost certain construction of the line: 'For why the Lord our God is good;' where 'for why' has the meaning of 'because,' and should therefore not be followed by a note of interrogation, as in all modern collections. We may compare Chaucer's 'Book of the Duchesse, 461':—

'He saw me nought,  
For why he heng his heed adoun.'

That is, he saw me not because he hung his head down. In like way the Prayer-book version of Psalm xvi. 11 should run: '*For why* thou shalt not leave my soul in hell.' The Authorised Version of these same words is: '*For* thou wilt not leave my soul in hell.'

But, if these are examples of fine hymns, what are we to say to the following extract from Hopkins' version of the 90th Psalm?

'Thou grindest man through grieve and paine,  
to dust or clay and then,  
And then thou saist againe, returne  
again, ye sons of men.'

Or of these lines from Hopkins' 77th Psalm?

'The cloudes that were both thick and Blacke  
did rain full plenteously;  
The thunder in the aire did cracke,  
thy shafts abroad did flie.'

Or of these from Sternhold's 22nd Psalm?

'So many bulls do compasse mee,  
that be full strong of head.  
Yea, bulls so fat, as though they had  
in Basan field beene fed.'

The Psalms are meant to be rhymed throughout, but many of the rhymes are, to put it mildly, imperfect. Thus 'con-sider' is in Psalm v. rhymed with 'prayer,' in Psalm xvi. with 'together;' and the word 'wonder' is in two psalms (xxii. and lxxviii.) made to rhyme with 'after.' Still, imperfect as the version may have been, it was popular. So we now have the answer to our former question: What took the place of original hymns in the English Church? It was nothing more nor less than the metrical Psalter. Calvin had settled that nothing might be sung in the Church services that was not directly taken from the Bible, with the result that there was to be no representative body of English hymns for some two centuries after Luther had set them going in Germany. For many years people acquiesced in the Old Version, not indeed without a good deal of grumbling. In Scotland, however, an amended version was brought out by the General Assembly of the Kirk in 1564, the main difference being that thirty of Hopkins' versions were replaced by others. Then James I. translated some thirty-one of the Psalms, which he gave to Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, for correction and continuation. In 1631 Sir William had finished his task, and the new translation was published at the Oxford University Press, as the work of the late King, and its use was recommended by King Charles. In 1636 it was appended to the Scotch Service Book, the source of so much trouble. Then it died a natural death.

It was not that no hymns were meanwhile being written. About the year 1580 one William Hunnis, 'one of the Gentlemen of his Maiesties honourable Chapell and Maister to the children of the same,' wrote some strange little books of devotional poetry and hymns. One of these bore the euphuistic title, 'Seuen Sobs of a Sorrowfull Soule for Sinne, comprehending those seuen Psalmes of the Princelie Prophet David, commonly called Pœnitentiall: framed into a forme of familiar praiers, and reduced into meeter,' &c. The importance of this lies in the fact that, though based on Holy Scripture, they are merely paraphrases, and in no sense of the word translations—a distinction of importance, as we shall see in the case of Addison, Watts, and others. Some of Hunnis's verses are quaint to the verge of grotesqueness; for example:—

' Sinne may well be compar'd  
vnto a serpent vile,  
Which with his bodie, head, and taile,  
doth manie one beguile.

For where the serpent's head  
to enter dooth begin,  
There all the bodie with the taile,  
apace comes sliding in.'

And stranger still, to our taste, are the opening verses based on the Lord's Prayer:—

'A thing thou art from which al things beginning took their name,  
And thou without beginning art, that gaue all things the same.  
We call thee God, some *Iehouah*, some Tetragrammaton :  
By all thy names thou are the thing, wee all depend upon.'

In Germany, meanwhile, many great hymns had been written. Coleridge went so far as to say that 'Luther did 'as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible.' Luther's grand hymn 'Ein feste burg ist unser Gott' is compared by Carlyle to 'a sound of Alpine avalanches, or the first murmur of earthquakes.' Heine called it 'the Marseillaise of the Reformation.' Lord Selborne has written the best English translation of it. Luther wrote thirty-seven hymns altogether, eleven of which are translated or paraphrased from the Latin. And Luther had many able followers. But all this was still as a sealed book to English congregations. The Psalms must do for them, and nothing but the Psalms; except, indeed, if it be an exception, some few more or less clumsily translated passages of Scripture placed by way of a supplement at the end of the metrical Psalter. It was the widespread ignorance of music throughout England that, more than anything else, hindered the introduction of such hymns as those of Luther, with their unusual and often complex metres. Only the most regular metres could be employed, and they from their constant use were sure soon to become monotonous. Luther, on the other hand, found ready to hand many more or less elaborate melodies and chorales already familiar to the people at large.

At this point it will be convenient to mention a very remarkable hymn, apparently the original of the 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' of our hymn-books. The hymn in question is in the British Museum, in a thin quarto manuscript volume of 124 pages, which contains a number of songs, chiefly religious, of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and which seems to have been written about the year 1600. The superscription is 'By F. B. P. to the tune of *Diana*,' and the hymn consists of twenty-six verses. It is not known who F. B. P. was. Perhaps the initials stand (as has been conjectured by

a great authority on hymns, the late Mr. David Sedgwick) for 'Francis Baker, Pater'—that is, priest. But this is a mere guess. The hymn itself is therefore, like so many of the great Latin hymns, anonymous. It contains a quaint and vigorous account of the glories of the New Jerusalem. It was clearly not meant to be sung in church; and so the longing for heaven—a longing which has been so strongly objected to in Faber's 'O Paradise'—does not strike us as at all unreal. Let these stanzas bear witness to its merits:—

' Within thy gates no thing doeth come  
that is not passage cleane,  
No spiders nest, noe Durt noe Dust  
nor filthe may there be scene.'

' Ah my sweete home hierusalem  
would god I were in thee,  
Would god my woes were at an end  
thy ioyes that I might see.'

Space alone prevents our further discussing the interesting questions of its probable source and relation to kindred hymns, especially one by William Prid, printed in 1585, and beginning 'O mother dear Hierusalem.' They are most thoroughly treated in the Dictionary.

From time to time lame attempts were made to mend the Old Version, which, as we have seen, certainly did require mending. William Barton, a clergyman of Leicester, published a version in 1644, which was ushered in by a flourish of trumpets. For instance, his friend Arthur Jackson, at that time rector of St. Faith's under St. Paul's, addressed Barton in terms dangerously near fulsome flattery. These are some verses of his on the occasion:—

' Israel's sweet Psalmist now in English metre  
Wee have, and ne're till now; and 'tis the sweeter  
(Mee thinks) because so plain; nor doth affect  
To keep the Hebrew phrase and dialect.'

But it was the old story of the mountain in labour. Barton's version was mediocrity itself, and, though several times reprinted up to 1682, is now a dead letter, as it deserves to be.

The other metrical Psalter was the so-called New Version, brought out by two impecunious poetasters, Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, in 1696, and sanctioned by an Order in Council of William III. allowing and permitting its use.

From a literary point of view it was undoubtedly a failure, but a failure where success seems to be a virtual impossibility. In the first place it was not so faithful to the original as the Old Version, and, as Lord Selborne says, 'a reverent taste is likely to be more offended by the frequent sacrifice, in the New, of depth of tone and accuracy of sense to a fluent commonplace correctness of versification and diction, than by any excessive homeliness in the Old.' Opinions were at the time divided into two hostile camps, and the adherents of the New and Old Versions displayed a good deal of bitterness in this battle of the books. Bishop Beveridge, in a small book which was published in 1710, defends the Old, on the grounds that it was old, understood of the people, and conferred with the Hebrew. Then he proceeds to attack the new book. Tate and Brady had used the word 'tragedy,' and he pours upon it the vials of his scorn. He imagines some countryman quieting guilty scruples and going to see a tragedy, with the thought that David had tragedies, therefore they must be right. On the other hand, Thomas Browne exclaims against the 'rascal old bards and brace of 'dull knaves.' And again he says:---

'I'm not such a coxcomb, 'stead of new Psalms to learn old,  
Or to quit Tate and Brady for Hopkins and Sternhold.'

A paper by Cowper in Number 26 of '*The Connoisseur*,' written of course many years later, gives a graphic picture of the battle between the two versions, which was even then being waged.

'The good old practice of psalm-singing is, indeed, wonderfully improved in many country churches since the days of Sternhold and Hopkins; and there is scarce a parish clerk who has so little taste as not to pick his staves out of the New Version. This has occasioned great complaints in some places, where the clerk has been forced to bawl by himself, because the rest of the congregation cannot find the psalm at the end of their prayer-books, while others are highly disgusted at the innovation, and stick as obstinately to the Old Version as to the Old Style. The tunes themselves have also been new-set to jiggish measures; and the sober drawl, which used to accompany the two first staves of the Hundredth Psalm, with the "*Gloria Patri*," is now split into as many quavers as an Italian air.'

The true objection to these, and all metrical Psalters, seems to be that they entirely sacrifice the life and spirit, which our prose translations of the Psalms have contrived to preserve.

After all, some of the Psalms in the New Version are really good, and keep their place in hymn-books to this day. Such as the 34th, 'Through all the changing scenes of life;' the 42nd, 'As pants the hart for cooling streams;' the 51st, 'Have mercy, Lord, on me;' and the 84th, 'O God of hosts, the mighty Lord.' In 1703 a Supplement was added, containing the good old version of the 'Benedicite,' together with new translations of some of the Canticles. The Christmas hymn, 'While shepherds watched their flocks 'by night,' is the best thing in the Supplement. It has been attributed to Tate, but is probably the work of another hand.

The first English hymn-book was the work of George Wither, and was brought out in 1623 under the title of 'The Hymns and Songs of the Church.' Wither was at first an ardent Royalist, always a staunch Churchman, and a real poet. But his book, besides a good deal of gold, contains at the same time not a little dross. For example, his 66th song for the Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul is little better than doggerel. It begins thus:—

'A blest *Conversion*, and a strange  
Was that, when *Saul* & *Paul* became :  
And, LORD, for making such a change,  
We praise and glorifie thy *Name*.  
For whilst he went from place to place,  
To persecute thy *Truth* and *Thee*  
(And running to perdition was)  
By powrefull Grace cal'd backe was he.'

But this must not be taken as a specimen of the general character of the work. On the whole, the gold predominates largely over the dross. The book was peculiarly ill fated. The King granted Wither a patent, recommending that it should be bound up with the Book of Common Prayer. Vested interests, however, were concerned. The Stationers' Company, who had the privilege of printing the metrical Psalters, objected, and their objection held good. So Wither lost the profit which seemed within his grasp. In 1641 he published as a kind of second edition of the Hymns and Songs his 'Haleluiah or Britan's Second Remembrancer,' which he dedicated to the Long Parliament. But his ill luck still dogged him. In spite of the merits of the book, it was and remained a complete failure.

Thomas Ken, who was made Bishop of Bath and Wells in 1685, was one of the seven that refused to read James II.'s



Declaration of Indulgence, and he was also one of the Non-Jurors. In 'the wonderful year,' 1666, he had been elected a Fellow of his old school Winchester, and some years after wrote a 'Manual of Prayers,' for the use of the Winchester scholars. To a later edition of this Manual he added the well-known and beautiful Morning and Evening Hymns, beginning respectively 'Awake my soul and with the sun,' and 'All praise to thee, my God, this night,' together with a scarcely less beautiful midnight hymn, 'My God, now I 'from sleep awake.' For the full text of this, as well as for a most interesting discussion of the literary points connected with these hymns, we must refer our readers to the Dictionary. The Bishop published two editions of these three hymns (which are immeasurably better than any others that he wrote), by no means agreeing with each other, in 1695 and again in 1709. It is agreed that the later edition gives his revised text.

Joseph Addison owes most of his fame in modern times to his prose style; but in his own generation he owed most of his renown, and also of his preferments, to his poetry. In No. 465 of the 'Spectator' (August 23, 1712), he published a paraphrase of the 19th Psalm:—'The spacious 'firmament on high.' In spite of faults which have been found with it, this paraphrase is as truly successful as the average translations of the Psalms had been failures. How was this? It was because his was a free paraphrase and not a translation. In other words, he did not attempt the useless task of trying to put the new wine into old bottles. And herefrom translators in general, not merely of the Psalms, will do well to take a hint. Addison had in an earlier number of the 'Spectator' (441, July 26 of the same year) translated with equal success 'The Lord my pasture 'shall prepare.' This Psalm has been paraphrased or imitated by many versifiers, among others by Watts, 'The 'Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied,' and in our own times by Sir Henry Baker, 'The King of love my Shepherd is.' Our readers will probably agree with us that the last of the three, the favourite hymn of the late Bishop Fraser of Manchester, best represents the tenderness of the original, and is the best fitted to be sung by a Christian congregation. A most extraordinary, and happily quite unproved, attempt to assign these hymns of Addison to Andrew Marvell was made by Captain Thomson, who in 1876 brought out an edition of Marvell's works.

We have said that Wither's 'Hymns and Songs of the

'Church' was the first English hymn-book. But the first great hymn-writer, and the real founder of British hymnology, was Isaac Watts, commonly known as Dr. Watts. He was born at Southampton in 1674, and though puny in body was quick in wits. After leaving school, he stayed some time at home, continuing his studies, and on one occasion complained to his father, a sturdy Nonconformist, of the Psalms sung in the chapel. 'Give us something better,' said the father. At which challenge the young man—he was about twenty years of age at the time—wrote the hymn beginning

'Prepare the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst His Father's throne;  
Prepare new honours for His name,  
*And songs before unknown.'*

One at least of his hymns, the one beginning 'There is a land of pure delight,' is said to have been inspired by the beautiful scenery of the New Forest seen across the Southampton Water, especially this verse:—

'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green.'

Dr. Watts, no doubt, wrote a great deal too much, and many, nay most, of his 454 hymns are marred by something or other which offends our taste. But the best are very good indeed; for example, 'When I survey the wondrous Cross,' 'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,' and 'Our God our help in ages past.' It may not be apparent at first sight that these last two are based on the 72nd and 90th Psalms respectively. Watts was a man of real and wide learning. He wrote on many subjects, among others on astronomy and on logic, his treatise on which was for many years a textbook at Oxford. 'As long as pure nervous English, unaffected fervour, strong simplicity, and liquid yet manly sweetness are admitted to be characteristics of a good hymn, works such as these must command admiration.'

Philip Doddridge, like Watts, an Independent, born in 1702, wrote some excellent hymns; for instance, 'Ye servants of the Lord,' and best of all the Sacramental hymn, 'My God, and is Thy table spread?' This was added to the Appendix at the end of the New Version; but, curiously enough, no one exactly knows by whom or when. It is strange to find Church of England hymnals toning down on theological grounds some of Doddridge's expressions. For

instance, instead of '*rich banquet of His flesh and blood*,' we read '*memorial*;' instead of '*Why are its dainties all in vain*?' we read '*bounties*.'

The Methodist movement began to affect hymnody in 1737, in which year John Wesley published in Charlestown 'A Collection of Psalms and Hymns,' seventy in number, many of them translated by the compiler, especially from the German. But it was his younger brother Charles that was the hymnist of the new party. In 1740 Charles Wesley published some of his hymns, many of them written long before, in conjunction with John. From that date until his death in 1788 his heart never ceased inditing of a good matter. Among his last words to his brother were: 'I have lived and I die in the communion of the Church of England, and I will be buried in the yard of my parish church.' So that his hymns may fairly be claimed by the Church. When we say that he wrote over 6,000 hymns, some on cards as he rode across country on horseback, it will be obvious that he must have written some weak ones among that huge number. The marvel is that so few are weak. Among the more beautiful of them are 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' 'Lo! He comes with clouds descending,' 'Soldiers of Christ arise,' and the Christmas hymn, 'Hark how all the welkin rings,' so well known in its modern form, 'Hark, the Herald Angels sing.'

From 1740 until 1780 the Wesleys published only their own hymns. In 1780 the authorised Wesleyan Hymn-Book appeared with a characteristic preface by John. In the course of it he says: 'I am persuaded no such hymn-book as this has as yet been published in the English language. In what other publication of the kind have you so distinct and full an account of Scriptural Christianity?' And again: 'In these hymns there is no doggerel; no blotches; nothing put in to patch up the rhyme; no feeble expletives. . . . Here are, allow me to say, both the purity, the strength, and the elegance of the English language; and, at the same time, the most simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity.'

Yet Charles Wesley's hymns would never have influenced the Church, as they certainly have done, but for the intervention of Martin Madan, a man of peculiar opinions, a cousin of Cowper, and the first chaplain of the Lock Hospital. He wrote no hymns, but in 1760 brought out a collection of 170 Psalms and Hymns, to which three years after he added an appendix of 24 more. These he

borrowed and mended, more often marred, without any leave and without any scruple, chiefly, but not exclusively, with the view of bringing them into accordance with his ultra-Calvinistic views. The influence which his collection exercised on the hymnody of the Church of England can scarcely be exaggerated. His mutilated texts were again and again reprinted, and in their turn borrowed during the next hundred years.

This may be a convenient opportunity for asking and trying to answer the question, Is it a justifiable proceeding to modify the text of a hymn? Now, this modification may be effected in two ways; by omitting objectionable verses, and by direct alteration of the words. Lord Selborne would allow the process of omission, not that of alteration; and there can be no doubt whatever that to tamper with works of literary excellence is to tread on very dangerous ground. But is it not sometimes an unfortunate necessity? To give an example of what we mean, the last stanza of Doddridge's fine hymn, 'Ye Servants of the Lord,' runs thus:—

' Christ shall the banquet spread  
With His own Royal hand;  
And raise that favourite servant's head  
Amid the angelic band.'

What of the word 'favourite'? Does it not go far to spoil the whole hymn? But we substitute 'faithful,' and how different the verse becomes!

Again, Watts's version of the 100th Psalm originally began:—

' Sing to the Lord with joyful voice;  
Let every land His name adore;  
The British Isles shall send the noise  
Across the ocean to the shore.

Nations attend before His throne  
With solemn fear, with sacred joy.'

John Wesley—the man who in that same preface had so bitterly complained of the alterations made in his own and his brother's hymns, but who never scrupled to alter hymns himself—omitted the first verse altogether, and began the second

' Before Jehovah's awful throne  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy.'

The changes are simple, but how vast the improvement!

But a few isolated examples such as these must not be

taken as any justification of the bungling work of amateur compilers, the men who in cold blood convert poetry into doggerel, sense into nonsense. For a horrible example of this crime let us see the changes made in a fine hymn—again one by Doddridge :—

‘Hark, the glad sound! The Saviour comes,  
The Saviour promised long:  
Let every heart prepare a throne,  
And every voice a song.’

This is both poetry and sense. It is scarcely credible that one compiler, who probably prided himself on the blunder he had made, changed the last two lines to

‘Let every heart be melody,  
And every voice a song.’

thus destroying both poetry and sense. For how can a heart *be* melody? How can a voice *be* a song?

Another instance. The second verse of Watts's beautiful hymn ‘When I survey the wondrous Cross’ runs thus :—

‘Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast  
Save in the death of Christ my God;  
All the vain things that charm me most  
I sacrifice them to His blood.’

This has been travestied into :—

‘O may I know no other boast,  
Than Christ and His atoning blood:  
The vain delights that charm me most,  
I plunge beneath that saving flood.’

Could anything be weaker than to talk of plunging delights beneath a flood!

Yet we find Wesley changing Watts, Toplady changing Wesley, Montgomery changing Toplady's beautiful ‘Rock of Ages.’ And so on. In fact, when all is said and done, judicious alteration is at times, as we have said, an unfortunate necessity. Only let the changes be made by a poet, and most tenderly, most sparingly, only in cases of dire necessity. Let not the result be, as it so often is, a stucco addition to a marble palace. There is one comfort—‘*Valida est veritas et praevalerebit.*’ That is to say, the best text will be sure to prevail in the long run. And we are delighted to see this unholy custom of tampering with the texts of beautiful hymns growing less and less common every year. It was once the rule, it is now the rare exception. It is

scarcely possible to overstate the influence for good which Lord Selborne's 'Book of Praise' has exercised in this respect on all hymn-books published after 1862.

In 1779 John Newton, 'once an infidel and libertine,' then curate of Olney, brought out a collection of 348 hymns—281 of which were by himself, 67 by the poet Cowper—which he called the 'Olney Hymns.' Many of these are very good, and there is little difference as to quality between the work of the poet and that of the versifier; thus justifying Newton's dictum that there was 'a style and manner suited to the composition of hymns, which may be more successfully, or at least more easily, attained by a versifier than by a poet.'\* As many as twenty-five of them are admitted into Lord Selborne's 'Book of Praise.' Newton wrote, among others, 'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,' and 'Glorious things of Thee are spoken.' Cowper's best was 'Hark my soul, it is the Lord;' but all his are good. About one of Cowper's there is a remarkable story told. In January, 1773, Cowper, then in the utmost despondency, made up his mind that it was God's will that he should destroy himself. So he hired a post-chaise, proposing to drown himself at a particular part of the river. The driver missed his way, and soon after the cloud of gloom lifted for a time. Cowper then wrote the hymn 'God moves in a mysterious way.' So runs the story, but Dr. Julian in one of the short critical notices in which he is so strong, shows that it cannot be accepted as strictly true. To this hymn when printed in the 'Olney Hymns' (book iii. hymn 15) are prefixed the words 'Light shining out of Darkness.'

During the eighteenth century, as we have seen, the best hymns had, as a rule, been written by Nonconformists. But at last the Church of England began to awake from her torpor. It has been estimated that in the last forty years of that century (1760–1800) some half-dozen hymn-books had been issued by Churchmen, and these crude compilations from Congregational and Wesleyan sources. Whereas in the course of the next fifty years no less than two hundred Church hymnals were brought out, to a large extent of very superior workmanship, better in selection and better in arrangement. And now, in 1826, John Keble published his 'Christian Year.' Although he was a poet rather than a hymn-writer—and yet such hymns as 'Sun of my soul' are contained in

that work—he stimulated others to a marked extent. Then, too, Bishop Heber wrote ‘From Greenland’s icy mountains,’ ‘Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,’ ‘Brightest and ‘best of the Sons of the morning;’ Lyte his beautiful evening hymn, ‘Abide with me.’ About the same time the Church revival carried on by John Henry Newman (‘Lead, ‘kindly Light’), Pusey, and others, led the thoughts of men to the choicest old hymns, especially Latin. And the publication of Bunsen’s ‘Gesangbuch,’ in 1833, in which he sorely complained of the liberties taken with old German hymns, directed attention, almost for the first time, to a new and rich source. Soon such translators arose as Isaac Williams, John Chandler, and, above all, John Mason Neale from the Latin and Greek, and Catherine Winkworth from the German. It is not too much to say that many of their translations constitute first-rate English hymns.

It would be quite impossible even to name the hymn-writers of the last fifty years, so rich has been the harvest. It is equally impossible to enumerate the hymn-books, even if we should confine ourselves to those of the Church of England, which has now produced some five hundred hymnals, embodying the work of about two hundred and fifty authors or translators, while their hymns amount to over ten thousand.

Of one hymn-book—certainly the most successful and, perhaps, the best in our times—we must give some account. In the year 1859 a syndicate of the holders of the copyright of certain hymnals, looking upon the great diversity of collections then in use as an evil, agreed to combine and thus bring out a hymn-book which should appeal to a wider number of worshippers than any heretofore published. A trial edition was accordingly issued, and towards the end of 1861 appeared—‘Hymns Ancient and Modern for Use in the ‘Services of the Church.’ This book contained 273 hymns in all, of which 132 (far too many in proportion to the size of the book) were from the Latin, ten from the German, while 119 were English hymns already in Church use, and twelve original.

‘Its success was unparalleled in the history of hymnology, ‘Watts and the Wesleyan hymn-book alone excepted.’ Many causes contributed to this success, but most important of these was the happily chosen title. ‘A great wave of ‘religious enthusiasm was passing over the Church, and ‘things old and primitive were esteemed of great value. ‘Men were beginning to long for something of the old way ‘of thinking, and fragrant with the old flavour. . . . The

'one word "Ancient" in the title was a magician's wand.' Nevertheless, the first edition was very imperfect. The texts of the hymns were sadly mutilated, the scope most limited. An Appendix of 113 new hymns, published in 1868, somewhat enlarged the range of subjects; and in 1875 an entirely remodelled edition was brought out containing 473 hymns, in every way an improvement on its predecessors. The texts were purer, and the several parts better proportioned. Lastly, in 1889, appeared a further Appendix, making the total number of hymns up to 638, which has gone far to make it representative of English hymnody up to the date of its compilation.

It has been suggested, by the present Bishop of Exeter among others, that the present would be a suitable time for issuing an authoritative Church of England hymnal. But, for our part, we agree with Dr. Julian that 'to present a book to the Church which shall be *The Book of Common* Praise, in the same sense and with the same acceptableness as the Prayer-book is *The Book of Common Prayer*, requires a combination of circumstances and of men which does not exist.'

In America no less activity in the writing and compiling of hymns has been displayed than in England. At the beginning of the present century in an American hymn-book an original hymn by an American writer was quite exceptional. Things are very different now. At least one hymn in five, it is said, is of native birth. And some of the American hymn-writers, notably Edmund Hamilton Sears, Dr. Ray Palmer, and Bishops Coxe and Doane, have a reputation almost as great on this side of the Atlantic as in America.

Before taking leave of this delightful subject, we must point out one aspect of it which we have, perhaps, hinted at, but which we have not stated in so many words. It is the catholic nature of hymns. Hymns in the truest and best sense form an Eirenicon. Here, if nowhere else, Christians, whatever may be their exact creed, can stand on the ground of their common faith. All minor differences are left out of sight, are forgotten. Church hymnals of an advanced type use, for instance, the hymns of Watts and Doddridge, without stopping to consider that they were written by Independents. Witness, too, these words of Dr. Neale, written in 1865: 'Bernard would have been surprised, could he have foreseen by how many varying sects his poem would be sung. The course of a few days brought me requests to use it from a



‘minister of the Scotch Establishment, a Swedenborgian minister, and a hymn-book for the use of the “American Evangelical Lutheran Church,” sanctioned by the “Ministerium of Pennsylvania,” which extracts largely from it.’ May we quote, also, Lord Selborne’s words? ‘It is refreshing to turn aside from the divisions of the Christian world and to rest for a little time in the sense of that inward unity which, after all, subsists among all good Christians.’

In conclusion, let us give Dr. Julian our cordial thanks for the labour and love which have produced this most valuable and interesting book. And, gratitude being a ‘sense of favours to come,’ let us suggest a further field for his labours. Both Mone and Daniel are out of print. What better opportunity could be found than the present for bringing out a thesaurus of hymns, which should be as superior in accuracy and arrangement as this Dictionary is to anything which has preceded it?

ART. III.—*Histoire de mon Temps: Mémoires du Chancelier Pasquier.* Tome deuxième. Paris: 1893.

WE return to the consideration of this important work, the first part of which we lately reviewed. The second volume of Duc Pasquier’s ‘Memoirs’ comprises the most momentous period of the history of Europe in the present century: the fall of Napoleon, and the restoration of the monarchy of the Bourbons, through the Allied arms. It forms a valuable contribution to the literature of France; if it does not reach the true historical level, it is in many respects an instructive commentary on the memorable events to which it refers, and we have read it with no ordinary pleasure and interest. Much of the information contained in it has been forestalled by documents already published; a few of its statements are not correct; others place facts in a deceptive light, and are falsely coloured by patriotic sentiment; and we dissent from some of the author’s conclusions. But it is not the less a performance of real merit, revealing an earnest desire to record the truth, intelligence of a very high order, and especially a lofty and judicial turn of mind, in striking contrast with the memoirs of the day; and, as it describes impressions as they were formed at the time, in singularly graceful and dignified language, it is throughout attractive and life-like.

The personal reminiscences of the distinguished author are,

naturally, the most valuable part of the work; and, as his official position brought him into contact with many of the leading personages of the age—placed him, so to speak, in the midst of the scenes of a wonderful and most striking drama of events, and revealed them largely to him from their inner side—these form precious materials in many instances for a history even yet not completely written. Pasquier has given us new and interesting details respecting the extraordinary plot of Malet; he has described very fully, and from the best sources, the state of opinion in Paris and France in 1812-13-14, and especially the exhaustion of the imperilled nation; he has delineated clearly many of the scenes which formed the prelude to the fall of the Empire; he has dwelt at length, and with extreme candour, on the conduct of the Allies in the hour of their triumph, and on the policy and acts of the provisional government which ruled France for a few weeks before Louis XVIII. took the helm of the State; he has done justice to Napoleon's attitude after the sceptre and the sword had been stricken from his hands, while he does not conceal the Emperor's fatal errors; and he has indicated, with a discriminating hand, the first grave faults committed by the Bourbon Government. These records are of peculiar interest, and the author, besides, has thrown much fresh light on two or three of the worst incidents of an age of violence, when crime seemed natural to personages even in the highest places. The references to the negotiations at Prague and Châtillon, inspired evidently by Caulaincourt, though not without a certain degree of value, are too instinct with national prejudice to be a trustworthy account of the facts; and the same may be said of the many allusions to the gigantic contest of 1812-14, though here, too, we have found something to learn. If, too, the point of view of the author is occasionally not altogether correct, his narrative is pervaded throughout by a moderate and impartial spirit, which makes even its defects venial; and his skill in portraiture is remarkable.

This volume begins with the eventful campaign of 1812. Disregarding the silent condemnation of France, already exhausted by incessant war, and having received the lip-service of the heads of an overawed Continent at a pageant of idle state at Dresden, Napoleon had advanced into the depths of Muscovy with a huge, but immature and ill-organised, host, composed of many races and tongues; and before Wilna and Witepsk had been reached the

enterprise wore an ominous aspect. The good sense of Frenchmen was not deceived by pompous and mendacious Imperial bulletins, and the Emperor's boast, 'Did Hannibal look behind him when he crossed the Alps to descend on 'Rome?' was ridiculed as the worst kind of claptrap. The consternation became general when it was ascertained that the Grand Army had passed Smolensk; Decrès, the well-known Minister of Marine—an able, if a somewhat desponding, man—expressed his fears in no measured language:—

'He could have organised in his rear the ancient provinces of Poland, separated from the Russian Empire, and have been enabled either to dictate peace or to begin in the spring a decisive campaign. . . . And what everyone sees the Emperor will not see, or is mad enough to disregard everything that seems to challenge his presumptuous hopes. . . . He thinks that he will get out of the difficulty by calling for more conscripts. The Senate has just given him 140,000, which makes 440,000 in a single year. And do you suppose that a cord so strained can long hold together? No; I tell you he is a lost man.'

These views were shared by Napoleon's most devoted followers, by Savary, La Valette, and, in fact, by all of the highest functionaries who had remained in Paris. Baraguay d'Hilliers at Wilna foretold a disaster; Bassano alone—a sanguine and dangerous flatterer—was confident, up to the last, in Poland:—

'M. Baraguay d'Hilliers perceived the difficulties gathering around him; he foresaw that the communications he was charged to protect would be interrupted. M. de Bassano, established at Wilna with some members of the diplomatic body, scoffed at everything that suggested a doubt of ultimate success.'

Pasquier's references to the military events of the campaign do not require particular notice. He confirms the testimony of most writers that Napoleon was ill at Borodino, and not able to direct the attack; he dwells on the mistake of lingering for weeks at Moscow; he asserts that the Emperor—lord of a flattering Continent—could not have ventured to winter in the city's ruins, with an enfeebled army, far from the Elbe and the Oder. He glances, also, at the horrors of the retreat, and maintains that, if Napoleon was unequal to himself, on more than one occasion, at this awful crisis, his power over the minds of his troops, and his genius in war, were conspicuously seen at the tragic passage of the Beresina:—

'Such was his ascendancy over the soldiery who perished in his train that not a symptom of disobedience appeared, not a murmur was heard in that army dying of cold and famine. A similar example was

never, perhaps, given in history. To those who beheld him on the banks of the Beresina hurrying up and down, staff in hand, that unknown tract, absorbed in his calculations of his chances of passing and eluding the enemy, giving his orders with imperturbable presence of mind and calmness, and finally triumphing over difficulties which anyone else would have thought insurmountable, he never appeared more truly great.'

Pasquier adds considerably to our previous knowledge respecting Malet and his strange enterprise, the intelligence of which was received by Napoleon at Smolensk, during the retreat from Moscow. As Prefect of the Police he investigated the whole affair, the documents relating to it passing through his hands; and it was more menacing to the Imperial régime than any writer we know of has hitherto supposed. One Royalist at least, and probably more, was associated with Malet in his designs; the forged decree of the Senate was conceived in the interest of the fallen House of Bourbon, while the forged order of the day placed the control of the army, and the government, in fact, in Republican hands. The following is a revelation to us, at least; and it deserves special notice that the settlement of France put forward by Malet, as falling in with the national aspirations and wishes, nearly coincides with the arrangements made by the victorious Coalition in 1814:—

'The Senatus Consultum nominated as members of the provisional government men notorious for their royalist and anti-revolutionary principles. M. Mathieu de Montmorency, M. Alexis de Noailles appeared on the list by the side of the Abbé Sieyès. The marriage of Marie Louise was annulled, the infant Napoleon was declared illegitimate, the conscription and part of the indirect taxes were abolished. The Pope's dominions were restored to him, a congress was to treat of a general pacification, and France would facilitate this by returning to her ancient boundaries. The non-alienation of the national domains was guaranteed. The term "non-alienation" admitted many different interpretations. The Order of the Day, signed by Malet, was not less extraordinary; it conferred the command of the troops on Generals Guidal, Desnoyers, and Pailhardy, all three revolutionists. General Lecourbe, a personal enemy of Napoleon, the most determined of Jacobins, was appointed commander-in-chief of a central army to be assembled near Paris.'

Of the conspiracy itself little need be said; its ultimate success was not possible; but it is singular how much success was attained. The accidental cause of this, according to Pasquier, was that there was no military police in the capital; the duties of such a force devolved on the garrison, and a small detachment of the Imperial Guards; and it was

found to be not difficult to lead astray the chiefs of part of the soldiery by forged papers, and by the presence of Malet, in uniform, on the spot. But it is astonishing that an obscure conspirator of the kind should have been enabled to throw Savary and Pasquier into prison, even for a short time, and to instal one of his satellites in the Ministry of Police; and it was an ominous and most significant fact that functionaries, even in high places, were perfectly ready to believe in the fable that the Empire had disappeared with its author, and that a provisional government reigned in its stead. Frochot, the Prefect of the Seine, actually gave directions to admit the successors of Napoleon into the Hôtel de Ville:—

‘M. Frochot read in the orders given him by the officer commanding the cohort that the Imperial Government had been abolished; that a commission, in the nature of a provisional government, had been established, and was to hold its sittings in the Hôtel de Ville; and that, if necessary, the tocsin was to be rung as a kind of appeal to the nation. These revolutionary measures threw him off his balance. “Well,” he said to Soulier, “what do you want? You will require a room for the commission and a room for the staff. The commission can take its seats in the great hall; the staff can go to the lower rooms in the Hôtel de Ville.” Then, leaving his office, he went into the great hall, spoke to the *concierger*, ordered him to fetch a table and chairs, and hurried off to his own private apartments. He asked for horses, and resolved to go as quickly as possible to see the Arch-Chancellor.’

The conspiracy of Malet was stifled in blood; its author and his instruments were condemned to death. These executions were generally approved; but the attitude of the capital was not one of sympathy with the Emperor and his son; it was rather one of levity and cool indifference, and of malicious pleasure at the trick that had been played on Savary. Events of the most serious and tragical import quickly occurred to give a new turn to opinion. Week after week the intelligence from the theatre of war became more alarming, and of the worst omen; and at last the famous 29th Bulletin informed France of the disaster that had befallen her arms. Napoleon reached the Tuileries in the third week of December; and it is not improbable that the affair of Malet, and the symptoms of danger it had developed, was a principal cause that he abandoned his army—one of the most fatal mistakes of his life. Notwithstanding the consternation of the mourning capital, the innumerable cares and toils that beset him, and the servile adulation of the bodies of the State, eager to do anything to excuse them-

selves, one of his very first acts was to probe to the bottom the late conspiracy, and to fix on a victim. What incensed him most was the cynical disregard shown to a dynasty which he had deemed placed above the chances of adverse fortune, and the readiness with which the tale of his death and of a revolution had been accepted by men who surrounded his throne. Frochot was disgraced for his credulous folly, but it was considered advisable not to proceed further :—

‘ Amidst all these discoveries, it had been clearly shown that it had been sufficient to spread about the news that he was dead to cause the rights of his son to be forgotten. That was the insult which he wished to avenge signally, and he sought an opportunity to make an example. In the elaborate reports which he had perused he had remarked that the Prefect of the Seine, though he had retained his liberty and no act of violence had been done to his person, had obeyed the conspirators without disputing the legality of the documents they had produced, and had recognised the existence of a government established on the ruins of his own, setting utterly aside the title of his son. Nay, more, he had given orders to prepare for the reception of the members of the new government at the Hôtel de Ville. This was inexcusable in Napoleon’s eyes, and it was to this he was alluding when he pronounced this sentence, “ Cowardly magistrates destroy the empire of the law, the rights of the throne, and social order itself.” ’

Events, meantime, in the East of Europe had completed the ruin of the Grand Army, and even portended woe to the Empire. When Napoleon left his troops at Smorgoni, he believed that he would have 200,000 men, including his reserves on the Oder and Vistula ; and he promised his lieutenants that he would rejoin them with 300,000 more in the early spring. But the departure of the Emperor became the signal for the speedy dissolution of the remains of his host. Murat lost his head, and gave up his command ; the levies that had been brought up from Wilna disappeared through the stress of famine and cold ; and not 20,000 men—haggard and worn-out spectres—out of 500,000 recrossed the Niemen. Schwarzenberg had ere long drawn off into Galicia, acting probably on a hint from Vienna ; the Prussian contingent, under York, had risen against its detested masters. Macdonald had with difficulty made his escape ; and, after throwing garrisons into two or three strong places, Eugène Beauharnais, Murat’s successor, at the head of not 50,000 men, was forced back, in retreat, from the Vistula to the Elbe. Simultaneously Germany rushed to arms, throwing off the yoke of the Confederates of the Rhine ; Prussia led this enthusiastic national movement ; and a combined Russian

and Prussian army, sustained by thousands of patriotic levies, rapidly advanced against the retiring enemy. The power of Napoleon was wellnigh effaced in the region between the Niemen and the Elbe; and Pasquier tells us that he did not deceive himself as to the formidable dangers gathering around when he had learned that the Czar and Frederick William joined hands. Pasquier, it appears, had gained an inkling of the fact before it had become generally known in Paris; and this characteristic interview followed:—

‘M. de Sémonville and I placed the truth clearly before the eyes of the Duc de Bassano, and he seemed to be so struck with it that he said, “Yes, you are in the right, and it is my duty to report to the Emperor what you have told me. I will go at once; wait for me, and on my return I will let you know what has been the impression made on his mind.” It was ten at night, and we waited until one. He came back at last, and I think I can still see him as he entered the room with a joyous and open countenance, taking us aside, and saying these very words: “Well, my dear friends, all that you told me—and I acknowledge you put me out a little—is simply nothing. The Emperor laughed at it, and in four sentences, containing indisputable facts, he blew away the whole menacing structure of fable, and left nothing standing.” We could only bow our heads in the presence of such obstinate blindness, and this was all we got for our frank disclosures. Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that in this conversation Napoleon was deceiving his minister rather than himself.’

Napoleon, too, was harassed on another side; the quarrel with the Pope had never ceased, and had become perilous at the existing crisis. How the Emperor cajoled the aged Pontiff, at this moment in gilded bondage; how he wrung from him all kinds of concessions, and even the renunciation of his temporal power; how Pius VII. recanted when the fascinating spell of the tempter’s presence had been removed; and how, in spite of Imperial decrees, the relations between the Church and the State in France remained strained, and caused grave scandals, have been described by many historians, and we need not enlarge on Pasquier’s comments. It deserves notice, however, that even Duvoisin, the famous Gallican Bishop of Nantes, a prelate after Napoleon’s heart, died protesting against the wrongs done to the Pope:—

‘The Bishop of Nantes, who had shown such moderation in these painful negotiations, died in the month of July. He wished before expiring to impress the truth on the conscience of a sovereign whom he had served in the sincerity of his heart, wholly preoccupied as he was with the interests of the faith. He wrote a few hours before his death to Napoleon thus: “I entreat you to give the Holy Father his freedom again; his captivity troubles the last moments of my life. I

have had the honour often to let you know how that captivity afflicted the whole of Christendom, and how impolitic it would be to prolong it. The return of his Holiness to Rome is, I think, essential to your welfare.” ’

The Emperor, meanwhile, had been making great efforts to restore his shattered military power. His genius for organisation was seen in its fullest activity; and he was seconded with characteristic energy by France, who, tired as she was with despotic rule, and decimated by never-ceasing wars, still resolved to be the supreme ruler of the Continent. By summoning veteran regiments from Spain, and incorporating masses of levies with these; by appeals to the patriotism of the National Guards, and uniting them with the regular troops; by anticipating the conscription of 1814, and sending youths into the ranks in tens of thousands; by calling to the standards a host of old soldiers, and even the marines and sailors of the fleets, the Emperor succeeded in less than four months in assembling 500,000 men; and though the Grand Army, as it was called once more, was very different, as an instrument of war, from the army of Austerlitz, Jena, and Friedland, and was deficient in cavalry and in trained artillerymen, it was, nevertheless, a grand creation, and its infantry presented an imposing aspect. Pasquier gives us many details on the subject, and informs us that the number of men raised by Napoleon in 1813 reached the enormous total of 840,000, an estimate higher than that of other writers. One of Napoleon's expedients at once attests his fertility of resource and his despotic temper. His cavalry had perished in the steppes of Russia; and he endeavoured to make up for his weakness in that arm by instituting the well-known ‘Guards of Honour’—youths of family charged to find horses and other equipments for the field for themselves—and he did this partly to obtain a choice body of horsemen, and partly to keep a hold on the old noblesse, which he foresaw might fall away from him. Pasquier agrees with Marbot that this was an unwise and unpopular stretch of power:—

‘Besides his purpose of securing a large mass of cavalry, the first formation of which would cost the State nothing, the Emperor certainly had resolved to take hostages from all the families whose loyalty might be doubtful. No measure made more bitter enemies to Napoleon, or caused his fall to be more passionately desired.’

There is nothing remarkable in Pasquier's sketch of the first part of the campaign of 1813. Napoleon marched through the scenes of Jena at the head of about 100,000



men, and joined Eugène and the survivors of the retreat, and he advanced boldly into the plains of Saxony. He was, however, fiercely assailed by Blücher, and if the heroism of his young soldiery and his own admirable forethought and skill saved his arms from a defeat that for a time seemed certain, Lützen was a barren victory, owing to his want of horsemen. Bautzen, too, was another fruitless triumph, though, as Pasquier truly observes, the Emperor's movements were perfectly designed; but they failed to strike the decisive stroke, and a rude army proved once more unequal to carry into effect the plans of its chief. The Allies, nevertheless, were beaten; the French army approached the Oder, and had the Emperor pushed his advantage home, he might have gained most important success. At this juncture, however, he signed the truce of Pleistnitz, perhaps the most palpable mistake of his career; for he had no conception that all Europe was even now ready to rise in arms against him should hostilities be prolonged to the summer. His motive in taking this course, he has told us himself, was to give time to improve his raw levies, and especially to strengthen and increase his cavalry; and probably he thought that he might succeed in separating Prussia from the Czar, and in taking vengeance on Austria, an object of his wrath.\* The policy of that great Power is well known; she held the position of Prussia before Austerlitz, but was not directed by false and shallow counsels; and Metternich had passed with consummate craft from the attitude of an ally to that of an arbiter, at heart a friend of monarchic Europe and an enemy of revolutionary France. This infuriated Napoleon in the highest degree, and though he tried to cajole his father-in-law, in letters to which Pasquier alludes, his main purpose at this moment was to punish Austria. This compelled Metternich more and more to turn his eyes towards Prussia and Russia; and the three Powers probably became fast allies a few days after the armistice of Pleistnitz. The interests of Austria and her sympathies lay altogether in this direction; and Pasquier, we think, ascribes too much to the influence on this occasion

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\* The indignation of Napoleon against Austria at this conjuncture appears in many passages of his Correspondence. We quote a few words: 'L'insolence de l'Autriche n'a pas de terme; avec son style mielleux, je dirais même sentimental, elle voudrait m'ôter la Dalmatie, etc. . . . Il est impossible d'être plus perfide que cette cour.' Corr. xxv. pp. 347-8.

of Pozzo di Borgo—though undoubtedly that very able man hated Napoleon with a Corsican hatred:—

‘His ability consisted in placing Austria in a position which Napoleon persistently refused to give her. While the Emperor insisted that she was to play the part of a disinterested mediator, and to look for nothing on her own account, M. Pozzo di Borgo, in the name of Russia, gave her to understand that, as she had an immense interest in the balance of power in Europe, she must not let slip an admirable opportunity to gain for herself whatever was required to secure the power and the influence which she needed in order to take her proper place and to maintain the general equilibrium of the Continent.’

Considerable obscurity still hangs over the celebrated negotiations that followed. Vittoria was a heavy blow for Napoleon; the pretensions of Russia and Prussia increased, and Austria, having assembled a great army behind the screen of the Bohemian hills, assumed gradually a distinctly hostile attitude. Very possibly the Powers were not sincere on either side in the Councils at Prague; the Allies—for Austria had become a member of the League—inclined, perhaps, to the arbitrament of war; Napoleon certainly had resolved to fight, sooner than abandon a shred of his empire. An impassable gulf lay between the disputants; and though Pasquier looks at the facts from a French point of view, these conclusions are probably not incorrect:—

‘A mutual understanding was impossible, for they approached the subject from ways that brought them into conflict. The negotiations at Dresden, the semblance of a congress at Prague, were merely expedients to gain time. It may be laid to the charge of Napoleon that he put himself in the wrong in refusing to make concessions, and that he so arranged matters that he made the only overture which could lead to anything when the rupture was complete. I think his adversaries were, like himself, eager to risk a final effort, and not to lose an occasion in which, united in their movements to gain the same ends, they were about, for the first time perhaps, to make use of their entire forces in war.’

It is certain, however, that at the last moment the Allies offered Napoleon conditions which would have left him the France of ‘the natural boundaries,’ with Italy, Holland, and even Naples—that is, would have kept him the Lord of the Continent. It is astonishing the Emperor did not take them at their word, even if, as he insisted, they were playing him false; but his confidence in his sword and his unbending pride induced him ‘to throw the dice’ once more, and precipitated him on the path of ruin.

Culm was the turning-point in the campaign; Pasquier,

quoting the very words of Daru, Napoleon's confidential secretary on the spot, confirms the tradition that the defeat of Vandamme was caused by the Emperor's accidental illness :—

'Napoleon explained to me that two days before he had been suddenly attacked by such violent pains in the stomach that he had been unable to proceed in his march, and that he had been obliged to go back. . . . In fact, he thought he had been poisoned; he easily entertained fears of the kind. "And so," he added, "great events hang on trifles! This may be irreparable."'

Daru, too, in opposition to the assertions of Thiers, and of other historians of the campaign, told Pasquier that, even before war had been declared, Napoleon thought of holding the line of the Saale, in preference to the great line of the Elbe—a position less imposing, but less dangerous:—

"I have made up my mind," he said; "I will fall back on the Saale; I will concentrate 300,000 men; and with my rear resting on Mayence, and my right flank covered by the last ranges of the Bohemian mountains, I will be a bull with his horns in front of the enemy. He will try and manœuvre before me. When he makes his first mistake I will fall upon him; I will crush him, and the Coalition will be dissolved more quickly than it was formed."

Daru informed Pasquier that a few soft words of Bassano's changed the Emperor's purpose; but this, we think, is simply incredible. Nor have we much faith in the whole story. Napoleon repeatedly argued with Soult and others that he had but two alternatives in the theatre of war: if he was to contend for Germany, he must hold the Elbe; if he was to fight for France only, he would fall back on the Rhine. And he condemned the Saale as a bad line, and an attempt to stand on it as a weak half-measure.

The military power of France was broken, after the retreat of the Grand Army from Leipzig—a retreat almost as disastrous as that from Moscow—though irradiated by a passing gleam of light at Hanau. Not 90,000 Frenchmen reached the Rhine; the garrisons on the Elbe, the Oder, and Vistula, at least 150,000 strong, were cut off and irrevocably lost; the auxiliaries of the Confederate vassals had joyfully supported the great German rising; and the Allied armies were already upon the Main. Meanwhile Wellington had crossed the Pyrenees, and, forcing back Soult, stood on the verge of Gascony; Eugène had been driven, in defeat, from the Adige; and Murat, treading in the steps of Bernadotte, and tempted by a wife, false to every tie of blood, was preparing to betray his master and

to join the Allies—an act of baseness paralleled only in the France of that time. This was the most unkindest cut of all, worse even than Bavaria's defection, to be avenged, Napoleon exclaimed, 'by Munich in flames'; and Pasquier informs us that orders were given for the arrest of the recreant King of Naples before he desperately threw off the mask :—

'Murat abandoned the Emperor during the first days of the retreat, and this desertion, it would appear, was accompanied by circumstances of extreme gravity ; for the Minister of Police received an order, through a courier despatched in hot haste, to arrest the King should he present himself at the gates of Paris, and to imprison him at Vincennes. I have no doubt of the fact, for the Duc de Rovigo told me so, and directed me to set the agents of the police on the watch, and to let him know when the first news arrived of the apparition of the fugitive.'

The Empire, too, was breaking up from within: the obsequious Senate might vote addresses; the official organs of administration in France might get up displays of factitious loyalty; but Holland and Belgium were throwing off the yoke; and France, exhausted by her late efforts, was prostrate, hopeless, and longing for repose. The machinery of despotism, all powerful for years, failed suddenly to fulfil its functions; the Treasury yielded little, for the taxes were not paid; the conscription did not supply its tale of recruits; and the nation was in a mood which might become most dangerous. The Allies, however, were not aware of the real state of the tottering Empire; the memories of Valmy and Jemappes, and of 1793, were still the means of protecting France; and Austria and the Czar at least made the celebrated overture, through Saint-Aignan, which would have left Napoleon France with 'the natural boundaries.' Pasquier dwells at some length on the terms proposed at Frankfort, quoting documents long ago published; and he has no doubt that, on this occasion, the Coalition was not playing false :—

'Austria and Russia were sincerely desirous of peace; the Emperor Francis had no wish to dethrone his daughter, and the character of the Emperor Alexander was one of too much caution not to make him apprehensive, should he continue the war, to endanger success and glory surpassing all that his imagination had ventured to presage in his most exalted moments. I have it from M. Labouchère, a person who often was in his presence during his stay at Frankfort, that he exclaimed more than once: "I must not be thought to be so foolish as to carry the war to the other bank of the Rhine. I will not commit the fault which has cost my enemy so dear; I will not go seek in Paris the fate he met in Moscow."'

There can be little doubt that England and Prussia would have assented to these conditions, even if Castlereagh—not yet on the spot—would have certainly tried to detach Antwerp from France. But, in this instance as at Prague before, Napoleon did not seize his best chance of safety; he sent an unwise reply to Metternich, and the opportunity was finally lost. Whether this was owing to his unconquerable pride, or not improbably to his conviction that his dynasty of conquest could not survive the imposition of terms of defeat, extraordinarily favourable as these were, it is impossible to know or even conjecture; but these remarks of Pasquier are acute and just:—

‘Napoleon was severely punished for the fault he had committed. What made his conduct worse was that in this situation of affairs he regarded the interests of France much less than his own. It was in his power, even after all these disasters, to leave her in a state of great power and influence; he sacrificed her to the difficulties of his own position, to that especially of finding himself after the ruin of his ambitious projects face to face with a nation which had done everything for him, and which had a right to demand from him an account for the treasure which had been wasted and for the blood which had been shed in so many reckless adventures. Peace in these circumstances appeared to him the worst of misfortunes. Deprived of the glamour of renown that attends conquerors, surrounded by all those lieutenants to whom he could no longer fling the wealth of whole nations, he did not believe it possible that he could retain a throne where it would have been his first duty to endeavour to have his past faults forgiven. In this he misunderstood the generosity of Frenchmen, and did not know how to place trust in a quality not to be found in his character. He did not even do justice to himself, for in the memories of his splendid career, even in his reverses and mistakes, there was a grandeur and a brilliancy which would have upheld him. His pride would not permit the slightest diminution of his reputation. In the bottom of his heart he always preferred to run the risks of war, and he did not really wish to treat until he was convinced that his military resources were about wholly to fail. But when he saw this at last, his enemies were equally well informed, and they acted accordingly.’

Napoleon endeavoured to make head against a sea of troubles; and even as late as November 1813 his letters breathed the most perfect confidence.\* He obtained votes to increase taxation, and, according to Pasquier—who saw the official returns—he called out levies amounting to

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\* Napoleon to Cambacérès, Corresp. xxvi. p. 395: ‘Aussitôt que je connaîtrai bien les ennemis auxquels j’ai affaire, et que je n’aurais plus à craindre des trahisons, ni des crocs en jambe, je les battrai aussi vite que les autres.’

460,000 men, this total not including the conscription of 1815, about 160,000 youths summoned to join the Eagles, but never assembled.\* He felt sure that the Allies would not dare to cross the Rhine until the spring at soonest; and if he tacitly gave up Germany as lost, his arrangements prove that he meant to contend, not only for the France of the peace of Lunéville, but for Holland and the whole kingdom of Italy. But Holland had risen against him before the year closed; the contagion of revolt spread over Belgium; Murat was ready to draw the sword against France; the Coalition had advanced to the Rhine; and the Empire, from Artois to Alsace and Provence, was shaken already to its foundations. At this conjuncture, when, beyond question, the Allies were willing to treat with him, and to leave him upon an Imperial throne, Napoleon began to perceive, with his superior insight, that a restoration of the House of Bourbon was a probability in the course of events; he grasped the future more truly than other statesmen. In truth, when old Europe had even now blotted out a large part of his overgrown empire, and its ultimate triumph was not unlikely, it was but the logic of facts that he should disappear from the scene, and that France should be placed again under her old monarchy, a sign that the revolutionary era had closed:—

‘In this position of affairs Napoleon saw, perhaps for the first time, that the return of the House of Bourbon had become possible; and I am convinced that this thought entered his mind as the necessary consequence of the situation long before it affected the policy of the foreign cabinets. He spoke of it first on the assumption of his death. “Believe me,” he remarked to M. de la Valette, and he said the same thing to M. Molé, “that were I slain my succession at this crisis would not devolve on the King of Rome. Things have come to such a point that a Bourbon only can come after me.”’

He opened his mind on the subject even to Pasquier, in whom he certainly placed great confidence, though Pasquier held a subordinate office only:—

‘In the midst of these engrossing cares his mind was haunted by the reflection that the return of the Bourbons was possible. I am even disposed to think that his pride was flattered by the idea that he could be replaced by this ancient dynasty alone. This preconception must have been very strong, for he referred to it twice in conversation with me; he had never opened his mouth on the subject before.’

\* See the figures quoted in ‘1814,’ by M. Henri Houssaye, p. 2. We can commend this conscientious work, now in its thirteenth edition.

It was the conviction that the Bourbons might be restored which, according to Pasquier, made Napoleon insist so steadfastly on the France of the 'natural boundaries.' Other causes, we can hardly doubt, concurred; but the Emperor felt that, should France retain part of her revolutionary conquests, he still might have a title to reign, but if these were taken away, he would have no claim to the throne, and the only alternative was the return of the Bourbons. His instructions to Caulaincourt, while he had still hopes that the Allies would not recede from what had been proposed at Frankfort, show this very plainly, and are characteristic:—

'After a well-reasoned and good exposition of the motives which compelled him to give up nothing more, these sentences occur: "France reduced to her ancient limits necessarily implies the restoration of the House of Bourbon." A little further on we find this: "If the Allies choose to change the bases proposed and accepted, namely the 'natural boundaries,' his Majesty sees but three courses possible—namely, to fight and succeed, or to fight and perish gloriously, or, if the nation will not support him, to abdicate." It must be acknowledged that all the chances of the future are admirably foreseen, and even foretold, in these few lines, and they show that Napoleon did not cherish illusions on the subject.' \*

In the last days of December 1813 the Allies crossed the Rhine and invaded France, having become aware that Napoleon's empire had vanished upon the Scheldt and the Po, and was in peril even on the Loire and the Seine. Pasquier follows the traditional view of Frenchmen, that this was a breach of international faith, considering the overtures made at Frankfort, but his fervid patriotism has obscured his judgement. The Emperor had avoided treating for several weeks, and would not give a definitive answer; and it was too much to suppose that Europe in arms against a tyranny of many years would not turn the advantages it possessed to account. The invasion completely surprised Napoleon; and his military situation appeared desperate. The wreck of his armies on the Rhine had dwindled down to 60,000 men, ill organised, and cruelly wasted by disease; he had not had time to assemble his new levies; the material of war, stored

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\* The views of Napoleon as to the return of the Bourbons at this conjuncture have been scarcely noticed by historians; but the statements are fully confirmed by Vitrolles, '*Mémoires*,' vol. i. p. 49: '*La force de conception de Bonaparte lui faisait envisager les rigoureuses conséquences que ses ennemis n'apercevaient point encore, et personne en France ne les voyait.*'

on the Elbe and the Oder, was lamentably deficient in old France; and the nation, in the language of Thiers, was 'morally broken.' To resist the hosts of the Coalition in overwhelming numbers seemed an enterprise beyond the powers of man; and the Emperor did not conceal the truth from Pasquier:—

'On the 3rd of January I had remained behind after the levée; I had to speak to the Emperor about an affair of importance to Paris. "Well, Monsieur the Préfet," he said to me, on beginning the conversation, "what is the talk of the town? Do they know that the enemy's armies have crossed the Rhine?" "Yes, Sire, the news got abroad yesterday afternoon." "What are supposed to be their numbers?" "Two hundred thousand men are mentioned." "They are below the mark; they are from 300,000 to 400,000 strong; and they have crossed at seven or eight different points, between Cologne and Basle. The Swiss have allowed their territory to be violated. What is expected from me?" "There is no doubt but that your Majesty will set off at once to take the command of your troops, and to march against the enemy." "My troops! my troops! Is it thought that I still possess an army? Nearly all the men I brought back from Germany, have they not perished by this frightful epidemic, which has completed my disasters? An army! I shall be fortunate if, within the next three weeks, I shall be able to assemble 30,000 or 40,000 men."

France, in fact, had no more resources to yield; and alarm in the capital was the prevailing sentiment:—

'France could not meet the demands made on her. That is the truth, the exact truth; that is the real explanation of all that followed. After these successive calls of past conscriptions, of those in the present and those in the future, after the Guards of Honour, after the grades of sous-lieutenant imposed on youths of the best families, when they had escaped from the conscription by finding substitutes, according to law, there was not a household that was not in terror, if not tears. . . . Everything caused disquiet, misfortunes were foreseen from all sides. There was no confidence in anything, every illusion had been destroyed. The long columns of the "Moniteur" might be filled with addresses and expressions of devotion on the part of the bodies of the State, and of all the towns—this official language was a mere comedy pre-arranged.'

Royalist plotters had not yet lifted their heads; but the Emperor was already condemned in opinion. The victor of Austerlitz was the vanquished of Leipzig; his government had become a devouring tyranny; and Napoleon shrank from the gaze of the Parisian populace. Pasquier tells us how passers-by muttered 'scoundrel' and 'villain' at the sight of the Imperial retinue; and he had much to do with the suppression of the famous Report of Lainé, an



arbitrary act of power, which he tried to prevent, and which, he says, had very bad results. He dwells at some length on the convulsive efforts made by the Emperor to increase his military power; but these could not accomplish much; and, in fact, the struggle in 1814 was chiefly prolonged through the genius of Napoleon and the faults of his enemies. The Emperor left Paris as January was about to close; and it deserves notice that, bitterly as he hated Talleyrand, he tried to obtain the assistance of that great diplomatist in negotiating with the Allies at this crisis, and was furious that Talleyrand declined to accept the mission:—

‘The personage who inspired him chiefly with distrust was Talleyrand. His suspicions were strengthened by Talleyrand’s refusal to receive the full powers offered to him for the negotiations which it was expected would soon open. The Emperor had said on this subject, “he who withholds from me his services now is necessarily my enemy.” And he had been greatly inclined to send that enemy to expiate his imprudent conduct, under lock and key, in the donjon of Vincennes.’\*

Talleyrand’s refusal led to another scene of violence, and made him hate and fear Napoleon more than ever:—

‘The Emperor had in his own closet, and in the presence of his ministers, broken out against Talleyrand, as had happened before on his return from Spain. The imperturbable courtier had endured this second attack as calmly as he had endured the first; but he thought it his duty, on returning to his own house, to write a letter to the Emperor, in which he entreated him, in respectful language, to consider the position in which he was placing him, a position not compatible with the charge of a member of the Council of the Regency, to which, as Grand Elector, he had a right.’

Notwithstanding the Emperor’s † hatred and distrust, Talleyrand remained one of the Regency Council, under the nominal superintendence of Marie Louise, while Napoleon conducted the war in person. The policy and acts of this

\* Talleyrand, ‘*Mémoires*,’ vol. ii. p. 136, confirms Pasquier’s statement that, in December 1813, Napoleon offered him the portfolio of Foreign Minister. We may add here that he also asserts, with Pasquier and Vitrolles, ‘*Mémoires*,’ vol. ii. p. 161, that the Emperor at this juncture anticipated a Bourbon restoration. The passage is too long to be quoted, but is remarkable and significant.

† How Napoleon dreaded and disliked Talleyrand appears strikingly in a letter to Joseph, Corresp. xxvii. pp. 181–2: ‘Je vous le répète, méfiez-vous de cet homme. Je le pratique depuis seize années; j’ai même eu de la faveur pour lui; mais c’est sûrement le plus grand ennemi de notre maison, à présent que la fortune l’abandonne.’

great master of his art, especially as regards the state of affairs in Paris, must be considered as we survey his operations in 1814. It was a disastrous mistake to leave Talleyrand—a deadly enemy—in a high place in the State; perhaps an example could not be made; but it is difficult to understand why he was kept near the throne. Clarke and Joseph were very inferior men, and Marie Louise a mere puppet; and we seek in vain for a reason why the reins of government were abandoned to such weak heads and hands. But perhaps the worst of Napoleon's errors was the distrust he showed to the mass of the citizens, and his neglect to provide for the defence of the capital. He would not supply the population with arms, and it is untrue that these were wholly wanting; he would not admit that a fight should be risked in the streets, a terrible but most effective measure against an enemy checked by barricades; if he gave orders for the construction of a few works and redoubts, these were not resolutely and steadily carried out, and he was evidently afraid to alarm the citizens, and to lead them to suppose that danger was near. Even at the last moment he did not wish to call out the National Guard in the city, for he was not sure he could command their loyalty. Pasquier succeeded in obtaining his reluctant consent; he had persuaded Napoleon since the affair of Malet to establish the force of the gendarmerie:—

‘An immediate organisation of the National Guard seemed to me indispensable. “Very true,” replied Napoleon, “but your National Guard will be from 20,000 to 40,000 strong, and who will be responsible to me for the sentiments they may entertain? If these sentiments were hostile, would it be well for me to leave behind a force of the kind, and to permit it to be organised?”’\*

Pasquier glances with legitimate pride at the extraordinary contest of 1814. With an army, perhaps, never 70,000 strong, and largely composed of mere levies, Napoleon defended France for two months against enemies more than threefold in numbers; and if this marvellous achievement must be in part ascribed to the errors and jealousies of the Coalition, it was worthy of the great master of war. The Emperor's position seemed hopeless after La Rothière; yet in a few days he had completely changed the situation of affairs on the theatre, and his exulting boast was not wholly untrue—

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\* M. Henri Houssaye, ‘1814,’ pp. 414–61, describes very minutely, and ably, how the defence of Paris was neglected in 1814, and, pp. 539 *seq.*, lays much of the blame on Napoleon.

that he had been a Medusa Head, with his troops, to his foes. Never perhaps was the arduous and perilous task of manœuvring between divided armies and striking them right and left in succession more splendidly carried out than in his operations against Blücher and Schwarzenberg; and Champaubert, Montmirail, and Vauchamps may stand beside Castiglione and Rivoli as masterpieces of the military art. But if we turn from these memorable feats of arms to an examination of the campaign as a whole, our just admiration must be largely qualified. Napoleon was embarrassed by the mistake he had originally made, to resolve to defend outlying parts of the Empire; and it was very injudicious, as Pasquier remarks, that, after his astonishing success on the Marne and the Seine, he still clung to projects beyond his powers, and did not call in Suchet from Spain and Eugène from Italy. He fought, too, as General Hamley observes, three battles, at least, which he might have avoided, and was defeated, with all the chances against him; and, in a word, in 1814, as in 1813 and 1812, the pride of the conqueror more than once perverted the judgement of the military chief. As to his last, and still grand, effort to prolong the struggle by marching on the communications of the Allies eastwards, the state of Paris, left without defences, must be taken into account in considering this; and if the march alarmed the timid and cautious Schwarzenberg, it did not prevent the fall of the capital, and it speedily led to his own ruin. In our opinion the Emperor of 1814 was not equal to the general of 1796; he did not adapt so carefully means to ends, he was not so sound in calculation and judgement. As for the generalship of the Allies, it was often faulty, and the impetuosity of Blücher and Schwarzenberg's fears involved both in many disasters. But the constancy of Stadion, Castlereagh, and Metternich, superior to defeat, deserves high praise, and it may fairly be said that the advance on Paris, as affairs stood, was a master-stroke.

The negotiations, however, of these eventful months are of more lasting interest than the vicissitudes of war. Pasquier, a true Frenchman, is extremely angry that the Allies, after crossing the Rhine, and marching, scarcely resisted, to the Marne and the Seine, refused to offer again the terms of Frankfort, and insisted on depriving France of her 'natural boundaries.' We need not comment on sallies like these; the fortunes of war determine the conditions of peace; and as the Coalition, if it held together, could hardly fail to attain success at last, it is idle to

pretend that it had no moral right to reduce France to her ancient limits. It is more to the purpose to observe that Pasquier has no faith in the charge made by Napoleon's followers, that the representatives of the League of Europe were never sincere at the Congress of Châtillon, and never really intended to treat with the Emperor. Pozzo di Borgo probably held these views; but they were not those of the responsible statesmen. This is the more remarkable because Pasquier was evidently informed of the facts by Caulaincourt: Castlereagh spoke in the name of the Allies:—

'The note of Lord Castlereagh took special care to make it plain that it would be in the highest degree improper were England to refuse to treat with Napoleon, after so many steps had been taken, with his consent, to open the negotiations. Thus England, which had so long, and so obstinately, refused to recognise Napoleon as Emperor of the French, became the Power that was most desirous to deal with him, as she would have done with a sovereign whose rights had been most incontestably acknowledged; she followed in the steps of Austria.' \*

Napoleon stoutly held out at Châtillon for the France of the 'natural boundaries,' at least; this, as lawyers say, was his general intent. It is, nevertheless, a mistake to suppose—and for this he is not to be at all blamed—that he held irrevocably to these terms; the exigencies of his position caused him more than once to offer to treat on other conditions; and his purpose, in fact, changed with his fortunes in the field. He gave Caulaincourt *carte blanche* after La Rothière; he did nearly the same after his defeat at Laon; he declared at Fontainebleau† to the Imperial Guard that he was willing to accept 'France with the 'ancient limits.' Much of this, doubtless, was diplomatic fencing; and it is not improbable that he sent Caulaincourt into the Allied camp, after the fall of the capital, in order to gain time for making a desperate attack. But the following is very far from correct:—

'Could Napoleon accept conditions the moral effect of which would have been so fatal to his renown? Was it possible that the personage,

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\* This is fully confirmed by Vitrolles, 'Mémoires,' vol. i. p. 98, and by Talleyrand, 'Mémoires,' vol. ii. p. 146.

† 'Officiers, sous-officiers et soldats de la Vieille Garde, l'ennemi nous a dérobé trois marches; il est entré dans Paris. J'ai fait offrir à l'empereur Alexandre une paix achetée par de grands sacrifices—la France avec ses anciennes limites, en renonçant à nos conquêtes, en perdant tout ce que nous avons gagné depuis la Révolution.'—Corresp. xxvii. p. 355.

to whom the Republic had handed over France extending to the shores of the Rhine, who afterwards had occupied Italy, and placed the iron crown on his head, and who finally had annexed half Germany to his empire, could consent to see France weaker than she was before the Revolution? What answer could he make to those who would have called him to account for the blood of three millions of Frenchmen, uselessly shed on many a field of battle? The position in which it was sought to place him was not tenable; I cannot help thinking he was right in not accepting it. When he had risen to such a height, better for him to let himself be hurled down than to consent to descend himself so low.'

While the issue of the contest was as yet doubtful, and Europe was still willing to treat with Napoleon, events were gradually preparing the return of the Bourbons. Pasquier confirms the evidence of all the observers of the time that the Royal Family of France was almost forgotten, and that its few declared adherents scarcely lifted their heads for weeks after the Coalition had passed the Rhine:--

'No doubt a part of the old, and especially of the highest, noblesse, which, on its return from emigration, had established itself in the Faubourg St. Germain, where it lived, so to speak, by itself in the midst of Paris, had turned its eyes towards its former masters, the objects of regrets and hopes, which nothing had extinguished. In the departments of the West many gentlemen, inhabiting the ruins of their old seigneurial manors, cherished the same sentiments. There was scarcely a provincial town which did not contain a small party animated by the same spirit; but all these people could only offer up useless vows on behalf of the cause to which they were devoted. I do not exaggerate when I assert that even in Paris, apart from the salons I have referred to, it would have been difficult to find anyone who knew where the King had his abode in England, or who had been informed that the Queen, his wife, has died, and had been buried at Westminster.\*'

By degrees, however, the progress of the Allies and the evidently declining power of Napoleon gave courage to a knot of intriguers in Paris, who desired to compass the fall

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\* This is fully borne out by Vitrolles, an extreme Royalist, '*Mémoires*,' vol. i. p. 47. See '*Edinburgh Review*,' July 1884, 7. Another valuable witness is Lady Burghersh, whose charming letters have been lately published. She wrote thus from the camp of the Allies, in the middle of February, the date of Napoleon's victories on the Marne: 'We are all curious to see what effect the Bourbons will produce; I fear not much. The people appear too completely debased for one spark of national pride or patriotism to rise from them; they are reduced to abject misery. They all hate and abuse Buonaparte, but none seem to be at all ready to make an effort to better themselves, or to have a recollection of the Bourbon family.'

of the Empire. The master-spirit of these was Talleyrand, and he had accomplices in Louis, an able man, angry that he did not hold the place of Mollien, and in Dalberg, loaded by the Emperor's bounties, but exasperated by his slights, and through life a plotter :—

'At the head of these men we must place Talleyrand, and among the malcontents who found shelter under his roof, the Duc Dalberg and the Abbé Louis—this last, passionate and imprudent, ambitious, and irritated that the Emperor had not appreciated his financial talents, as he had flattered himself would be the case; Dalberg, so given to intrigue that he could readily become a conspirator, without a single fixed principle on any subject, at once a Liberal, proud, and cunning, and profoundly corrupted, as are idle men demoralised by satiety and ennui. Both were admirably fitted to stimulate the bitter feelings which had long agitated Talleyrand; both continually set before him the dangers that must threaten him should Napoleon be again enabled to give a free course to his resentment.'

Talleyrand, however, as we know from Vitrolles, was not inclined to dabble in treason, or to commit himself to perilous ventures. He waited on events, ready to seize the occasion :—

'His habits, his diplomatic experience, made him greatly distrust coalitions. He was aware of the prudent circumspection of Austria, did not feel convinced that her co-operation was secured, and said to himself that she might at the last moment, if it were her interest, be easily led to save from complete ruin the very man she had borne to the edge of the precipice. To observe everything; to try to find everything out; to endeavour, without running risks, to aggravate the difficulties which might arise; and to be in readiness to strike the decisive stroke if an opportunity presented itself—this was the plan of his conduct.'

The conspirators' first overt act was the mission of Vitrolles to the camp of the Allies; but this for some time had little success. By degrees, however, Napoleon's obstinate attitude, and his refusal definitively to accept the terms proposed at Châtillon, caused a gradual change in the counsels of his foes; and Stadion and Pozzo di Borgo urged the claims of the Bourbons with effect. Almost certainly, however, the chief event that turned the Coalition away from Napoleon, and induced it to incline toward the fallen House of France, was the rising at Bordeaux on behalf of the King, one of the results of Wellington's success. This was felt in Paris to be a mortal blow for the Emperor :—

'Many people shook my hand, and said, "Come, we must now take  
VOL. CLXXIX. NO. CCCLXVIII. A A

a side. The end is near; but what will be the ultimate issue of events?"

Meanwhile the power of the Imperial Government had been rapidly crumbling away in the capital. The Emperor had scarcely left to command his army when general apprehension began to prevail:—

‘Napoleon was scarcely out of the capital when the dangers became apparent which had been foreseen in a future more or less remote. A catastrophe was deemed inevitable even by personages most inclined to hope; but who could say what would be the consequences?’

Paris, too, we have seen, was left defenceless; the city was drained of the resources in men and material which might have been collected for its defence, in order to supply the needs of the armies in the field. All this provoked irritation and alarm, and Joseph and Clarke did scarcely anything to prepare against a great hostile effort. The Government of the Regency, too, like the Emperor, would not give arms to the masses of the populace; these were not the days of the levies of Valmy:—

‘The Duc de Rovigo asked my advice. I opposed the project, and sent him the many objections I made in writing. My principal argument was that arms were to be placed in the hands of a multitude which could not be directed, for which no one could be responsible, and which might just as readily turn against the Government as fight for it.’

These were, doubtless, the counsels of timid prudence, for the Empire had no hold on the heart of the capital; but they were not those that inspired Saragossa and the cities of Spain in the hour of trial.

Consternation and distrust were, in a word, the feelings that predominated among all who stood around the Regent, a very different being from Maria Theresa. On occasions like these desperate deeds are designed and done; and Pasquier hints not obscurely that when it had become known that the Bourbon princes had set foot in France, Savary was coolly thinking how to do them to death. M. La Valette warned Pasquier that the Minister of the Police was trying to make use of him to procure an infernal machine, which could be employed for this murderous purpose:—

‘He led me into the recess of a window. “If I were you, I would not do this.” “Why?” “Because, the Duc de Rovigo must have made this request to you with an evil intention. You will see that, having obtained this model, he will perhaps have other machines made which will do mischief.” “Nay; but what can he do?” “Do you not know,” he replied, dropping his voice, “that the princes of the

'House of Bourbon have arrived in France; and, if they were to reach the interior of the country, would it not be an easy way to get rid of them to place under their table or their beds a similar machine a little more heavily charged?' "

By this time the balance of hostile fate had inclined distinctly against Napoleon. Owing to the weakness of a subordinate, he had failed to cut off Blücher, on the Aisne, at Soissons; he had recoiled beaten from the crag of Laon; he had narrowly escaped destruction at Arcis-sur-Aube. His army, a wreck of incessant fighting, had dwindled down to some fifty thousand men, and he boldly took the step that was to prove fatal; he marched from the Marne towards the Meuse and the Moselle in order to rally his garrisons in Lorraine, and to fall on the long line of the communications of his foes. Pasquier admires this grand and daring manœuvre more decidedly than most writers on war. This is not the place to discuss the question. Much is to be said on both sides of it; and it is enough here to remark that the movement failed—nay, was not persistently carried out. Undoubtedly, however, it alarmed Schwarzenberg, and caused a momentary hesitation in the Allied plans; and it deserves notice that about this time Bernadotte, on whom a great deal depended, was ready to abandon the Coalition, as he had abandoned his master:—

'Discontented at the inaction in which he was kept in Belgium, seeing that the hopes he had conceived on his own account as respects the throne of France had vanished into thin air, and unable to endure the idea of a Bourbon restoration, he took the course of exhorting all Frenchmen to unite and resist this affront, and gave them clearly to understand that in that event they could rely on his assistance and on the whole of the forces at his disposal.'

Pasquier describes the celebrated council of war which really decided the issue of the campaign; but the inspiration that prompted the advance on Paris was not that of Pozzo di Borgo, or even of Diebitsch; it was that of Toll, a subordinate officer, and the chiefs of the Allies pronounced at first against it. On March 26 the Coalition's hosts, leaving a screen of cavalry to observe Napoleon, and bearing Marmont and Mortier with their weak forces back, were in full march on the unprotected capital, where the feeble Regency had let the reins drop, and where, amidst apathy, terror, and intrigue, there was no real thought of resistance to the death. Pasquier was present at the well-known council of the 28th, at which it was decided that the Empress and the Government should leave Paris—a fatal resolve,



which only increased the ill-will felt to the falling Empire. Most of the ministers, he informs us, were against the step; he, too, was of the same opinion; but, differing in this from other writers, he asserts that Talleyrand kept a discreet silence:—

‘Talleyrand avoided an expression of his opinion, and only declared it by bowing his head—an indication that might signify anything, but which apparently meant, on the whole, that anything might be looked for, and that hard necessity required submission.’

The orders of Napoleon, however, were clear and explicit.\* The Empress and the Court were to quit the capital should the enemy appear before it in force, and the council bowed with its wonted servility. Pasquier lets us know that Talleyrand perceived how much better it would have been for the Imperial cause had Marie Louise consented to remain:—

‘Madame de Rémusat, as soon as she met me, said, “I should not like to leave you in ignorance of the fact that Talleyrand remarked yesterday, when you went from the room—these were his exact words—‘I could never have believed that M. Pasquier was such an enemy of the House of Bourbon. He gave advice altogether adverse to its interests.’”’

On the 29th Marie Louise was on her way to Blois; she never beheld the Tuileries again. Savary with the other ministers followed in her train, and Pasquier records a most curious tale that throws light on the inner life of the Imperial family. He received a portfolio from his chief, who directed him to destroy it in case of danger. He faithfully carried out the behest; but some of the papers he thought it right to glance at contained this strange and almost revolting disclosure, most probably an indication only of Napoleon’s suspicious nature; we hope, at least, the more charitable view is just:—

‘What was my amazement at becoming aware that these letters related, in a great measure, to suspicions entertained by the Emperor of the conduct of Marie Louise, or, rather, of that of his brother Joseph, whom he accused of having made the most odious advances to her. The Duc de Rovigo was sharply reprimanded for not having

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\* See Napoleon, *Corr.* xxvii. p. 131: ‘Si je vis, on doit m’obéir, et je ne doute pas qu’on s’y conforme; si je meurs, mon fils régnant et l’impératrice régente doivent, pour l’honneur des Français, ne pas se laisser prendre et se retirer au dernier village avec leurs soldats.’ This is one of the most striking letters in the Napoleon Correspondence; it shows how despair could take possession of a great mind.

given information on this subject, and he was ordered to keep a most strict watch on what was going on at the Tuileries. I thought for a long time that the charge made by Napoleon against his brother was caused by the aberration of a mind led astray by adverse circumstances, and ready at the moment to form any suspicions; but I have been told since by M. de Saint-Aignan, who, through his close intimacy with the Duchesse de Montebello, must have been well informed on the subject, that these suspicions were but too well founded, and that the Empress at this very time had been much importuned, and had much to complain of, as regards the overtures made by her brother-in-law.'

Pasquier dwells at some length on the battle of Paris. It was honourable to the troops outside the capital, though he greatly exaggerates the Allied forces, and underrates those of Marmont and Mortier. The citizens did not attempt a defence, except the National Guards, in the field; the enemy, in fact, did not reach the barriers, and all was over when Montmartre fell. It was the fortune of Pasquier, as Prefect of the Palace, to accompany a deputation from the municipal body to make terms with Alexander for the vanquished city. He describes what he felt on this great occasion :—

'I was carrying with me the submission of the City of Paris to a sovereign whose dominions were scarcely known to our fathers a century before, and who, descending from the borders of Asia and dragging all Germany in his wake, had come to impose his will on the France of Clovis, of Charlemagne, of Henry IV., of Louis XIV., and of Napoleon. And it was we ourselves who had gone to find him in his icy deserts; we, who by the light of his capital and other towns in flames, had brought him and his Tartar hosts in our midst. Could Peter the Great have had this dream when, in his journeys to civilised countries in order to study their institutions, he visited the Palace of the Tuileries, surrounded with his retinue, and raised in his arms, in 1717, the infant king whose guest he was?'

The Czar, Suzerain of the League of the Continent, received the town councillors with the frankest kindness; reduced the demands of conquest by ample concessions; and declared that he had but one enemy in France—Napoleon. This was partly due to genuine French sympathies, but also to a well-conceived policy; the Allies still feared the wounded lion in their path; they knew that the Emperor was not distant, and they endeavoured to detach the world of Paris from him. Pasquier tells us that Schwarzenberg put his signature to the celebrated declaration addressed to the citizens, inconsistent with Metternich's latest overtures to Caulaincourt adjuring him to save the Empire, because

the Emperor Francis and his great minister were at the moment far away at Dijon, and because Schwarzenberg yielded to Pozzo di Borgo's influence, in Pasquier's eyes rather a *Deus ex machina*. Be this as it may, the Allied army made its entry into Paris on March 31, one of the most extraordinary scenes of history. Pasquier, who possessed the best means of knowing the truth, confirms the views of the best informed writers, that the attitude of the great mass of the citizens was one of a sad and becoming silence. Some Royalist shouts of exultation were heard; cries of welcome arose in aristocratic quarters; but there was nothing resembling the general acclaim that greeted Louis XVIII., and even the Comte d'Artois, when each entered the city a short time afterwards:—

'The crowds were silent and cast down; they waited on events with great anxiety. . . . A little assemblage was formed on the Place Louis XV.; it was composed of a small number of young Royalists. . . . Some ladies standing at the windows of the square and of the Rue Royale encouraged this movement by their acclamations, and offered white ribbons to those who chose to wear them. But in the midst of these manifestations the great body of the citizens preserved silence.'

Pasquier was not present at the historic interview at which the Czar and Talleyrand were the chief actors, and which practically sealed the doom of the Empire. He disliked Talleyrand, but he was well informed of the facts; and he does full justice to the immense ability shown by Talleyrand on this great occasion, and during the eventful days that followed. Whatever were Talleyrand's faults and crimes, and whatever the meanness and flaws of his character, his conduct in April 1814, and at the Congress of Vienna, a few months afterwards, was that of a statesman of the first order, and entitles him to the gratitude of France and Europe. He clearly perceived that, at the existing crisis, the restoration of the Bourbons was the only hope of securing repose for a troubled world; this alone embodied a fact and a principle, the triumph of old Europe over revolutionary France, and the substitution of ancient right in the relations of States for brute force and conquest; and all other combinations were mere worthless makeshifts. The means, too, he employed to obtain his ends, on the present occasion, showed the highest skill; he mastered Alexander by his adroitness and tact, and knowing that the bodies of the State would fall away from Napoleon, he led them to declare the Imperial Crown forfeited, and to invite the legitimate sovereign to approach his subjects, while at the same time

he laboured to secure for France the rights and liberties she had won since 1789. If he was cynical, and with little sense of honour, few public men have shown more forethought and wisdom : and Pasquier says only the simplest truth :—\*

‘Talleyrand gave proof amidst all these difficulties of the very greatest ability, marching to the end he had in view without hesitation, not allowing himself to be checked by obstacles or by dangers. The seven days that elapsed between March 31 and April 6 are those that in his whole career do the greatest honour to his memory.’

The Allies, meanwhile, had occupied Paris, Alexander courting the popular eye, and flattering and caressing the amazed citizens ; a provisional government was quickly formed ; and Talleyrand, its head, had convened the Senate, his chief instrument in the great change at hand. That body declared, on April 2, that Napoleon had forfeited a usurper’s throne ; and an assembly composed of men who owed all to their master, who had voted anything at the first sign of his will, and had been his accomplices in his acts of lawlessness and wrong, set forth a kind of new Declaration of the Rights of Man, proved with cynical glee how these had been trampled under foot by an overbearing despot, and lifted up their heels against him with ineffable baseness. Such a spectacle had not been seen in the world since the worst days of the later Cæsars ; but the children of the Revolution did not belie their parent ; and tyranny received its due at their ignoble hands. The provisional government published the sentence of forfeiture, and issued an address to the army, the chief object of its fears. One phrase, from the rhetorical pen of Fontanes, the Barère of the conquering Empire, will illustrate the revolting meanness of the hour :—‘A being who is not even a Frenchman ‘could never weaken the honour of your arms and the ‘generosity of our soldiers. You are no longer the soldiers ‘of Napoleon.’

Let it be said, however, that, at Talleyrand’s instance, the Senate performed a national service ; it prepared a new Constitution for France, and insisted that the return of the Bourbons should be accompanied by guarantees for liberty. The famous charter, in fact, was the fruit of its labours ;

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\* Talleyrand has set forth at length in his *Memoirs*, vol. ii, pp. 155–162, the reasons which determined his conduct and policy in 1814. The passage is too long to be quoted, but should be carefully studied.

two members of the Commission charged to sketch its outlines had been consenting to the death of Louis XVI. :—

‘M. Grégoire, though absent from the Convention at the moment of the trial of Louis XVI., had sent his vote approving condemnation without an appeal to the people. M. Garat, then Minister of Justice, had gone to the Temple prison to read the sentence to the august victim. These two personages, however, had seats in the Senate in 1814 ; this must have been so, since they were selected for a work of so much importance.’

When the Allies had declared that they would not treat with Napoleon, or any of his family, and the Senate had voted the Emperor’s fall, adherents rapidly joined the provisional government. Pasquier was among the first of any mark of these ; and the reasons he assigns are more than specious, if they hardly satisfy chivalrous honour. He felt that France had separated herself from Napoleon, and that civil war would follow should those around his throne refuse to acknowledge accomplished facts ; and as the arduous duties of the Ministry of Police, in the absence of Savary, had devolved on him, he thought himself bound to support the *de facto* government. These pleas are entitled to much weight ; it must be added that he had not been marked out by his late master for special favour, that he was a member of the old judicial noblesse, and that hundreds of others had much less excuse ; and it deserves peculiar notice that not one of the Emperor’s most faithful followers condemned his conduct. His attitude, too, was grave and becoming : and, with characteristic good taste and feeling, he kept aloof from the chorus of foul libellers who vented their spite and hate, in those days, on Napoleon. He openly blamed these revolting sallies ; and remarks—differing in this from tradition—that Chateaubriand’s invective did much mischief to his cause :—

‘I question if there ever was in any language a diatribe so ferocious, so cruel, so excessive. The Royalists welcomed it with exultation. I have met some who remained convinced long afterwards that nothing contributed more to dethrone Napoleon. I can affirm, to the contrary, that it greatly embarrassed the men who had the real control of affairs.’

The task of Pasquier at this moment was one of extreme difficulty. As Head of the Police he had to look to the wants of the Allied soldiery and of the city in their power, and he had to do something for immense numbers of artisans and workmen out of employment. All this, at a time when the war was not over, and commerce and traffic had been largely suspended, was a labour requiring great

skill and energy; but Pasquier succeeded, on the whole, well, owing much, he tells us, to the good will of Sacken, the Russian general in command in Paris. It required also no ordinary tact on the part of a functionary of the late Empire to restrain the excesses of the extreme Royalists, who had tried to pull down the Column of Austerlitz, had trailed the insignia of the Legion of Honour in the mire, and had broken into shops to destroy the Emperor's pictures and busts. Talleyrand thanked Pasquier for what he did in this matter; and order prevailed, in the main, in the capital while a great revolution was being accomplished. An immense peril was, nevertheless, imminent; Napoleon, hurrying after his foes, was at Fontainebleau with an army considerably increased. He stood on the line of the Allies' retreat, and held the passages on the Marne and the Seine; and the armies of the Coalition were in part in the capital, and in part divided by the two rivers. In this state of things the invaders' position was critical from a military point of view, superior as they were in force, if united; they had laid themselves open to the attack of an enemy always great in a situation like this; and Napoleon insisted to the last hour of his life that, had he been free to act, they would have rued the march to Paris. Pasquier describes the alarm that widely prevailed; but Napoleon was at the head, not of 36,000 men, but of 60,000 or 70,000 at the least:—

'No doubt the disproportion of his forces was great; he could not assemble more than 36,000 combatants. But had not his daring and ability often triumphed over numbers? . . . The idea of a battle fought almost under the walls of Paris dismayed even the boldest spirits; for, were the Allies to lose it, the consequences were beyond calculation. Who could know what would happen in a precipitate retreat, in which they would be pursued without respite?'

A personage deep in the counsels of the men in power in Paris proposed to cut this knot by a detestable crime. Dalberg, a kinsman of one of the great German prelates, a duke of the Empire, a star at the Tuileries, coolly declared to Pasquier that he had hired assassins to get rid of the still dreaded warrior. We quote his words, and there can be little doubt they throw light on the celebrated affair of Maubreuil, a Royalist scoundrel who did not scruple to steal the jewels of the Queen of Westphalia, and who charged Talleyrand with engaging him to kill Napoleon:—

'He explained to me that a certain number of resolute men, led by a vigorous b——— (I use his own words), would dress themselves

in uniforms of the Chasseurs of the Guard, which could be procured in the Ecole Militaire, and whether before or during the action would close on Napoleon by means of this disguise, and would deliver France of him. The sentiment of indignation which expressed itself on my face when I heard this odious story prevented him from going into further particulars, which I endeavoured in vain to obtain from him.'

As might have been expected from him, Pasquier took care that this murderous scheme should reach Napoleon's ears; he made Bassano aware of the details. The crime, however, was rendered needless; dexterity and craft sufficed in the existing state of affairs. Talleyrand and others got hold of the weak and vain Marmont—the hero of the hour for his defence of Paris, and irritated by the gibes and censures of his chief for more than one failure in the late campaign—and the marshal consented, in an evil hour for his fame, to march with his corps d'armée into the camp of the Allies.

Meanwhile the marshals at Fontainebleau, partly in the belief that a further struggle was hopeless, partly under the influence of the news from Paris, had resolved to refuse to obey Napoleon's orders to fight a last battle under the walls of the capital. Pasquier glances at the well-known interview where they made the Emperor aware of their purpose, and really extorted a pledge from him to abdicate in favour of his consort and his son; but the scene has been described by many writers, and the best account of it is to be found in Macdonald's 'Souvenirs.' It deserves to be remarked that, after the news of the conditional abdication was noised abroad, even the troops at Fontainebleau, devoted as they were to the Emperor, had begun to hesitate:—

'Marshal Oudinot, on being asked by Napoleon as he returned to his closet if he could rely on the loyalty of the marshal's corps d'armée, replied without hesitation, "No, Sire. Your Majesty has abdicated." "Yes; but under certain conditions." "Perhaps so, Sire," said the marshal; "but soldiers do not comprehend nice distinctions of politics."'

Pasquier was present at the scene when Napoleon's envoys pleaded his cause with the all-controlling Czar; but he has added nothing to our previous knowledge. The defection of Marmont decided the question with Alexander, still divided in his mind; the Emperor's sword had been stricken from his hand; a part of the army, at least, had fallen away from him. Napoleon abdicated unconditionally on the 6th of April, and Ney was foremost in insisting on this step, and perhaps spoke harsh words to his master. Pasquier tells us the marshal was led in this by his wife; if so, the vengeance

of fate was terrible; the very same influence caused him to desert the King, and to meet a traitor's doom after the rout of Waterloo :—

‘The readiness of Marshal Ney in pronouncing in favour of the House of Bourbon has been attributed, and with reason, to the influence of his wife. She was a daughter of Madame Anguî, who had been a housemaid of Marie Antoinette. She had been brought up by her mother to entertain a strong attachment for her former superiors.’

Napoleon's abdication having become known, every representative of his power in Paris hastened to declare for the approaching Bourbons; and Fontainebleau became a deserted solitude. The functionaries who had fed on the Emperor's bounty, the officers of the State who had grovelled at his feet, his companions in arms on a hundred fields, rushed to do homage to the rising sun, and fled from the luminary in disastrous eclipse. Even Marie Louise was on her way to Vienna, having scarcely sent a message to her fallen lord; and soon to become the slave of a most ignoble love. History records few such scenes of meanness and perfidy, yet these were the natural fruits of a revolutionary age, and of a despotism of the sword when at last overthrown. Napoleon took poison in this hour of his agony. Yet when the noxious draught had failed, the stoical self-restraint, which formed a feature of his strongly marked character, made him rise again superior to fortune; his great faculties regained their balance; looking back at the past, as at a world he had left, he spoke of men and things in dignified language, and his attitude was worthy of his genius :—

‘It cannot be denied that, having once taken his part, his demeanour was noble and resigned, and he gave proof of real elevation of mind. His conversations with those who were about him show this. He opened his mind most fully to the Duc de Vicence. The confidences he reposed have remained secret, but a few disclosures have been made to me.’

Napoleon, it may be observed, even forgave Talleyrand at this time :—

‘He expressed himself with regard to the personage who had done him most harm, Talleyrand, with rare moderation, nay, with indulgence. “In fact,” he said, “Talleyrand served me very well as long as he was in my service. I quarrelled with him, perhaps too lightly, and I ill-treated him. He was naturally tempted to take his revenge. So fine an intelligence could not fail to perceive that the Bourbons were coming, that they alone could make his vengeance certain. He went to meet them half way. The thing is plain. I made a great mistake.”’



This was the Emperor's judgement on Pasquier himself:—

'He spoke of me with displeasure, but not with bitterness. "I had always esteemed him; I thought him a deserving person; I was glad to think so. He, too, has left me; but at least he made up his mind with resolution, knowing what his purpose was, and while the act was still attended with danger."'

Ere long the Comte d'Artois had made his way into Paris, and by an arrangement with the Senate, skilfully prepared by Talleyrand, had been declared the lieutenant-general of the King. Pasquier insists that even the few days in which Monsieur held the reins of power were not without disastrous effects for France. A direction was given to the Bourbon *régime* which it retained during the succeeding months. The administration of affairs fell largely into the hands of *émigrés* and royalist partisans of an extreme type; and the functionaries of the Empire, who knew their business and who were only too eager to serve, were jealously excluded from almost all offices. The results were seen in unfairness and frequent wrongs in the conduct of the whole public service, and in incapacity and gross mismanagement besides.

By the side, too, of the ostensible government, the Comte d'Artois had his clique of favourites—the King's friends of a later day—whose reckless conduct did a great deal of mischief. The head of these meddlers was probably Vitrolles, and they crossed and thwarted the men in actual office by interference of many kinds, by spreading malicious and foolish reports, and by keeping spies on the watch for imaginary plots, and for any lack of zeal on the part of the Government. A secret police, Pasquier tells us, was employed to check the police of which he was the head, and he soon became the mark of suspicion and obloquy. The evil would not have been felt so soon had not Monsieur let it be generally understood that he would be the real depository of power, even after the King had begun to reign.

'Monsieur made it no secret that he considered himself destined to preserve the chief authority in his own hands, even after the arrival of his brother. Those who were about him know how he expressed himself with regard to Louis XVIII. "His faculties, no doubt, are unimpaired, and the powers of his mind are intact and, as always, brilliant; but in his present state of health, being unable to go about, he will require a lieutenant-general; we will profit from his intelligence, and make action our task." Louis XVIII., according to this, was to be a king but in name; it is not, therefore, surprising that those who thought themselves secure of the confidence of Monsieur should have shared in his illusions.'

Louis XVIII. had entered his dominions towards the end of April, and received Alexander and Talleyrand at Compiègne. Pasquier confirms what has been alleged by many writers, that the Czar was treated with a kind of condescending pride, which disappointed and even galled him to the quick:—

‘He did not find in the King or in his family the cordiality and readiness to please which would have made his overtures simple and easy. He returned from Compiègne to Paris in a very different mood from that in which he had left to make his visit.’

Talleyrand, too, much as he had done to restore the throne, was graciously welcomed, but made to understand that the King trusted to his right, and had little faith in intrigues:—

‘The Restoration, in the eyes of the Royalists, was much more the work of necessity than of men. We had all said that to return to more legitimate principles was the only possible solution of the difficulties into which we had been thrown. . . . In the palace of the sovereign little gratitude could be hoped for, because we had taken the only course which could have saved us. Besides, when Talleyrand, one of the chief authors of the political revolution in favour of the House of Bourbon, came into its presence, he was associated with the most painful recollections, great as had been his services.’

The King, the Royal family, and the extreme Royalists had at this moment strong English sympathies, and this turned the Liberals and the partisans of Napoleon towards the Czar. The division of feeling became strongly marked, and, in view of events which have lately occurred, the following is curious, perhaps significant:—

‘The conflict between English and Russian influence caused a similar conflict between political parties in France. The Court and the *émigré* party ranged themselves on the side of England; those who had played an active and important part in recent events, and those who had been animated with hatred of the English in the wars of the Empire, took the side of Russia.’

Pasquier describes the reception of the Senate by Louis, and the arrangements by which he was placed on the throne, and bestowed the charter, made a *sine quâ non* of his reigning, as an act of free grace to an obedient people. The entry of the King into Paris, like that of Monsieur, was hailed with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds, nor was this the mere levity of crowds of fickle citizens. The nation had escaped from a despotism of the sword; it had not yet realised all that it had lost; it looked forward to the Bourbons with hope; the worst ills of their *régime* had not yet

been felt ; and it welcomed the advent of its ancient kings from across a gulf of troubled and destructive tempests :—

‘Even now the memory of that day affects me deeply. I recalled to mind the evil time when, with an afflicted heart, I gazed on the high walls of the Temple ; I saw again the Place de la Révolution, the death of the King, the death of my father, and many hours when despair took possession of the bravest natures. Who, then, could have thought that that family, dispersed by the storm, would return in triumph, with the acclaim of the population of Paris ?’

This volume only touches the first weeks of the government and administration of Louis XVIII. The faults committed by Monsieur were not amended ; the King, though well meaning, and in some degree a statesman, was indolent, sickly, and let things drift, and he fell more and more into the hands of the *émigrés*. One of the changes he insisted on did immense mischief ; he surrounded himself with a bodyguard of nobles, in imitation of the famous *Maison du Roi*, and relegated to obscurity the Guard of Napoleon, and this at a time when the army was full of discontent. The veterans of a hundred victories had not deserved this slight, even from the mere Royalist point of view ; they had welcomed the King with respect when he had entered Paris. Pasquier sadly remarks, looking back at 1815 :—

‘If, on the following day, a prince had told them, in the name of the King, “My friends, you are now the Royal Guard, the King and his family place themselves in your hands, and wish for no further pledge for their security than your courage and loyalty,” these brave men would have been permanently won over.’

Pasquier protested to Dupont in vain on this subject :—

‘Have you not been informed what the Emperor said when leaving Fontainebleau ? “As for my Guard, if the King acts rightly, he will employ it, and will trust in it frankly ; if he will not do this, he will have to disband it.” You are bold enough to adopt neither course ; you will place a formidable force of discontent at the head of the army. God grant that great evils may not follow !’

Pasquier became an object of the dislike of the Government, was removed soon afterwards from the direction of the police, and was made, what we should call, head of the Board of Works in France. This part of his reminiscences closes at this point, and we shall not anticipate succeeding volumes. The difficulties of the Bourbons were, no doubt, immense ; but probably they were hardly greater than those surmounted by Henri IV. and Sully. Unfortunately, genius, judgement, and even good sense were wanting to France at this grave juncture, and the numberless errors of the restored monarchy were to lead to the Hundred Days and Waterloo.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Chemical Work of Faraday in relation to Modern Science.* Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, June 26, 1891. By Professor DEWAR, M.A., F.R.S.
2. *Magnetic Properties of Liquid Oxygen.* Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, June 2, 1892. By Professor DEWAR, M.A., F.R.S.
3. *Liquid Atmospheric Air.* Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, January 20, 1893. By Professor DEWAR, M.A., F.R.S.
4. *The Scientific Uses of Liquid Air.* Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, January 19, 1894. By Professor DEWAR, M.A., F.R.S.

THE 'third state' of matter was formally recognised by Van Helmont, a Belgian alchemist, early in the seventeenth century. But his discovery might have slipped back into oblivion had he not emphasised it by the invention of a name. The unseen and unfelt, yet material, substances brought into notice by his researches were called by him 'gases,' and are called so still. Atmospheric air was not included among them. For it ranked in those days as an 'element' in the Aristotelian sense. Boyle, however, became aware of its composite character, though he failed to isolate the 'vital' ingredient the existence and functions of which he divined. It was not, indeed, until more than a century later that oxygen was definitively captured by Priestley and Scheele. Carbonic acid, meanwhile, had been investigated by Black; Cavendish gave in 1766 the earliest description of 'inflammable air,' *alias* hydrogen; and nitrogen was made known by Priestley in 1772. Then Lavoisier, extricating these valuable discoveries from the misapprehensions in which they lay involved, and bringing them into logical connexion with the results of his own inquiries, shaped the new science of pneumatic chemistry.

Matter in general was thenceforward systematically studied under its solid, liquid, and gaseous forms. But there was as yet no certainty that every individual kind of matter was capable of assuming each in turn. One example of this versatility had, it is true, been at all times familiar. Water undergoes its cycle of changes from ice to steam naturally, and as a matter of common observation. No criterion was, however, at hand by which to decide whether, in so doing, it constituted an exception or followed a rule.

Indeed, we are still ignorant of any abstract principle bearing on the subject. Thus, apart from actual experience, there could be no well-grounded assurance that the behaviour of water would prove typical. Under altered conditions it even departs from its own standard. In a partial vacuum ice cannot be melted. When heated above freezing-point, in a vessel exhausted of air to a certain degree, it passes directly into vapour. On a planet, in fact, possessing an atmosphere 165 times rarer than our own, liquid water could not exist. Whether placed as near to the sun as Mercury, or as far from him as Neptune, such a globe could show neither seas nor streams. No rain could fall there, no dew be deposited; aqueous condensations should invariably take the form of snow. Sublunary experience, too, makes us acquainted with many complex substances which cannot change their state, because the application of heat very quickly tears their innermost structure to pieces. Who, for instance, would attempt to melt wood or leather? The very idea seems absurd, because every one knows that they char or burn while still solid. That is to say, they cease to be, as wood or leather, long before their respective ideal fusing-points are reached. Elementary bodies cannot, of course, be decomposed; but some resist liquefaction, if not absolutely, yet at least so far as to sublime without melting, like ice in a vacuum. One of these is arsenic. And carbon volatilises only at an enormously high temperature, and has never been liquefied. Possibly the intermediate state might be forced upon it by accompanying great heat with high pressure; but the idiosyncrasies of chemically distinct substances are so peculiar that its reluctance may represent real inability to liquefy.

The law, however, of the three states of matter is most probably universally valid both for simple bodies and for stable compounds. The power by which it is enforced resides in heat. Near the bottom of the scale of temperature, solidification reigns supreme; towards the opposite extreme, vaporisation. The moon exemplifies the first condition, the sun the second. Between the two stands our earth, in which solids, liquids, and gases co-exist. It is composed, in other words, of the three antique 'elements,' earth, water, and air. Now, the fact that, under the same circumstances, different substances are differently aggregated is none the less remarkable for being tritely familiar. It seems a matter of course that our atmosphere should, at all times and seasons, remain imperturbably ethereal—that

rigid rocks should enclose a heaving ocean, and that mercury, alone among metals, should flow like water. And it is easy to see that the prevalence of suchlike incongruities is essential to the scheme of things to which we ourselves belong. Unanimity among the various kinds of matter in freezing, melting, and boiling, would obviously exclude the possibility of life. The question, then, *why* it is excluded, answers itself; but if we go on to ask *how* it is excluded, we meet with no truly articulate response. All that can be said is that the observed wide diversities of melting and boiling points result from an equally wide diversity in the conditions affecting the molecular equilibrium of the substances severally concerned. As an explanation this is evidently unsatisfactory. It amounts to little more than a restatement of the same fact in different words. Yet the difference of wording is instructive: it implies a good deal. Let us consider and draw out its meaning.

The word 'molecule'—equivalent to *little mass*—was employed in 1811 by an Italian physicist named Avogadro, to designate the smallest particles of any substance—solid, liquid, or gaseous—in which its distinctive qualities are preserved in their integrity. Molecules are not indivisible. They can be severed into 'atoms' by the influences of heat, light, electricity, or chemical affinity; but the operation is destructive of the body originally composed by them, and the new ones by which it is replaced are often wholly diverse from it in their qualities and relationships. Thus, each of the ultimate particles of water consists of at least three unimaginably minute portions—two of hydrogen and one of oxygen—the separation of which involves the demolition of water and the substitution for it of its gaseous constituents. Conversely, oxygen is converted into ozone when its molecules are compelled, through the action of electricity, to annex each a third atom of the stuff itself. Yet ozone, though nothing but oxygen chemically condensed, possesses highly characteristic qualities of its own.

Molecular structure, then, and the forces of which the modes of action are modified by it, determine the properties of matter. A molecule is a sub-microscopic piece of mechanism of exquisite flexibility, conjoined, in many cases, with a high degree of stability. An organic whole, complete in itself, it is nevertheless sensitive to manifold influences from without. It is all alive with energy in the shape of motion, the motive power being supplied by heat.

Apart from this stimulus it would be as inert as a locomotive with the steam shut off. Matter in this state of hibernation, however, lies outside the scope of terrestrial experience. Even at the lowest temperatures attainable by artificial contrivances, its particles thrill with varied movements, which, as they gain intensity through increase of heat, tend to separate the molecules in opposition to the cohesive force drawing them together. Cohesion acts with enormous power, but over a narrowly limited range. M. Quincke calculates that the mutual attraction of two molecules is insensible at distances exceeding one twenty thousandth of a millimetre;\* yet within that minute interval its action is of amazing vigour. The irresistible energy of heat can, it is true, unlock the grip of the molecules; but only when lavishly expended. The force consumed in melting one pound of ice would suffice, if mechanically applied, to lift it about twenty-one miles from the ground; and the vaporisation of the resulting pound of water would be a piece of work nearly seven times more arduous again. Yet the large stores of heat thus employed in overcoming cohesive bonds produce no thermometric effects. They remain 'latent' in the bodies they serve to modify, and are given out again in undiminished quantity during the inverse processes of liquefaction and solidification.

The differences between solid, liquid, and gaseous bodies depend mainly upon changes in the relative mobility of their ultimate particles. These little systems, which are crowded by quadrillions into every cubic inch of matter, are in all cases animated by movements of vibration, perhaps also of rotation and even of orbital circulation; but under the strict rule of solidity they possess no *proper* motions: each has its own place and keeps it. Liquefaction, however, confers a translatory faculty. The molecules of fluids travel indefatigably. Let any one who doubts this to be a fact introduce a few drops of some coloured tincture into a glass of water, and observe, after a time, the equable diffusion of the tint. He will no longer hesitate to admit the progress of incessant, undirected interstitial movements. Yet the qualified freedom of liquidity is bondage compared with the unrestricted licence of the gaseous state. Here the last link of cohesive constraint is broken. Each minutest particle of an aëriform fluid is not only virtually independent of the

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\* Glazebrook, 'Properties of Matter,' p. 119.

others, but strives towards definitive separation from them. Hence a gaseous mass forms of itself no definite surface. If distributed in the shape of an atmosphere it may be coerced by gravity. When evolved on the earth's surface it can be preserved only by being imprisoned; for its inner principle is one of limitless dispersion.

The mastery over the states of matter belongs to heat. Thermal energy imparts the movements by which cohesion is overcome. There is no substance so obdurate but that it gives way before the persistent attacks of the 'drudging goblin' of our laboratories. Even platinum volatilises in the electric arc at a temperature of about  $4,500^{\circ}$  of Fahrenheit. Intense cold, however, is much more difficult of production than intense heat. And only by means of extraordinarily intense cold can truly aëriiform substances be brought to submit to the yoke of internal attractions. Nor can they be mechanically compelled to do so. Pressures up to 20 tons per square inch were, by Natterer, in 1853, brought to bear upon large volumes of hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, without the slightest effect in changing their state; and air has been quite fruitlessly, so far as liquefaction was concerned, condensed until heavier, bulk for bulk, than water.\* Thermal activity must, in fact, be reduced below a certain definite point before the passage of a gas into a liquid becomes possible. This general principle was recognised by Faraday in 1826, but its detailed development by Andrews in 1869 constituted a fresh discovery of the highest importance. He showed that above a certain fixed temperature, proper to each, aëriiform fluids cannot assume the liquid state. Many of these 'critical temperatures' were determined by him. That of carbonic acid, for instance, he found to be  $88^{\circ}$  F. Above that point no compulsion avails to bring about liquidity; below it, pressure is effectual, and more readily with diminution of heat. In other words, this substance is, in the technical sense, a gas when hotter, a vapour when colder, than  $88^{\circ}$ . No less than  $144^{\circ}$  of frost are, however, needed to liquefy it under ordinary atmospheric pressure. At the sea-level, that is to say, carbonic acid boils in open vessels, at  $-112^{\circ}$ . Water, as everybody knows, reaches the corresponding stage  $324^{\circ}$  higher, at  $212^{\circ}$ ; but its boiling point can, by means of continually increased pressure, be pushed up the scale as far as  $773^{\circ}$ . Red-hot water is thus a possibility; although in

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\* Barker, 'Text-Book of Physics,' p. 319.



approaching, even distantly, the critical temperature above which it can only subsist as a gas, it becomes dangerously explosive. Volcanic outbursts are often, it is believed, immediately due to the sudden flashing into steam of superheated water.

The critical temperatures of the various kinds of matter extend over a wider range than has yet been thermometrically explored. Those of some of the metals, as well as of carbon and silicon, must represent an enormous degree of heat; those of several gases have been ascertained to verge towards the lowest limit of cold. Their several positions depend upon the way in which the balance, in each particular case, inclines between the antagonistic forces of heat and cohesion. For, however closely the particles of a body may be constrained to approach each other, they will not cohere while in extra rapid motion. This doctrine is of grave significance to physical theory; and the guidance afforded by it is indispensable to the success of practical researches into the transformations of matter.

Lavoisier divined the not too obvious truth that the 'state' of any material substance is a mere question of temperature, and that consequently the so-called 'permanent' gases might, by extreme cold, be reduced to liquids, and these again to solids. And Dalton wrote, in 1801:— 'There can scarcely be a doubt entertained respecting the 'reducibility of all elastic fluids, of whatever kind, into 'liquids; and we ought not to despair of effecting it in low 'temperatures, and by strong pressure exerted upon the 'unmixed gases.'\*

The experimental verification of this forecast, now all but complete, was begun by Faraday. In 1823 he announced the liquefaction of chlorine; and he was similarly successful with carbonic acid, nitrous oxide, cyanogen, ammonia, and some other gases, their continued evolution in closed vessels furnishing the pressure to which these results were due. The assistance of cold was not invoked; and, indeed, the difficult art of refrigeration was then in its infancy. Its wonderful progress in recent times may be said to date from Thilorier's production, in 1835, of solid carbonic acid. 'Snow' of this peculiar description might, so far as appearances go, have come from an Alpine *nevé*. Although cold enough to give a severe burn, it can be lightly handled with

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\* Quoted by Dewar, 'Proc. R. Institution,' vol. viii. p. 657.

impunity, and is tolerably permanent even in warm air. Mixed with ether, it enabled Faraday to resume in 1844 his efforts towards condensation with the aid of temperatures as low as  $-166^{\circ}$  F. Six gases, nevertheless, continued to hold their own. The chief of these were hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen; but the resistance of all except hydrogen has since been overcome.

The liquefaction of oxygen by two independent investigators, Pictet of Geneva, and Cailletet of Paris, was announced to the French Academy of Sciences on the same day of December 1877.\* Unknown to each other they had been working for several years along parallel lines. Their success was, indeed, determined by the use of an identical method. The gas, loaded with the weight of 500 or 600 atmospheres at a temperature of about  $-130^{\circ}$  F., was then suddenly allowed to escape through a narrow aperture. The ensuing violent expansion consumed a large quantity of heat, the abstraction of which from an adjacent portion of the same substance cooled it to the point of condensation, and liquid oxygen was for the first time seen on our planet. But only in a thin jet and during a few seconds. Its capture for examination was out of the question.

More tangible results were obtained in 1883 by the Russian chemists Wroblewski and Olszewski. Their liquid oxygen was no mere momentary vision, but submitted to rule and measure in a capillary tube. Its qualities could thus be studied to advantage, and the inquiry led to the acquisition of much valuable information regarding modes of procedure at low temperatures.†

These have of late in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, been carried to an extraordinary degree of perfection. The experiments conducted there are not only on a totally unprecedented scale, but give evidence of remarkable sagacity in the adaptation of means to an end. Professor Dewar has been occupied with them during at least ten years, but their striking results were first made known to the general public on the occasion of the Faraday centenary in 1891. The numerous audience collected in the theatre of the Royal Institution on Friday evening, June 26 of that year, were amazed to see liquid oxygen freely on tap and drawn off, to a vulgar apprehension, *smoking hot*. In point of fact it was boiling at a temperature of  $-296^{\circ}$  F. ( $328^{\circ}$  of frost), its

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\* Comptes Rendus, t. lxxxv. pp. 1214, 1217.

† Wiedemann's 'Annalen,' Bde. xx, xxxi. xlii.

steaming appearance being due to the conversion of the moisture in the surrounding air into ice particles through contact with the swiftly escaping gas. When cleared, by filtering through blotting paper, of some fine dust of solid carbonic acid, it wore the aspect of limpid light blue water. A few drops of it thrown, however, on a genuine water surface fizzed and sputtered like red-hot iron plunged into a cool stream; and presently each was seen floating about in a self-made little cup of ice. Some alcohol poured into the mysterious fluid became promptly a solid block. Yet alcohol resists the sternest Arctic rigours, freezing, indeed, only at  $-202^{\circ}$  ( $-130^{\circ}$  C.) Removed from the oxygen, it thawed into a viscid substance, which could not be induced to burn until it had taken up heat enough to restore it to its normal consistence. The chemical inertness produced by extreme cold was further illustrated by the immersion of a piece of phosphorus in liquid oxygen. No vivid outburst of light was visible, such as marks, at ordinary temperatures, the molecular rush together of these two eagerly uniting elements. The phosphorus remained no less indifferent than cold steel is to the contact of cold water.

The critical temperature of oxygen is  $-171^{\circ}$  ( $-113^{\circ}$  C.). Above that point it remains obstinately gaseous: interstitial movements are too active to permit its molecules to lay hold one of another. Nitrogen is still less amenable, its corresponding stage being reached only at the deeper depth of  $-233^{\circ}$  ( $-147^{\circ}$  C.). Such cold is unattainable by direct means; the intervention of liquid oxygen is required to produce it. The principle of its employment is easily explained. Mountaineers know by experience that no good tea is to be had at high altitudes, because water cannot be sufficiently heated to infuse it properly. On the summit of Monte Rosa, the boiling point is reduced from  $212^{\circ}$  at sea level to  $185^{\circ}$ . The change is simply an effect of diminished atmospheric pressure, and can accordingly be brought about by a few strokes of an air pump with less exertion than by an ascent of 15,000 feet. Now, boiling oxygen, like boiling water, is colder in vacuo than in the open air—so much colder, indeed, that a temperature of  $-328^{\circ}$  is afforded by it, and this suffices to liquefy, not only nitrogen, but also atmospheric air. On June 2, 1892, the singular spectacle was witnessed during one of Professor Dewar's lectures, of common air, more than ordinarily warm and elastic owing to the heated state of the room, trickling spontaneously into an open vessel surrounding a test tube in which oxygen was

boiling under exhaustion. Air, we need scarcely say, is a mechanical mixture of four parts of nitrogen with one of oxygen; and the latter, being the less refractory to cold of the two ingredients, might have been expected to condense first. Yet things happen otherwise. The two gases liquefy together, but evaporate separately. The nitrogen boils off on its own account, leaving almost pure oxygen behind. Somewhat similarly, sea water freezes without depositing the salts dissolved in it, but abandons them in vaporising. The analogy is indeed far from being complete; yet it serves to show that the behaviour of the gases is not quite so anomalous as, at first sight, it appears.

Professor Dewar's crowning achievement, so far, has been the solidification both of air and nitrogen. A substance visually undistinguishable from ice results in each case. Unmixed oxygen refuses to freeze. Not, we may be sure, because it is incapable of assuming the solid state, but because the requisite conditions have still to be found out and produced. The incongruity is, however, noteworthy between the facility, comparatively to nitrogen, with which it liquefies, and the difficulty with which it solidifies.

And now, we may well ask ourselves, how has all this been accomplished? For surely Professor Dewar cannot, like the pedestrian soul of Elpenor, have crossed unsuccoured the Ocean stream that lay between him and the 'regions of thick ribbed ice' to which he has penetrated. What 'white winged ship,' then, has been at his disposal? Which of the Olympians has aided him to distance his competitors in the race towards the goal of absolute cold? The business was an arduous one. Intellectual, moral, and material resources were needed for its prosecution, and needed without stint. In point of scale alone, a prodigious advance has been made. Only a few years ago a capillary tube held all the oxygen that could be liquefied at one time; and our Professor himself was content to experiment upon a mere fairy thimbleful of a substance which, for rarity, might vie with 'a hair from the great Cham's beard.' Now it can literally be manufactured by the hogshead. At a high cost, certainly. We much doubt whether—making allowance for the outlay on the 'plant'—any profit could be derived from selling it at 100*l.* a gallon; and a couple of gallons are often consumed in the researches of a single afternoon.

The most powerful apparatus ever employed in pneumatic chemistry has been erected under Professor Dewar's super-

intendence in the laboratory where Davy and Faraday did their memorable work. It includes one gas, and two steam engines, four steel compressors, a couple of large air pumps, with wheelwork, shafts, and couplings *quantum suff.* The inner organic details of this machinery, however, conceal the real secret of its efficiency. They have been thought out and perfected by the application of uncommon inventive talent combined with pertinacious industry. Mental concentration has translated itself into a convergence of ingenious devices upon a single object.

The principle of the method adopted for securing its realisation is that of lowering boiling points by exhaustion. Choice is made of a series of substances more and more difficult to liquefy, and each in turn is enlisted for the service of vanquishing the recalcitrance of its fellows. Thus, by successive gradations, the startling temperature of  $-346^{\circ}$  ( $-210^{\circ}$  C.) has been reached. The process (generally abridged in practice) begins with the freezing of carbonic acid through the rapid evaporation of ether. Carbonic acid boils under atmospheric pressure at  $-112^{\circ}$  ( $-80^{\circ}$  C.), but by compulsion of the air pump at  $-166^{\circ}$ . Nitrous oxide, at this stage of the descent, surrenders at discretion, and, boiled in vacuo, affords the means of liquefying ethylene, which, similarly treated, runs down the temperature to  $-229^{\circ}$  F. Here at last the almost irrepressible activity of oxygen particles is so much reduced that a pressure of 1,500 lbs. to the square inch avails to bring them within the power of cohesion. The accelerated evaporation of liquid oxygen gives cold enough to liquefy air and nitrogen; and these, again, worked upon in double receivers by two potent air pumps, combine their refrigerative forces to produce solid nitrogen—an experiment successfully performed for the first time in public on January 19, 1894. It seems for the present to mark the *ne plus ultra* of what can be done by artificial cold. One further exploit remains; but the time is not yet ripe for its accomplishment. The liquefaction of hydrogen cannot be attempted with the methods actually in use, or likely in the immediate future to be realised.

The most indispensable of Professor Dewar's cold-producing agents is ethylene, a specimen of which was exhibited by Faraday in 1845. It is a compound of hydrogen and carbon, prepared by treating alcohol with strong sulphuric acid. At the Royal Institution it is now manufactured a hundredweight at a time, notwithstanding the

'hairbreadth 'scapes' by which the operation is attended unless the most delicate precautions are observed. For it is highly explosive, and the slightest leakage of the pipes through which it is conducted may at any time lead to a dangerous accident. None the less, its services are indispensable, and are availed of to the utmost. Each fresh supply is made to do duty over and over again, by being put through an incessant round of alternate liquefaction and evaporation; and nitrous oxide has a similar course of cyclical duty imposed upon it.

Professor Dewar's experiments upon liquid oxygen were, to begin with, gravely hampered by the violence of its ebullition. No single particle of it remained a moment at rest. Determinations of its qualities were as impracticable as would be delicate astronomical observations through the undulating vapours close to the horizon. But difficulties are often only a spur to invention; and they here resulted in the important contrivance of 'vacuum vessels' for preserving fluids at equable temperatures. Air molecules are indefatigable carriers of heat. On every square inch of cold surface exposed to bombardment by them, they strike in billions per second, and each, as it retires, leaves behind some minute portion of its own thermal store. By hindering their access, however, the process of temperature equalisation can be virtually arrested. Hence, liquid oxygen, protected by a 'vacuum jacket,' shows no signs of agitation, but evaporates quietly from the surface with no very sensible waste. The vacuum is produced in the outer shell of a double receiver, from which every trace of air has been expelled on the Torricellian plan. By then freezing out the excess of mercury, an extraordinarily high degree of exhaustion can be reached. The pressure of mercurial vapour—the only form of matter remaining in a bulb thus treated—amounts to no more than the four hundred-thousandth part of a millionth of a millimetre. Yet the exterior application of a pad of cotton wool steeped in liquid oxygen promptly condenses this evanescent remnant of metallic gas into a bright mirror, just as moisture deposits itself in ice on the inside of a window pane during a night of hard frost. Through the nearly absolute void in the mirror-coated bulb an electric discharge can with the greatest difficulty be made to pass; and the difficulty might not improbably amount to an impossibility could the sparsely strewn surviving molecules be swept away. Enclosed in such vacuous spaces, liquid oxygen is virtually proof against the attacks

of heat; and experiments upon its peculiarities can be conducted with ease and at leisure.

Oxygen may be regarded as the leading terrestrial element. It forms eight-ninths by weight of water, one-fifth of the earth's atmosphere, and about one-half of its rocky crust. There is, however, no certainty that it exists at depths exceeding, say, thirty miles. Oxidation is more likely to have been limited to the superficial layers of the cooling globe than to have extended to its interior. More significant to ourselves are the facts that our bodies are mainly composed of this normally aerial substance; that they are largely nourished and wholly vitalised by it. Oxygen is in great demand in the economy of nature. Most other chemical elements crave for union with it, and once they have laid hold of it, they do not readily let it go. If ever present, then, in lunar air and oceans, it may very well have been long ago 'drunk up' by chemical action. Extra-terrestrially, it occurs certainly in meteorites, and probably in some of the planets; but neither sun nor stars give any sign of being supplied with it. Dusky bands caused by its absorption are, it is true, included among the hieroglyphics inscribed on the solar spectrum; but their strictly telluric origin has been demonstrated by M. Janssen, who ascended Mont Blanc for the second time last September with a view to studying their progress towards extinction with elevation in the earth's atmosphere. The upshot was to show that, outside its limits, no trace of them would be left. They are, then, of domestic production. The sun has nothing to do with them.

These atmospheric bands and rays are common to the spectra of aerial and liquid oxygen. The same prismatic elements, conspicuously absent from the light of the setting sun, are cut out of an electric beam which has traversed a couple of inches of liquid oxygen. This identity, partially shown by M. Olszewski in 1887,\* was completely ascertained by Professors Liveing and Dewar in 1889. It proves, not only that the molecules of oxygen undergo no modification of structure in liquefying, but that a nine-hundredfold condensation, combined with the restraints of cohesion, leaves them free to execute their characteristic vibrations. This 'persistence of molecular constitution,' Professor Dewar remarks, is the more noteworthy when it is considered that 'no compound of oxygen, so far as is known, gives the

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\* Wiedemann's 'Annalen,' Bd. xlii. p. 663.

‘absorptions of oxygen.’\* Not even ozone, a compound of oxygen with itself, yet showing a radically different spectrum. Liquid ozone is intensely blue. Dissolved in liquid oxygen, it changes its clear tinge to pronounced indigo, and there can be no question but that its formation as a gas in the atmosphere must tend to deepen the blue of the sky. This, however, is probably only a subsidiary effect. The fundamental explanation of the celestial azure is to be found—according to the opinion of M. Olszewski, with which Professor Dewar cordially agrees—in the true, native colour of oxygen. And its colour inevitably results from the predominance given to the blue end of its spectrum by its stoppage of many red, yellow, and orange rays.

The virtual immutability with change of state of the absorptive action upon light of gaseous oxygen corresponds with the persistence of its other qualities. After liquefaction it is as bad a conductor of heat and electricity as before, and has lost nothing of its thermal transparency. In one of Professor Dewar’s striking experiments, a spherical vessel filled with liquid oxygen was made to act as a burning glass. The beams from an electric arc, brought to a focus by its refractive influence, actually ignited a piece of paper held there, while leaving the frigid lens traversed by them unaffected by so much as a momentary quickening of ebullition. Thus, radiant or ethereal heat encounters no resistance in passing through oxygen, although molecular heat, which can only creep along from particle to particle, finds the way barred almost at the outset.

Again, gaseous oxygen was known to be magnetic; but it was very far from being anticipated that liquid oxygen would prove to be still more so. On December 10, 1891, Professor Dewar placed some of this substance in a rock-salt cup between and just below the poles of an electro-magnet. No sooner was the circuit completed than, to his ineffable surprise, the liquid sprang in one mass to the poles, and remained attached to them to the last drop left by its speedy evaporation. Cotton wool moistened with oxygen clung on with equal tenacity, until sucked dry by their overmastering attraction for its contents. The magnetic capability of

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\* Proceedings, Royal Society, vol. xlv. p. 226. Renewed study, in 1892, of the spectrum of liquid oxygen disclosed to the same investigators alterations in the well-known bands called by Fraunhofer A and B, which, in their opinion, ‘ought to throw some light on the nature of the changes in passing from the gaseous state, as well as on the causes which produce the sequences of rays which are called channelled spectra.’—*Phil. Mag.*, August 1892, p. 207.



liquid oxygen is, indeed, only one-thousandth that of iron ; yet its discovery is of far-reaching consequence.

Liquid air appears to possess no distinctive qualities. It is magnetic just in proportion to the amount of oxygen entering into its composition ; its spectrum is that of oxygen, weakened ; its colour is that of oxygen, attenuated. The part played by nitrogen is that of a simple diluent. Nitrogen is the most indifferent of substances. Its characteristics are mainly negative. It refuses to conduct heat or electricity, but it allows radiant heat and light to pass without exacting any dues of absorption. Chemically inert, it combines even with oxygen only under the stress of electric excitement. Were it otherwise, it could not discharge the function of neutrality assigned to it in our atmosphere. In every thunderstorm, it is true, a small quantity of nitric acid is formed, which, carried to the ground by rain, and absorbed by plants, helps to supply the nitrogenous foodstuffs indispensable for the maintenance of animal life. This fertilising action of electricity is of recent detection. It might be deemed superfluous, were vegetable organisms capable of appropriating nitrogen directly from the air ; but, as a matter of fact, they derive from the soil their stores of this much needed material.

The production of excessively low temperatures means much more than the performance of just a feat of arms in a scientific campaign. Liquid oxygen and solid atmospheric air are indeed trophies of a victory over nature : they represent the accomplishment of what, in the regular order of things, was especially designed to be impossible ; but they represent much besides. For they are instruments of research as well as objects of curiosity. Under normal conditions at the surface of the earth, it is impossible to gain any thorough acquaintance with the essential characteristics of matter. The constant aim of physicists has accordingly been to widen the scope and vary the circumstances of observation. To effect this they have invoked fire and frost, they have piled Ossa upon Pelion in the production of mechanical pressure, they have come appreciably near to expelling the last molecule from otherwise vacuous spaces, they have invoked as allies the still obscure forces of electricity and magnetism, they have concentrated and analysed light, they have dug deep into the solid earth, they have explored the abysses of the distant heavens,

‘ *Medias acies, mediosque per ignes  
Invenere viam.* ’

The general problem thus attempted to be solved is one which must fascinate the curiosity of every thinking mind, although it trenches—indeed, partly intrudes—upon the realm of the unknowable. What is the material basis of phenomena? philosophers and physicists alike ask themselves. Abstract force from matter, and what remains? Something that has mass, we can reply without hesitation; something that resists being set in motion when at rest, and being brought to rest when in motion. But this something can have no weight, since gravity is a force; it must be devoid of consistence, because destitute of cohesion; it should be impalpable, since resistance to pressure implies activity, not mere passive impenetrability. To designate this *caput mortuum* ‘cosmic dust’ does not go far towards explaining its real nature, which must, indeed, for ever remain imperfectly known to us owing to our incapability of conceiving matter apart from force, or force apart from matter. The nearest way to the heart of the question, however, lies undoubtedly through the study of the relations of matter with heat. Matter, in a sense, lives by heat. All its transformations are effected, all its activities come into play, under thermal influence. What, then, would be the result of its total withdrawal?

There must be a lower limit to temperature. For temperature measures molecular energy of motion; and since this motion decreases regularly with the progressive diminution of heat, we cannot but infer that decrease must, at some point, terminate in disappearance. Again, every perfect gas, such as air, contracts in cooling by  $\frac{1}{273}$  of its own bulk for each degree of Fahrenheit. The process, however, should necessarily come to an end when the gas had ceased to possess any sensible volume. If it went on uninterruptedly, this should occur at  $-460^\circ$ . That is to say, the reading at the bottom of the tube in an air thermometer similarly graduated throughout, is  $-460^\circ$ . We now know that this theoretical shrinkage into nothingness could never take place, since the air would solidify long before the zero point was reached. But the inference is not thereby invalidated that the ‘death of matter’ through total deprivation of heat should come to pass at a temperature of  $-460^\circ$  ( $-273^\circ$  C.). Several distinct lines of inquiry, besides, converge towards this point of ‘absolute zero.’ It is unlikely—perhaps more than unlikely—that it can ever be experimentally attained. The absolute, in any form, evades definite grasp. The recognition of an unconditional scale of

temperature is, however, of great importance in many physical inquiries, and is fully warranted by facts. Meantime, the pulse of heat, although probably incapable of being actually stopped, has been brought, in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, to beat very low. With what effects upon the properties of matter we have just begun to learn; for Professor Dewar regards himself as only on the threshold of the inquiry. His masterly discourse on 'The Scientific Uses of Liquid Atmospheric Air,' delivered January 19 last, was nevertheless conclusive on some points, and highly suggestive on many more. The unearthly substance in question is now so entirely at his command that he can employ it freely as a refrigerating agent. Matter cooled down to  $-328^{\circ}$  can thus be examined under all its varied aspects, and carefully compared with matter at  $+50^{\circ}$ . The differences are instructive.

Tensile strength, to begin with, is very considerably augmented. Metals immersed in liquid air break much less easily than at ordinary temperatures. Some of them—iron and German silver, for example—bear a doubled strain. Their structure is stiffened and toughened by the unhindered play of molecular attractions. This is only what might reasonably have been expected. Cohesion and heat are naturally antagonistic. Under the influence of the former, matter contracts and hardens, collecting its forces into closer array. Surrendered to that of the latter, it expands, softens, and offers an impaired resistance to mechanical stress. Cohesion draws particles together, heat drives them asunder. It wings them with disruptive velocities, and urges them towards indefinite diffusion.

The magnetic quality of liquid oxygen is no isolated phenomenon. Susceptibility to this particular kind of action grows steadily and generally, so far as is yet known, with decrease of temperature. The cause of its growth with great cold is as little known as the cause of its decline with great heat. It is a familiar fact that iron at a temperature of about  $1400^{\circ}$  is no more magnetic than timber or glass; and nickel ceases at  $340^{\circ}$  to respond to the most powerful magnet. The theory that the sun is the centre of a vast magnetic field thus encounters a serious difficulty in its enormously heated condition.

The law connecting electric resistance with temperature is much less uniform in its operation. Metals untainted by any trace of a foreign ingredient conduct better and

better as they are more and more chilled. Professors Dewar and Fleming state that—

‘The electrical resistance of a given pure iron wire at  $-323^{\circ}$  ( $-197^{\circ}$  C.) is only one twenty-third part of that which it is at  $+212^{\circ}$  ( $100^{\circ}$  C.). In the case of pure copper the ratio of resistance is about one to eleven for the same change of temperature. The very smallest impurity greatly affects this decrease. For the perfectly pure metals, therefore, it seems probable that, as the temperature is lowered towards the absolute zero, the specific electrical resistance decreases, so that it either vanishes at the absolute zero or reaches a very small residual value.’\*

This inference however, by no means applies to alloys. Their conductivity is but slightly affected by temperature, especially when their components are chemically unlike. German silver and platinum silver belong to this category. Where the alloyed metals, on the other hand, are similar, as in platinum iridium and platinum rhodium, resistance falls off notably with cold, although in a far inferior degree to that observed in pure metals. There is accordingly no sign that it would vanish at the absolute zero. The law of change in metals is, moreover, actually reversed in certain non-metallic substances. One of these is carbon. Its faculty of electric resistance increases continuously with the withdrawal of heat, while at the temperature of the electric arc it is virtually null: the current traverses the terminals unopposed. Insulators, such as glass, guttapercha, and mica, will probably be found to behave similarly; but they have not yet been tried over the same wide thermometric range. These diversities illustrate the extreme complexity of the relations in which matter stands to heat and electricity, and might well reduce the most intrepid speculator to despair of combining them in a valid generalisation.

Chemical affinity is usually rendered more effective by heat; we are, then, not unprepared to find it quenched by cold. Exceptions to this rule may, it is true, eventually be brought to light; yet it can scarcely be regarded as contravened by the continuance of photographic action at the temperature of boiling oxygen. For the alteration brought about by the impact of light on a sensitive plate consists mainly in the shaking asunder, through the added intensity of their vibrations, of the silver salts with which it is charged. The effect is of a mechanical rather than of a

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\* Phil. Magazine, October 1892, p. 334. See also the same authors in the same Journal for September 1893, p. 272.

chemical nature. We have yet to learn whether photographs can be developed, as well as successfully exposed, at an abnormal degree of cold. If so, it will follow that genuine chemical processes can be carried on until universal congelation sets its seal upon nature.

The effects of cold upon colour are extremely curious. At  $-314^{\circ}$  sulphur turns white; the intense yellow of bichromate of potash vanishes; vermilion fades to pale orange; ferric chloride loses its deep red, a solution of iodine in alcohol its rich violet. With the return of heat, however, all these substances fully regain their former hues. Blue tints, no less than organic colours of every shade, appear indifferent to temperature. In this novel and interesting field of research, Professor Dewar has up to the present made only a few pioneering experiments. Their results could not possibly have been foreseen, and stand isolated from previously ascertained facts. Yet they are not unlikely to mark, in future retrospects, the beginning of a new era in the science of chromatics.

Nor could it have been anticipated that life, albeit in its humblest forms, could survive a plunge to the frigid depth where oxygen simmers in a vacuum-coated vessel. Nevertheless, the spores of microbes and the seeds of many plants have been exposed by Professor McKendrick to this searching ordeal without detriment to their vitality. Plausibility has thus apparently accrued to Lord Kelvin's fanciful surmise as to the meteoric origin of life on our globe. For it can no longer be maintained that germs contained in or adhering to meteorites must necessarily have perished in the cold—approximating, however closely, to absolute zero—of interstellar space. Other objections equally formidable with the one disposed of might, indeed, be raised. But the speculation is no more than a toy of thought. It would be breaking a butterfly on a wheel to attack it seriously.

Professor Dewar's astonishing success in working at low temperatures has made it possible to gather at least a preliminary notion of the state of matter left inanimate by the complete, or nearly complete, withdrawal of heat. It would certainly *not* slip away into a metaphysical abstraction. On the contrary, it would become 'sterner stuff' than we are accustomed to find it. The hypothesis of disintegration by cold may be relegated to the further side of the moon, or any other 'bourne from whence no traveller returns.' For us sublunarians it has ceased to be a profitable subject of discussion.

The same inexorable grip of cohesion, imparting to various kinds of substance an adamantine hardness, would effectually prevent any change in their mutual combinations. The chemical *status quo* should be perpetuated endlessly. Affinity, if it still subsisted, would be powerless to act. Its operation is, for a contrary reason, prevented by intense heat. The molecules are in the one case bound as with iron bands, in the other they are agitated by movements uncontrollable by either chemical or cohesive forces. Heat, moreover, breaks up compounds formed at lower temperatures, and when raised to a high pitch tolerates the existence only of simple substances. But cold has no dissociative influence. We have seen that it respects even the mechanical mixture of oxygen and nitrogen in our atmosphere, and that salt water makes salt ice. If, then, our earth, which in pre-geological times was probably too hot to hold any but elementary kinds of matter, could be transported to interstellar space, its component substances—minerals of all kinds, earths, oxides, and water—would harden into rigidity and inertness, but would suffer no chemical alteration. The aqueous vapour and carbonic acid of the atmosphere would instantly come down as snow; while its oxygen and nitrogen might liquefy as a preliminary to crystallisation. Their united solid bulk would, at any rate, encase the whole globe in an icy shell eleven or twelve yards in thickness. Owing to the thermal transparency of its materials, this could not be melted even by the passage through it of the large stores of subterranean heat continually dispersed abroad by radiation. Under these circumstances, then, the earth might be irretrievably congealed on the surface, while still white hot within.

There is still one gas unsubdued by cold. Hydrogen has never been liquefied. Contrary statements are, it is true, often met with, but they are founded on mistaken interpretations of illusory appearances. Nothing is more certain than that as far as  $-346^{\circ}$  ( $-210^{\circ}$  C.) the actual limit of downward exploration, this most elastic of substances demeans itself as a perfect gas. It faithfully obeys the 'gaseous laws' of regularly proportionate diminution of volume with increase of pressure or decrease of heat, and can hence be relied upon to measure degrees of cold sufficing to liquefy oxygen and solidify nitrogen. Below the freezing point of mercury, Faraday used an alcohol thermometer; below the freezing point of alcohol, Professor Dewar has recourse to a hydrogen thermometer. This would be unsafe if the critical point of the gas had been reached, since at all lower temperatures it

would be in a vaporous state, and liable to irregular changes. Before adopting it as his guide, the skilful experimenter at the Royal Institution made quite sure, it need scarcely be said, that he was placing himself at the mercy of no such caprices. Hydrogen, then, has never, within mortal ken, existed as a vapour; at  $-346^{\circ}$  it is no less ethereal than at  $+50^{\circ}$ . Its critical temperature is, indeed, placed by estimation at the depth of  $-400^{\circ}$ , while its computed boiling point is  $-418^{\circ}$  ( $-150^{\circ}$  C.). Now, if hydrogen could be liquefied, it could be evaporated under exhaustion, and thus a temperature would be realised not more than about  $30^{\circ}$  F. above absolute zero. Will this ever be effected? It remains doubtful. The most sanguine investigators dare not reply positively in the affirmative. The lowest point yet attained stands  $54^{\circ}$  higher on the scale than the point at which this refractory gas might be forced by pressure to assume the liquid form; and the bridging of the gap is not now feasible, nor visibly likely to become so. Before this one closed door science pauses baffled. What secrets lurk behind it can only be divined. Were it thrown open, it would become possible to trace with confidence the symptoms of the imminent 'death of matter.' As it is, we can only assume that they are simply an accentuation of those observed at the temperature of liquid air. But assumptions seemingly well warranted are not always borne out by facts. The relations of matter and force are of extreme intricacy. It is impossible to make sure beforehand that they vary by prescribed gradations. The so-called 'law of continuity' is no law at all; but an observed sequence over a limited range. The flow of change may proceed smoothly for a time, then suddenly, like that of a river at a cataract, become precipitate. Such a cataract may conceivably be interposed between the present halting place in descent and the ultimate low level of no temperature.

Hydrogen occupies a unique position among terrestrial substances. Although the lightest of gases, it possesses unmistakable metallic properties. Like metals, it is strongly electro-positive; like metals, it is a conductor of heat and electricity, improving in this respect with increased density, while other gases conduct worse the more closely their particles are concentrated. It forms, moreover, true alloys with palladium, sodium, and potassium. Upon these facts Faraday based the prediction that solid hydrogen would show the texture and lustre of a genuine metal. In that case water should be regarded as a metallic oxide—as a kind

of *rust* of hydrogen. In its formation, one recalls with ever renewed surprise, oxygen and hydrogen together liquefy spontaneously, and at a high temperature; yet they can scarcely be induced to do so separately by the sternest coercion of cold. Chemical and cohesive changes of state are indeed profoundly, although inexplicably, different.

The intensity of chemical action can be measured by the enormous liberation of energy attending it. Expressed in mechanical terms, the combination of one pound of hydrogen with eight of oxygen is equivalent to the lifting of a mass of forty-seven million pounds one foot from the ground; and a precisely equal outlay of energy would be needed for the decomposition of the nine pounds of water resulting from the former process. In the first case, that is to say, work is done *by* the force which we call affinity; in the second, work is done *against* it. The late Professor Tyndall might well say that he did not 'overrate matters' in asserting 'that the force of gravity, as exerted near the earth, was almost a vanishing quantity in comparison with these molecular forces.'\*

In the same nine pounds of water the work of overcoming cohesion by converting it from ice (at 32° F.) into steam, would be about one-sixth that of resolving it into its primary elements. But the strength of affinity and cohesion varies to a very wide extent both relatively and absolutely, in different bodies. The circumstances, too, under which each comes most fully into play are strongly contrasted. With decrease of heat chemical transformations come to a standstill, while cohesion grows to be overmastering; and temperatures high enough to nullify cohesive often favour chemical action, although both are equally in abeyance when heat becomes excessive. In the sun, accordingly, the various species of matter remain apart, their combinations being apparently rendered impossible by heat; in the moon, on the contrary, their affinities are most likely paralysed by cold. The middle stage, where association and dissociation alternate with every undulation of change, is occupied by our own planet, as well as—we cannot but infer—by every other home of organic life.

By Professor Dewar's researches some approach has for the first time been made to realising, in the laboratory, interstellar conditions. His account of what they involve sounds to unaccustomed ears like the story of a voyager's experi-

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\* Heat as a Mode of Motion, p. 149.



ences in another world. And these conditions are in a sense permanent. They can henceforth be reproduced at will. The power thus obtained of carrying out extensive investigations at a temperature not far removed from absolute zero constitutes an inestimable addition to the resources of physicists. A method pregnant with discovery is placed at their disposal. The field before them has unexpectedly widened. Suggestive intimations spring up on all sides as they enter it. Many significant results have already accrued. A clearer notion as to the nature of matter has unquestionably been gained: some beginning of an insight into the mutual relations of the forces affecting it seems at any rate close at hand: unlooked-for phenomena have been disclosed: vague speculations have been replaced by legitimate inferences. And this through a bare survey of the rich territory just annexed by science. That its cultivation will bring in a plentiful harvest cannot be doubted. The seed is, indeed, springing under our eyes: it remains for the future to watch its growth and garner its sheaves.

ART. V.—1. *The Letters of Lady Burghersh (afterwards Countess of Westmoreland) from Germany and France during the Campaign of 1813–14.* Edited by her daughter, Lady ROSE WEIGALL. 1 vol. London: 1893.

2. *The Story of Two Noble Lives: being Memorials of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford.* By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. 3 vols. London: 1893.

NO taste is more popular or more enduring than the taste for memoirs. The English, as a nation, are not supposed to excel in them, and, perhaps because we are not a very sociable people, it has come to be said that they manage these things better in France. In that country the supply does seem to be inexhaustible, but we have latterly had no cause to complain of lack of such provender at home. Even where ladies are concerned we do not feel disposed at this moment to yield the palm to France. We have had Lady de Ros' souvenirs; the brilliant letters of the Ambassadors Lady Granville, which we hope to notice in our next number, have just been published; and here we have two books, differing greatly in many respects, yet identical in this—that the women were English in blood and culture, in the way in which they developed their talents, even in their opposite qualities, and in their unforgotten charms. They were,

as we have assumed, types of English culture during the most cultured days, when local examinations were not, when grace and kindness were thought excellent, when smartness did not cover, and lead to, a multitude of sins, when voluble voices did not shriek in all the keys of self-advertisement, and when the routine of duty was still held to be sufficient both for the guidance and for the emotions of life. It may further be asserted that these beautiful women were types of race. Lady Burghersh was a Wellesley, and as such she bore the unmistakeable stamp of her line. The Stuart sisters inherited not only from their father's side an hereditary gift of wit, but as, on the mother's side, they descended, through the Yorkes, from the great house of the Lindsays, Earls of Balcarres, so it is certain that Lady Stuart de Rothesay's two daughters both showed a tendency, through atavism, to revert to the Lindsay stock, drawing from it stores of literary, musical, and artistic taste.

Perhaps such women will never come again, and for us at the century's close their lives and letters may well have a double fascination. The first half of the century still affects the imagination of the world, whether we think of the revolutions of '30 and '48, or go back to the Empire and its fall, to the literary giants, to the drifting philosophies, or to the political and social aspirations of the whole European family. These four noble women mark the close of a social dynasty, of the great lady who had in her natural sphere the airs and some of the dignity of history. Foreign to her needs, as well as to her tastes, would have been the vexatious fermentation, made up of egotism, restlessness, and ambition, which poisons so much of modern womanhood. The rush and struggle of all the nonentities to arrive, and to be heard of, if it be but in the pages of a 'society paper,' had not then begun in the day of these really great persons. If it had, it could but have brought a smile to their fair and well-bred faces. Born in the purple, they had little to wish for and nothing to fear. Welded into the mass of their equally fortunate or even illustrious connexions, they were by this very circumstance hedged in from the world while yet all its doors stood open to them. Society, which to women of no importance, as to the poor, is apt to prove a stepmother, was ready and willing to add gifts to those which these fortunate beauties already possessed by inheritance. If in some respects their views were limited, they proved themselves ready to learn, and apt on an emergency to turn courier or cook, secretary or sick nurse. They had learnt in their childhood a courteous consideration

for others; they were spared the ennui, the petty worries, and the solitude which eat into provincial life; and, flattered as they were, it is greatly to their credit that they preserved to the last a love of nature, and a taste for simple pleasures. This they managed to retain, although life had always been presented to them as more or less of a pageant. They lived for and among distinguished men; they heard of great questions and of world-wide interests; but one of them found love 'in the huts where the poor men lie,' and another preserved to extreme old age the love of a gifted son who always greeted her birthday with a poem. The world smiled on them when they were born, and it must be remembered that their circumstances were such as to develop the strongest elements of individual character, so that they managed to stand out in relief from society. If they suffered, it was from those nameless pangs, from that 'vague 'disease' which outsiders consider to be either an affectation or a mania bred of idleness. They had to bear the pangs of solitude in a crowd, the bitterness of self-deception, and the shrivelling of the heart in that refrigerating chamber which is commonly spoken of as 'a fashionable life.' They were exposed now and again to a great deal of the fierce white light which beats on any position of social success, and in which all the errors, littlenesses, and susceptibilities of women show up only too plainly, but they had very real dangers, and still more real sorrows to confront. They had often to find and to make their own occupations and palliatives; while in the case of Lady Waterford, her genius, extraordinary as that was, found itself handicapped all through life by the want of the training which the commonest art student can now obtain in the Government schools of design, to say nothing of the studios of the best French teachers.

Lady Burghersh and Lady Canning were shown to the world by their marriages. Called to posts of responsibility and of danger, they proved of what qualities they were all compact. We shall see Lady Burghersh facing warfare and privations with a girlish buoyancy through which pierce the iron courage and the stout will of the Wellesleys; while above all the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, like Marochetti's angel above the fateful well of Cawnpore, rises the pale sweet face of Charlotte Canning, with a prayer for pardon on its lips. All these women are now 'poco polvere che nulla 'sente;' past fashion, past the midnight show, past pain, and past the leagues which once lay between the artist and

her ideal. To some their memories remain, like sweet leaves in a precious volume stored, and now to those who never knew them their lives and letters are given.

The charm of their correspondence cannot fail to make itself felt. It is as if history, reflected in the mirrors of their boudoirs, wore another face; but if any one imagines that these delicately nurtured women wrote of battlefields and civil strife with rosewater, he is vastly mistaken. The fascination of their papers lies in this, that while reading pages that would not have disgraced a statesman's pen, we still, through all the changes and chances of empire, hear the beating of a woman's heart, and can learn something of the happiness that these heroines, like many humbler women, had to win for themselves through self-conquest, resignation, and diligence.

The papers have been judiciously edited. In a few tender lines Lady Rose Weigall says all that is needful. Mr. Hare's task has been a heavier one, and if his volumes contain a few blunders and misprints it would be invidious to draw attention to them, since they can be easily and advantageously removed in another edition.\* He has worked up with great skill the overwhelming mass of family papers entrusted to him. The letters, journals, and confessions of three generations were enough to bewilder an editor. Yet happy is the man who has his box full of them, for readers in these latter days thirst more and more for what is true in humanity, and for what is true to human nature. Without such truth a biography runs the risk of being an unnatural production. Too many memoirs are but controversy in masquerade; some are twaddle, some are vague delineation, few, if any, are fair. If the biographer trusts to his fancy, his vanity, or even his skill, his work is apt to turn out like the portrait with which an amateur photographer astonishes a sitter; the whole thing being out of focus, the proportions have grown ludicrously wrong, and the likeness has been lost. Then, if he trusts to memory only, his work will be like Memory's figure in one of Lady Waterford's beautiful and suggestive sketches. He has to stand before a canvas he can never fill. In vain he tries to catch 'the fleeting

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\* For example, Lady Anne Stuart, daughter of John, third Earl of Bute, never was what Mr. Hare calls her, a 'charming duchess of Northumberland,' since her misconduct with Mr. Bird caused Lord Percy to divorce her. The second volume would gain were its proofs read by some one conversant with Indian life.

‘ shadows of delight.’ He puts up his hand to shade from his eyes the light of ‘ days too fair, too bright to last;’ the mists collect, and ‘ tears the fading visions close.’ To work from genuine, from original human documents is the only true plan. Mr. Hare has had taste and modesty enough to keep himself mainly within these lines. His production may not be called very striking; in fact, readers may be found ready to complain that his lengthy volumes are more sad than entertaining. But the accurate rendering of several acts out of the passion play of human life must perforce be sad. If there are great and beautiful presences in life there is also a constant strain; the moments of unreflecting gaiety are few, and so difficult to portray that it often seems as if the mystery of joy must elude us, while the mystery of pain is always with us.

Mr. Hare can boast that he has been respectfully faithful to the trust imposed in him. It is always the life itself that is the precious and the poignant thing. George Sand used to express her contempt for invented and startling situations, even in a novel.

‘ There is disorder enough even in the natural course of things, to say nothing of occasional cataclysms and tempests and of the *great unexpected*; so an author need never rack his brain to invent strange events and unnatural characters. It is enough if he tells the tale, if he tells the story of any person’s life faithfully, and can render that as living as possible.’

The novelist, of course, is able to turn many a corner adroitly where the biographer would find his task more difficult, and the novelist does not really deal with flesh and blood. The biographer, for his greater honour and his greater perplexity, stands between the living and the dead. The veil is in his hand, and he must decide how far he is justified in lifting it; he may have all the right to roll away the stone that hides a grave, but how often will he pause before he troubles that august sleep. Assuredly if women are to be placed at the bar of history, it is best to let them pose and drape themselves. No one would choose to tell half-truths, yet who would like to tell the whole? Who would not hesitate to say to passion, heedlessness, or vanity, ‘ This is all old history now; but, none the less, those false steps were of your prompting, you inflicted that wound, and thence those tears.’ Mr. Augustus Hare has, in every respect, acquitted himself well. He has not printed that which he ought not to have printed; he allows his *dramatis personæ* to speak for themselves, and we only like

him the better when, between the lines, he leaves us to 'dis-cern infinite passion, and the pain of finite hearts that 'yearn.'

That these fascinating women conquered their fellow-men is easily understood, seeing that they had all the weapons needed for such victories. Let any man try to imagine what must have been the charm of Priscilla Burghersh, at twenty years of age. The lovely Irish girl was newly married; she was lively and accomplished, and full of energy. She had a will of iron, the initiative of a field marshal, and to all the Wellesley grit she added something of the cold indifference to suffering which is part of the Irish character. But for this last characteristic she could hardly have endured so quietly the many terrible sights and sounds of the campaign of 1813-14. Girlish as she was, she had no tears to shed when, after furious Frank and fiery Hun had fought, and shouted in 'their sulphurous 'canopy,' the French covered leagues of ground with their groaning wounded, and when raven-picked corpses of men and beasts marked the line of their retreat.

Born in the spring of 1793, Priscilla Wellesley-Pole was the grandchild of the music-loving Lord Mornington, many of whose gifts were to be reproduced in Priscilla's distinguished son, the late Mr. Julian Fane. She stood in the relation of grand-niece to the Marquis Wellesley, and to the Iron Duke. Lord Burghersh had been on the Duke's staff in the Peninsula, and in 1813 he was appointed commissioner, or, as we should now call it, military attaché, at the headquarters of the Austrian army. It was at the critical moment when Napoleon was retreating from Russia, but when Leipzig had not yet been fought. Young Lady Burghersh was delicate, but as she remarked:—

'Providence gives one capacity for what one must do, and I find no difficulty in arranging, though you have no idea how much falls on my shoulders. . . . We heard a great deal of news at every post house, but unfortunately it happened to be different everywhere (Helsingborg), and the fact is they live on reports and lies. . . . We proceed to-morrow to Berlin. B. found a letter here from C. Stewart (afterwards Lord Londonderry), begging him to make use of his house in Berlin. I suppose I shall have the misery of being left in Berlin while B. goes up to headquarters. . . . Bavaria having joined the allies is excellent. They tell us of a battle fought on Tuesday which nearly annihilated Buonaparte (Leipzig), but I have not heard whether it is official or not. Heaven bless you, and kiss my dearest mama a thousand times for me. I tear open my letter to say James (C. Stewart's cousin) has just come into the room, covered with orders,

beard, and sweat (!), on his way from headquarters to England with the account of the finest battle. He will take this. . . .’

‘It is a most interesting moment to be here. Everything is so enthusiastic, and there is a patriotism and eagerness of which we have no idea in England. Nor have we any conception what these poor people have sacrificed in the good cause, and the poverty and wretchedness to which they have reduced themselves is shocking. There are now 38,000 wounded in this town, and the princesses and ladies have many of them sold their jewels to assist them. I hear that at Princess Radzivil’s, where there is an assembly every night, they all scrape lint to send to the hospitals. *Tout respire le militaire* throughout the country. This day 4,000 prisoners, with Lauriston and Regnier, &c., who were taken at Leipzig, march in here, where there are already princes and dukes without end, for there never was such a crash as the Leipzig business. The women hardly dress at all smartly, as all *luxure* was laid aside during the horrors of the war when it was carried on under the walls of Berlin, and it has not been taken up since. Yesterday we dined at Princess Ferdinand’s, who is Princess Louisa’s mother. You must have heard of her, for she was mother too to Prince Louis, killed at Jena. I never saw such a formal, stiff, disagreeable old woman; *vieille cour outrée*, and she frightened me to death. I was glad to get away and go again to Princess Louisa’s. The Princess showed me some pictures of the late Queen of Prussia, who must have been beautiful. The King, who adored her, never misses a day visiting her tomb at Charlottenburg.’

The lively beauty who speaks of battles and the deaths of queens with such *aplomb* was destined to survive till 1879, and in that way Lady Westmoreland lived to see Prussia’s revenge for the mounds of Jena and for the grave at Charlottenburg :—

‘I have one great comfort, that it is totally impossible that there can be another great battle, nor can Buonaparte stand on this side the Rhine; and I believe the game will very soon be up, and we may amuse ourselves as we please throughout the winter. I must tell you that at Friedland, where we arrived about nine or ten at night, I went into the post-house while the horses were putting to. There were three or four men in it looking at a print of Lord Wellington, and talking of him with great admiration. When we came in they greeted us as English. . . . This morning I went to the porcelain manufactory, and stayed three hours looking at the most beautiful things I ever beheld. I think I shall spend half my life there. They have heads of Lord Wellington in many pieces of china, but none like, so I have promised to give them a print and medal to copy from under my directions. This house is the most delightful for gazing, for everything comes by it. I saw Lauriston, Regnier, and Bertram brought in. Bertram lodges in an hotel a few doors off. He was very much insulted by the populace, as he was the man who was promised the title of Duke of Berlin if he should take Berlin. They cried out to him, “*Here comes the Duke of Berlin! Take him to the hangman.*”

He has never dared to go out since ; the others go about, and go to the theatre. This morning I saw 5,000 prisoners come in, with a great many officers, and a quantity of wounded ; the latter were a sickening sight. . . . B. sets off to-morrow ; I need not say what I feel about it, because you know it requires no common courage to think even of my forlorn situation here (Berlin), which is rendered for the moment ten times worse by the advance of the armies towards the Rhine, as, though it is such good news for the cause, it removes him so much further from me.'

At this point a break occurs in the young wife's letters, those which she wrote home having been either lost or destroyed. She had to remain for three weeks without any news from her husband, or of his position, and when at last she found out that he had joined the Austrian headquarters on their way to Frankfort, alone to Frankfort this true scion of the Wellesley stock determined to go. She had to cross the line of the French retreat, Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt serving as her escort. She was but twenty years of age ; the season was late in November 1813, and on the morning that she started snow fell heavily. It took her eight days to reach Frankfort, *viâ* Potsdam, Halle, and Weimar.

'My dearest mama, . . . you see that we have not gone through Leipzig. It is in such a state from the numbers of unburied bodies remaining from the battle that we were advised not to approach, and God knows we have seen horrors enough without seeking more. We have come all along the line of the French retreat, and, as it is not a month since they passed, the road was covered with dead horses and the remains of dead men. The latter, I am told, we shall see many of between this and Frankfort, particularly at Hanau, where Wrede fought his sanguinary battle a fortnight ago. No language can describe the horrible devastation these French have left behind them, and without seeing it one could form no idea of the country through which such a retreat as theirs has been made. Every bridge blown up, every village burnt or pulled down, fields completely devastated, orchards all turned up, and we traced their *bivouaques* all along by every horror you can conceive. None of the country people will bury them or their horses, so there they remain, lying all over the fields and roads, with millions of crows feasting. We passed quantities of bones of all kinds, hats, shoes, epaulettes, and a surprising quantity of rags and linen—every kind of horror. They told us the French soldiers were in such a state of starvation they took the earrings from their ears and implored for bits of bread, which none of the inhabitants would give them. The consequence is the river is full of bodies, and we found Halle full of wounded, there being 14,000 in that town. There was but one room in the inn, which was also quite full of wounded Russians, and smelling ! oh, heavens ! I got that room for myself and Madame Legoux, and T. Tyrwhitt persuaded some Prussian officers to give up another to him and his secretary. I wear quantities of



camphor and my dear little aromatic vinegar box, and make Madame L. do the same. Never was such a treasure as she is, or any creature so attentive, so amiable, and such a comfort as I find her in the midst of all my troubles. We have not seen a single traveller on the road.'

It was hardly to be expected that she should, and we are sure that our readers will only part with great regret from this intrepid heroine. She found Lord Burghersh at Hanau, and they made a long halt together in Frankfort, from whence 'young Woronzow, who sets off to-night for 'England,' carried home the tale of her experiences. In Frankfort she was soon the observed of all observers. Blücher called Lord Burghersh 'the lovely woman's husband,' and she, in her turn, made sketches for her family of the strange assortment of royal and military persons that surrounded her. Of the Emperor Alexander, who considered himself such 'a fortunate accident' in his unprepossessing family, she will not say more than that his countenance is not bad, but that he holds himself bent forward. Grand Duke Constantine is 'the greatest monster' she ever saw in a human form. The Emperor of Austria is 'a little 'wizened old man,' but of the King of Prussia, and of 'his 'two nice boys' (King Frederic William IV. and Emperor William I.), she cannot speak warmly enough. Then comes the Hetman Platow, 'the finest old weather-beaten face.' Barclay de Tolly (the descendant of an Aberdeenshire squire) is 'an ugly old fellow.' Old Blücher 'never was 'beat, and to him the allies certainly owe much of their 'success.' He is followed by Uvaroff, who 'looks like a 'savage,' Radzivill, who 'came from Berlin to see the fun,' and Pozzo di Borgo, 'who is to set off for England in the 'course of the night.'

'I spent nearly an hour yesterday with Sa Majesté Impériale Alexandre, and in a way which made me better acquainted with him than I should have been in meeting him thirty times in society. The Grand Duchess Catherine (whom I quite delight in) sent to desire I would go to her at one o'clock. I found the Emperor with her. She said she hoped I would forgive *cette petite surprise*, as the Emperor wished very much to know me, and she was sure I should not dislike such a *connaissance*. As there was only herself, him, and me, we soon got intimate. He gave me a whole account of last year's campaign (the burning and retreat from Moscow) with a great deal of modesty as to himself and his people, and then made most violent panegyrics upon Lord Wellington, saying, "Ah, si nous avions un capitaine comme celui-là, nous aurions bien mieux fait." I said I did not think that it was possible to *mieux faire*. "Ah, madame, c'est que le bon Dieu nous a servi de capitaine, et que l'exemple des Anglais nous a donné

du courage." I was much better pleased with him than I expected. His manners have less *fanfaronnade* than I had imagined, and his countenance is certainly very delightful. Nevertheless, I cannot think him handsome, and his voice is rough and disagreeable. I have made lately another acquaintance which I delight in—old General Blücher. He is the picture of a fine old hero. The worst is he speaks very little French, and I have not learnt any German but what I pick up here and there, so we can't get on very well without an interpreter. What fun we should have if you were here with me, and how little writing answers to one's feelings! I must leave you to go and dress for dinner at the Chancellor Hardenberg's. I see Lord Byron has published a new poem. Pray send it to me. . . . I must tell you an odd thing that happened to me on Monday night. I got out at the post-house about eleven at night while the horses were putting to. At the door we met Prince Metternich, who was travelling here also, and while B. was talking to him, the place being full, I got separated from him, and he, thinking I was gone into the room, went out with Metternich to see about the horses. I, not finding him or knowing where to go, opened the first door, which proved to be the kitchen, to the dire offence of an old woman, who immediately seized me by the arm, swearing in German as hard as she could jabber, and dragged me, notwithstanding my struggles, into a room, pushed me in, and slapped the door upon me. I found myself with four Cossack officers, who were eating their supper. I was a little scared, but one of the officers having spoken in French put me at ease directly, and I told them how I came there, and begged one of them to go out and look for *mon mari*, as I was afraid of going out alone where I could not make myself understood. They were excessively civil, and another soon recognised me as "*la dame Anglaise qui veut bien embellir notre quartier général.*" So by the time B. came in, which was not for a good while, as he had had a row to settle about the horses, he found me sitting with them in high conversation and the best friends possible. I think when I return I shall amuse you with many things one can't write. I am wonderfully well in body and mind, and quite strong. I am surprised at it myself, but much more surprised to find myself always contented and gay, without anxieties or fears on any subject, not minding noise, stink, or dirt in the least, and quite bold on horseback and amongst men and soldiers, even Cossacks, who are the greatest thieves in the world! I believe God has changed me inside and out expressly for this journey, and for that one cannot be sufficiently thankful.'

A young lady of such mirthful firmness would seem to have little left to learn, even in such a campaign; but at Christmas she added an item to her experiences. She saw and heard the siege of Huningue, watching from her bed the shot and shells that burst, on which she only remarks, 'that the noise at first prevented her sleeping, but that she 'got not to mind it at all.' Early in January came the passage of the Rhine by the Allies.

'Is it not most wonderful that the Allies should now be in so many different points in France, and that we cannot hear of any French army collecting anywhere? Platow and his Cossacks are at Nancy.

'January 20.—I was woken this morning by a note from Metternich announcing that Langres was ready to be laid *à vos jolis pieds*. Think of our occupying Langres, Nancy, and Dijon without firing a shot! Here we are far advanced into France, and I can only say that after all the places I have been in I have never met with hospitality and cordiality till here. The people give us everything they have, and show an eagerness to do their utmost, which is delightful. They all talk of Buonaparte exactly in the same manner as of a monster whom they detest. They say that since his defeats *Napoléon est toujours seul*, and they say that for four years the war in Spain has been the subject of universal execration. Peace will probably be signed in a short time. I hear that Lord Beverley and his son are still prisoners at Moulins. There was a very brilliant affair two days ago between Mortier and the Prince Royal of Würtemberg near Bar-sur-Aube, where the latter drubbed him and killed 2,000 men.

'February 3.—The congress opens at Châtillon this day, twelve leagues from hence.'

After severe anxiety about Lord Burghersh, who was under fire at Brienne, the worst of this heroine's trials would have been surmounted, had it not been for a miscalculation.

'Just after the battle of Brienne the Emperor Francis was behind me at Langres, and I expected he would come to Chaumont to fix for some days. Depending upon this, I was under no uneasiness at being there alone, knowing myself to be between him and the rearguard and the other Emperor, &c., with the army. I sent all the horses away with B. and his baggage waggon, knowing that Prince Metternich would take care to give me requisition horses when he and the Emperor moved on. My whole dependence was on them. Conceive, therefore, my sensations when on Friday morning I heard that the Emperor, Metternich, &c.—in short, the whole Court—had gone by in the night, and proceeded to Bar-sur-Aube. So I found myself entirely alone in the town, not even a garrison left, not one soul I could apply to, no order for horses, no passport, no billet for quarters even if I could get off, and the wounded from the battle coming in by cartfuls to make the *séjour* more agreeable. For the first time I was completely discouraged, and sat for an hour quite bewildered. I think no one ought ever to have any anxiety about me after getting myself, by myself, out of such a situation. After despairing for an hour I began to think I must do something for myself, and that with five senses and money I might do much. So I set about the means of getting on, for the rear of an army is for many reasons much the worst place to be in.'

This traveller, who was clearly designed by nature for a soldier, got hold of four requisition horses. So far so good, but their driver ran off, and she only succeeded, after waiting from 9 A.M. to 2 P.M., in compelling a one-

armed man to drive her. 'Her husband was' she adds, 'in a terrible taking when he heard the Emperor had arrived here without me.' But all is well that ends well, and Lady Burghersh was again able to fill her pretty head, and her letters, with public matters:—

'This is certainly the most interesting moment which perhaps the annals of the world affords. Every hour may produce great events. In the midst of all I am quite well, quiet, and happy after some moments of anxiety are passed. It is a dreadful sight to see the wounded coming in after a battle; we met quantities on the road. We have a magnificent army assembled here, but it will ruin the country, which is poor and already exhausted. I never saw so filthy a town as Troyes, and the number of beggars far surpasses that of Dublin—all women and children, for of spare men there are none; but the former follow you about in herds of twenty and thirty together. If you give money to one the rest all fall on her, and then begins a regular fight. . . . The King of Prussia and his two uncommonly nice boys go every night to the theatre. One night there were two women in the gallery; the other nights I have been the only female in the house. Some mameloukes of Buonaparte's bodyguard have deserted from him, and come in here.'

At Châtillon the plenipotentiaries were at work, but their lively critic says of them that they gave too many great dinners to each other, 'and gorged so effectually that two or three have fallen ill from the effects of their intemperance.' There were moments when she despaired of the possibility of any peace, and expected the congress to break up, and when the negotiations did actually end, on March 19, she expresses

'a hope that Buonaparte, seeing that the allies would not make peace on his terms, might become more moderate. I am very anxious to hear what line the Emperor intends taking. It seems impossible that they should continue the war in this country, which is completely and utterly ruined, pillaged, and devastated.'

Ordered to Dijon by the Emperor Francis, Lady Burghersh was again many days without knowing anything about her husband; nor was her anxiety relieved till a letter, dated April 1, informed her that Lord Burghersh was in Paris. She started at once to go to him, this time with no escort but her maid and a manservant. Before long she was taken prisoner by some French soldiers, but she was released by a commandant, to whom with true Irish readiness she explained, with smiles, and in the most fluent French, that he could do himself no good in the world by detaining a defenceless and unimportant woman. This was her last exploit, and without further let or

hindrance she reached Paris and her husband, whose amazement was only exceeded by his joy at her safety. 'I feel,' wrote the wife in reporting herself to her parents, 'so grateful and happy, after all the dangers we have both been in.'

Our readers are, we are convinced, grateful to us for these unique pages. We can only regret that the letters cease when Lady Burghersh's parents, and the great Lord Wellington, joined her in Paris. There are at this moment in the possession of the present Count Pozzo di Borgo thirty or forty letters written at intervals by Priscilla Burghersh to his celebrated great-uncle. If those letters ever are allowed to see the light we may recover more of the impressions of Priscilla Wellesley, Countess of Westmorland.

Where her narrative ceases the correspondence of Lady Elizabeth Stuart (*née* Yorke) comes to take up the thread. She first visited Paris in October 1814, when the Duchess of Wellington had just arrived to fill her station of ambassadress, and the young *débutante*, so soon herself to delight Paris, says of the Duchess that, though she did not look like a hero's wife, or like an ambassadress, she none the less succeeded well in her part, and took great pains to please. Lady Elizabeth further remarks that the faces of some of the marshals, when they looked at the great English general, were not of the most plain sort, and she adds a hope that, 'in spite of sulky people who regret 'Buonaparte, the Bourbons may be firmly seated.'

We know that they were not, but, what was of more importance to the fair writer, she herself had made such an impression on Sir Charles Stuart that in February 1816 she became his wife, and found herself established in the Hôtel Charost, the old house of Pauline Borghese in the Faubourg St. Honoré, which then, as now, bore the arms of England over its gateway. Sir Charles and Lady Elizabeth Stuart lived there till 1824, and the ambassadress's letters prove to us how popular and charming she was. Her letters to her mother, the Countess of Hardwicke (*née* Lindsay), add something to the often told tale of the reign of Louis XVIII.

'I found it a very alarming moment to be ushered into Madame's room, where she sat with the whole Court about her. Equally alarming was it to answer her abrupt questions at long intervals, waiting the arrival of the King and the Princes, who appeared one after the other. The Duke of Wellington is still here—always going, but never gone. I am happy that we are still under his care, though all seems quiet enough.'

The Duc de Berry was married in June 1816, and his wedding gave rise to public rejoicing and feasting, in which the Duke of Wellington shared. More intimate and therefore more interesting is Lady Elizabeth's account of a visit paid to Talleyrand at Fontainebleau. 'Old Tally,' as she calls him, always professed a great admiration for the writer's mother, and did not fail to tell Lady Elizabeth that he would have been happier had *Madame votre mère* been of the party.

'I dare say you are so much wrapped up in your shady walks that you do not covet this opportunity of shining to S. A. Sérenissime; but nevertheless you are mistaken, for Fontainebleau is very interesting in itself, and the little anecdotes that were told by Talleyrand of the last great man, as they occurred from the sight of the different apartments we passed through, made a volume of *mémoires en action*, and like a book that has amused one, remains without the power of telling it over. We all arrived in good humour at seven o'clock to well-warmed rooms in the château, a capital dinner provided by Talleyrand, and well-aired beds in process of time. The evenings passed with billiards, piquet, and chess, and we all wondered why we did not oftener taste of the innocent pleasures of the country. Our mornings had abundant work. After having made ourselves strong for toil with a true French *déjeuner*, we set off to make the tour of the straggling château, which has some very fine things about it. It was to class himself with François I. and Henri IV. that Buonaparte was so fond of carrying his splendours there. A looking glass over the chimney having been broken in the little boudoir of Marie Antoinette next the presence-chamber, the pieces were laid on the steps of the throne while a new one was put in the same frame. They happened to be the first objects that struck Buonaparte when he arrived from Elba, and, whether it was some superstitious feeling of the *mauvaise augure* of finding a broken mirror on the throne where he once more meant to take his seat, or merely the smaller objects taking the place of greater, the officer who went round with us assured me, he wasted his whole morning in inquiries as to how the glass had been broken, who had done it, and why they had chosen that place to lay the fragments. It struck him more than the little table where he had signed his abdication, and which was still on the spot where he had left it. The Duchesse de Dino was *dame du palais* to Marie Louise the whole time she was in France, and is really very entertaining in her account of that Court and of the stage effect that was carried on. . . . The plan was laid for our returning to Paris after dinner, but the Duke of Gloucester begged and prayed for another country evening, which was the best proof that could be given that we were not tired of each other. At the same time, as I had a party hanging over my head for Thursday, it would have suited me best to have got home overnight. The King had said, when he desired everything might be made comfortable for the party at the Château, but that he should not offer his cuisine, as we should have

much better feeding from Tally. . . . Having been to the Duchesse de Berry, I must go to-night to Court. Tally is not at all pleased at our having the Jeanne d'Aragon, the only picture he had set his heart on at Crawford's sale.'

The eldest child of Sir Charles and Lady Elizabeth Stuart was born in Paris, and was named after her godmother, Queen Charlotte. Two years later a second daughter was born to them and christened Louisa Anne. The last of these names was that of her maternal great-aunt, Lady Anne Barnard (*née* Lindsay), the writer of the words of 'Auld Robin Gray.' 'The babies,' as they were called, grew apace *entre cour et jardin* in the Faubourg St. Honoré. There is extant a letter in which the Duke of Wellington says he had just seen 'Lady E. Stuart and her two ugly 'little girls.' Perhaps the Iron Duke was not fond of children, but already to other, and more partial, eyes they began to show both their beauty and their characters. 'Charlotte is almost beautiful,' writes Lady Hardwicke, 'and quite fascinating, which is more than beauty. She 'will be one, I think, who chains men to her, while she 'hangs on them for help. Louisa will need no man's help, 'but will be able to give it.' However that might have been, by the time that Sir Charles Stuart left Paris in 1827, the reign of his two little heiresses was full of promise. Transplanted to English country life they enjoyed alike the stately splendours of Wimpole and the almost primitive simplicity of life at Bure, a place deep set among the bramble hedges of South Hampshire, and in view of the bay of Christchurch on the borders of the New Forest. Their future home was to be the adjoining estate of Highcliffe, a property originally purchased for the Minister Lord Bute, and which Sir Charles Stuart remodelled at a great expense. He succeeded in rendering it one of the most ornamental homes in England.

Charlotte Stuart married, in September 1835, Charles John Canning, third and only surviving son of the statesman, George Canning, by a mother, who (as a daughter of General John Scott) inherited some of the blood of the celebrated Scottish lawyer, the President Robert Dundas, of Arniston. The bride, who made a love match that day, was a woman of singular sweetness and strength of character. The sense of duty was in her ever paramount over all the impressions of pleasure or of pain, while the bridegroom, though only in his twenty-second year, already gave promise of the ability and integrity of purpose which were to distinguish his

manhood. Life was just opening for them, and Lord Canning as he advanced, proved himself a most satisfactory public servant when he joined Lord Aberdeen's Government as Postmaster-General early in 1853, and still more in the great post of Indian Viceroy.

Lady Canning had already begun to interest herself in a work which was to bring out her sympathies, and give her such fellow-workers as Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Herbert, and Miss Florence Nightingale. The last named lady became directress of the Home for Gentlewomen in Harley Street, which was started by Lady Canning and her friends. But as yet no one had guessed all that lay dormant under Charlotte's quiet exterior and patient smiles. In its outward and visible forms her married life had seemed prosperous enough, but she was childless, and if her happiness had been great it had by no means been unclouded. The scene had been often varied. There were visits in country houses, balls given to royal visitors by such hostesses as (Harriet) Duchess of Sutherland and (Elizabeth) Duchess of Wellington. There had been yacht voyages, and a winter spent in Rome and Venice, and there had been bright autumnal glimpses of the Highlands, of the woods of Novar, and the crests of Wyvis, with days at Skibo so fine that she could lie for hours in the heather, while Lord Canning caught salmon. During the absence of her parents in Russia, on Lady Canning devolved the duty of looking after her old home at Highcliffe, and after 1842 she was often in waiting on the Queen. The visit to Eu amused her not a little.

'The house is quite full, as the whole royal family is here except the Nemours, who are in Brittany at a camp. Sixty-eight people sit down to dinner every day. The Cowleys are here. The château is not as old as I expected; it is in the style of the Tuileries, and crammed with family pictures. We go out, driving in *chars-à-banc*. A string of five of these has just carried us to the Forêt d'Eu, where we had luncheon in a tent. It was the first time the poor Duchess of Orleans had appeared in public. She led her little son by the hand, and seemed very much overcome. . . . We got back from Eu on Thursday after a most pleasant visit. The whole of the royal family came on board with us and saw us off, and the Prince de Joinville crossed over with us and stayed two days. Louis Philippe asked over and over again most kindly about papa, and they all begged me to say all kinds of things from them to you. One day when we were in the garden at Eu eating peaches, I felt some one tap me on the back. It was Louis Philippe, and he said in English, "When you write to your father tell him that the King of the French will never forget the good service rendered by Sir Charles Stuart to the Duke of Orleans at Antwerp in 1803." The



Queen was delighted with her visit, and I think she pleased them all very much. They loaded her with presents of Sèvres china, Gobelins tapestry, &c. The Queen of the French gave me and Georgy Liddell each a beautiful bracelet. I think I told you the people in the house—Cowleys, St. Aulaires, Guizot, Sebastiani, Admiral Mackau, M. la Cave la Playne (ministers), the Du Roures, Chabannes, Montesquieus, Olivia de Chabot, General d'Houdetôt (household), and General Athalin.'

Lady Canning was an excellent horsewoman, and one of her pleasures consisted in long rides from Ossington through Sherwood and its Dukeries, though she enjoyed still more weeks spent at Curraghmore beside her sister, resting in its wild and solitary beauty, from that which her royal Mistress once described as 'all the bitternesses which people 'make for themselves in London.'

Yet of this existence, envied, no doubt, as it was by many, especially while Lord Canning was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lady Canning spoke always as monotonous. It was certainly aimless as compared with the one which she had to adopt after Lord Canning was selected to succeed Lord Dalhousie as Governor-General of India. His wife felt on first hearing of this appointment that a five years' separation from her family would be terribly long, but she resolved to take no part for or against in her husband's decision, and only as she said to be ready 'to follow like a dog.' And so the die was cast. Lady Waterford came over from Ireland from the duties to the poor of her estate which she rarely left, to see her sister. The farewell then said was a final one, for Lady Waterford never visited the Cannings during their viceroyalty—never again were to meet those mutual eyes.

Paris, where Lord and Lady Canning halted, had changed greatly from the Paris of Louis Philippe, and was in all the glitter which Louis Napoleon and Eugénie knew how to give to their capital. The Emperor they found to be staunch in the alliance with England, and more warlike than was the country. After Paris came Malta and Cairo, Aden, and in due time Bombay, January 29, 1856.

'Of course all the newspapers are full of our landing. One gives my particular history, and I am rather distressed at being announced as a beauty, an artist, and an eminent botanist, besides many other things. I fear I shall be found disappointing in all these three lines. The flowers are lovely—bougainvillea, oleander, jessamino, poinsettia—and there are old cypresses entirely covered with flame-coloured bignonia, like pillars of fire.'

Lady Canning modestly disclaimed being either an artist or a botanist, yet she was both to her heart's core, and

during the worst days of the Mutiny, days of suspense and of courageous patience, she used to sit in a large cool room making studies of flowers. Their beauty soothed her then, and their facsimiles now remain a touching souvenir of the bravest and most un comforted heart that ever ripened for heaven in time of war and tumult, and of the still bitterer strife of tongues.

The Cannings had been little more than a year in India when this entry appears in her journal:—

'February 11, 1857.—The general at Barrackpore made a good little speech to the Sepoys of the regiment, who are supposed to be rather disaffected on account of the new Minié cartridges, of which they complain on the ground that the grease used in making them up is half suet, and *that* they cannot touch. There have been mysterious fires at all the places where detachments of this regiment have been quartered. It is not brought home to them, but they are strongly suspected of causing them, and they were overheard to grumble at the cartridges. Another rumour arose that the five men ordered from each regiment to Dum Dum to learn Minié-rifle practice were brought there to be baptised. There seems no end to these delusions, and yet they have leave to use their own grease, *and it is all right*; but it shows how very little gives offence.

'March 2.—The strange feeling about the grease in the cartridges is not over. It smoulders on; and some invalids of the 19th regiment at Berhampore were taken back to the regiment by some men of one of the two regiments first disaffected, and a mutiny nearly occurred. It was put down, but it will have to be taken notice of. The whole thing is evidently put forward mischievously, for no new cartridges were used, and the men were distinctly told when the new ones came they should grease them with grease of their own furnishing. In this Berhampore case they broke by night into the place where their arms were kept and took them. A few other troops were called out, and they returned to their barracks and put down their arms at their officers' orders, and the matter is now subjected to a court of inquiry. Some people think Oude men tamper with them, but it is not very probable.'

Already the tone of these entries is that of a man rather than of a gracious Eastern princess, pleased with Orient pearl and gold, and with killing time behind a lattice, and already Lady Canning is seen taking pains to inform herself as to the truth of the two grievances on which the troops are said to have mutinied—viz. the beef grease for the cartridges, and the distasteful attempts at conversion, which appealed at once to the Mahometan and to the Brahminical subjects of the Queen:—

'Colonel Wheeler, of the 34th, is terribly given to preach, so even if he does not actually preach to his men (and some say he does, telling

them they must inevitably become Christians), he must keep alive the idea that they have not full liberty of conscience.

'April 8.—The great event of this fortnight has been the disbanding of the 19th regiment—rather an anxious business. They marched quietly about nine days' journey down from Berhampore, but the regiments they were to meet at Barrackpore were not wholly sound. Two half regiments, the 2nd and the 34th, were known to be much disaffected, and some native papers were writing articles to excite them. The 34th men had originally instigated the mutiny of the 19th. C. had sent for an English regiment (the 84th) from Rangoon, and some artillery, and he was particularly anxious that this disbanding should be where the mischief began, and act as a warning to others. It all answered, and was admirably done. But I ought to say that on Sunday the panic had greatly increased. The disbanding passed off very well, and General Hearsey's speeches were very good. The force was large enough to make resistance quite absurd, but as there was no resistance the giving up of the arms was really an impressive sight. The men were marched to the ferry, and, while waiting to cross, ten men died of cholera. The doctors were left with them and their tents, and they were allowed to wait for their baggage and families, all of which favours they were touchingly grateful for. . . . C. sent Captain Baring to see and report it all to him. Since then the two bad regiments have rather altered—the one has come back into good humour, and the other is worse than ever. The colonel is said to be a great distributor of tracts, and to be in the habit of preaching in the *bazaar*, so they may have excuse for pretending to believe that they are compelled to become Christian. All mutinies have been on that idea—the one of Vellore, long ago, was on no other ground. Any tampering with their caste must be most dangerous, and a mere bogus and untrue rumour of such a thing is enough. The story of the greased cartridges is still spreading; the general order may, it is hoped, stop it. There is an odd, mysterious thing going on, still unexplained. It is this. In one part of the country the native police have been making little cakes—"chupatties"—and sending them on from one place to another. Each man makes twelve, keeps two, and sends away ten to ten men, who make twelve more each, and this thing spreads all over the country. No one can discover any meaning in it.'

We have copied these extracts rather than many later entries because they would only refer to matters of history, with which all the world is familiar, whereas these lines are curious as showing how first at Government House, in the spring of 1857, the signals of rebellion and conspiracy were noted in the household of the Governor-General of India. Inexperienced, if attentive, Lady Canning was also disposed to believe that her husband's arrangements could not fail to give a favourable turn to affairs—affairs of which as yet, though she might record the outward and visible

signs, she little guessed the importance to the whole European race in India. The following entry occurs:—

‘All our Sepoys troubles are over. C. was very firm.’

Then she speaks of the weather, and of the five rows of pearls she had worn for the first time, and of the probable nomination of her friend Mr. Denison to the Speaker’s chair. But on May 11 the note suddenly changes:—

‘An outbreak has occurred at Meerut. The 3rd cavalry has broken into the prison, and released eighty-five comrades imprisoned for mutiny, and others have burnt houses, and killed people, and were fired into but escaped. I never saw this telegram. It told of burning houses and fighting, that the telegraph wire was cut, and the men escaped towards Delhi, and that they had released their comrades. C. showed me a terrible telegram from Mr. Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor at Agra.’

The tide of insurrection, which had for weeks been creeping round the Governor’s feet, now ‘broke against the ‘knee, and all the world was in the sea.’ This line of communication between Calcutta and Peshawur was broken, for the rebels had gathered in Delhi, and that town, which contained an arsenal and a powder magazine, was in the hands of the Sepoys:—

‘The messages from here have urgently pressed that not an hour should be lost in retaking Delhi. It seems it cannot be done as quickly as we hoped, as the force from Meerut will not suffice until much increased by regiments from the hills. The anxiety here for friends is very great. The Lows have their son-in-law, Sir T. Metcalfe, in Delhi, and a poor little grandchild. I was told a story of a man up-country asking Mr. Money’s son if he knew the new Lord *Sahib*. He said, “No! what do you hear of him?” The man answered that every Lord *Sahib* had come to do something; Lord Ellenborough to reconquer Afghanistan, Lord Dalhousie to annex countries; but that *this* Lord *Sahib* had come to convert them all. This wonderful notion prevails far and wide; we have not a guess how it has arisen; it is generally rife among the natives in the bazaars, and we have heard of it for about three months. We had a few people at dinner. I think the tone is that we are in a bad pass, but that it is not likely to last long.’

It was to last very long, and to task Lady Canning’s absolute confidence in the worth of the British rule and in the triumph of British arms. To her honour be it said that at moments when the courage of others gave way she never faltered, even when she realised the magnitude of the peril, and the unpleasant fact that news was not always to be trusted even when transmitted to Government House:—

'Panic now invaded many hearts, and the Cannings were thought rash by many residents because at the official reception for the birthday, everything was done as usual, and the European guard of honour, after presenting arms, was not ordered to wait below.

'*May 27th.*—C. has sent off a proclamation to supersede Mr. Colvin's most unfortunate move, which is both ill-timed and ill-worded. It cannot be right just now to seem to show fear, and to this such mercy will be attributed, for by a proclamation so worded even men who have murdered their officers may expect to escape unharmed if they like to go home.'

Responsibility of the worst sort now increased for Lord Canning. General Anson died of cholera; the heat was intense; much of the country was in complete anarchy.

'It is a dreadful time,' writes Lady Canning. 'and I am sure we shall have much still to hear. We are quite well, and C. has borne his work and wear and tear of mind wonderfully.

'*June 23rd.*—A hundred years ago Plassy was fought. The prophets have said English dominion would pass away with the hundred years. We hear of more and more places gone, of more mutinies and robbing of treasuries, and of more Europeans killed or escaping with most terrible difficulty and privations. We have the saddest messages from stations crying out for help, where none can be given.

'*July 4.*—We have now four columns in the field, besides the Delhi army. C. was laid up in his room after the departure of the mail, and had to be kept comparatively quiet. . . . Lord Ellenborough's speech would have done very great mischief, had not things become too bad to be made worse by his imputations. If when there was first a rumour that C. had a wish and intention to convert, it was found that a well-known man like Lord Ellenborough publicly proclaimed such a story, it must have had the worst effect. C. never did subscribe to a missionary society for the conversion of natives, neither did I. He has subscribed to the great school of the Scotch Free Kirk, under Dr. Duff, in which 1,400 youths of good caste receive the very best education, and from which most of the clerks employed throughout the Government come. Very few, indeed, are converted there, but they all read the Bible; otherwise their education is secular. It is an excellent school. C. has objected to a publicly proclaimed day of humiliation all over the country, and has requested the Bishop to write a prayer for all services, to be read for a long time to come. For, indeed, it is a continuing state of humiliation we are in. Except private sins and not showing a good example, I really do not know what there is in which the Government is not honestly and conscientiously trying to do good, and that good bores the natives very much; they certainly liked the old style of neglect far better. The greatest grievance against C. is that he has trusted Sepoy regiments until he had reason to know they were not trustworthy. This was but fair and just.

'*July 27.*—How glad I shall be when the time comes again when my head is not full day and night of fighting and guns and murders,

and counting up marches and roads and distances, for I never can help thinking of it, as if it was my work to look after it all. I have been quite glad to turn my mind to the clothing for the poor people from up country, and the enormous *trousseau* I brought out has really become of use. How comfortable Highcliffe must be, but I do not wish to go now and see you there. I should like first to see all straight again here.'

That wish was granted to the heroic woman who lived for the re-establishment of English rule, and of English family life in India, quite as much as for the reputation of its Viceroy. But many terrible days had yet to be lived through—the fall of Delhi, with its unavoidable loss of life, and its records of unspeakable heroism, the siege of Lucknow, and the nameless horrors of Cawnpore, the cholera, the tact required when Lord Elgin arrived with his contingent, the hard work, and all the personal loneliness. The last was alleviated by the arrival, in December 1857, of Colonel and Mrs. Charles Stuart. The first thing that struck her cousin on landing and joining the household, was Lady Canning's appearance:—

'Charlotte has grown thin and aged; how could it be otherwise?'

The next thing that he noticed

'was that Sepoy sentries without arms were on duty, and that the bodyguard, posted on stairs and lobbies, were also disarmed. Nothing could be kinder than Lord Canning's reception, or more open and unreserved than his conversation upon public affairs. It was impossible not to feel respect and admiration when talking to a man who had faced such astounding difficulties and dangers with such serene courage, and, regardless of abuse and calumny, coldly and ineptly supported by Government at home, had been resolute, through good report and evil, to do his duty firmly and uprightly, and with as much humanity as justice and prudence would allow. Lord Canning defended his much-abused proclamation; the butcheries by many of the civil authorities, especially by the improvised magistrates, had made it indispensable.'

By Easter the pressure of work and danger had become lighter, and Lady Canning moved up to Coonoor, which she enjoyed as 'a gigantic Scotland, with a sort of Italian 'vegetation,' and where,

'to show the country at its best to Sir Patrick Grant, we were up and on our ponies by seven, to ride round some hillside paths through the beautiful woods.'

There she spent 'the anniversary of Meerut,' and reviewed in her mind the *année terrible*:—

'I believe one could not have dared to hope that things would be in so good a state by this time. Everywhere our troops have beaten the main bodies of rebels. All that has been attempted on a great scale has succeeded. Only small ill-considered attempts have led to disaster.'

Such was Lady Canning's testimony to the conduct of this most astonishing struggle; what her share in it had been hardly even her companions knew. Her diary is a most valuable addition to the history of our time, while its moderation in tone, and its absolute truthfulness as to fact are alike characteristic of the writer.

We venture to think that, in compiling his book, Mr. Hare has been a little too much absorbed by his veneration and regret for Lady Waterford, and that he has hardly done justice to her elder sister—to all her force of character, her clear-seeing vision, her justice, her loyal love, as well as to the wisdom of Lady Canning's splendid calmness. He might easily have found instances of the contrary sentiment, for the European community in Calcutta was pervaded by such a feeling of panic, that courage like that of the Viceroy's wife, and of Lady Campbell (*née* Metcalfe) shone all the brighter by force of contrast. The way in which Lady Canning took her daily drive without any additional guard, or apparent change in her arrangements, had an extraordinary effect in steadying people's nerves. Seldom, indeed, have the sweet piety and the passive courage of a brave woman had more conspicuous results than in the example of coolness and moderation which she set in society. As communications in India were then most imperfect, and as all progress was greatly delayed by the Mutiny, Lady Canning was unfortunately little known beyond Calcutta. There she was the leading spirit. Always kind and charitable, she upheld the highest standard of purity and refinement, and it is only to be regretted that her influence was not allowed by circumstances to spread to other parts of India. The affection felt for her in Calcutta turned to consternation and to intense sorrow when it was known that Lord Canning's wife lay hopelessly ill of fever. She had caught a chill while sketching some wonderful tree-ferns and orchids in a jungle below Darjeeling. Death came gently to one cast in such a gentle mould. She held Lord Canning's hand, spoke at intervals a few soft words, expressed no sorrow at leaving the world, and passed painlessly out of it on November 18, 1861. She was 45 years of age. No workpeople were allowed to touch the shrouded corpse. The staff (Charlotte's

'generals,' as her family called them) lifted her with reverent touches into her coffin, and then carried it out to its resting-place in the garden at Barrackpore. The last time that she had been in the garden she had sat under one of its peepul trees. There her grave was made, and thither of nights, when all his household slept, Charles Canning used to come and weep and pray. 'He was a changed man 'from the day the doctors told him that hope there was 'none,' says one who knew both husband and wife well in India; and Mr. Hare says that while life remained he mourned for her who 'had given him the love of her life 'with a depth of anguish, stricken love, and reverence 'which knew no words.'

The last months of Lord Canning's stay in India were spent in maintaining the principles of whose substantial value he was convinced, in securing fair play for a Mahomedan population, which forms by no means the least important element of our empire, in holding in check the rival pretensions of a vast congeries of different races, tongues, and creeds, in allaying the passions of resentment and fear, and above all in confirming, or even we may say in recreating a loyalty which had been seriously undermined.

To the torrent of calumny let loose against him Lord Canning had been indifferent, but he sickened now for want of the companion to whom his honour had been so dear, whose soul had been full of clemency, justice, and sympathy, and whose calm pride rose to the emergency when either calumny or danger threatened him. He touched English shores on May 5, 1862. He was made a Knight of the Garter, and national honours were ready for him, but they left him as they found him—very indifferent. When he came to die (on June 17), his watchers, to soothe the man who had so bravely 'fought with beasts' in British India, told him that he was 'going to Charlotte.' On June 17 he was buried in Westminster Abbey, and in Mr. Canning's grave.

In Louisa Stuart, Marchioness of Waterford, we have a completely different type. Hers was not like her sister's, 'an intelligence so remarkable that it seemed a gift to lead 'her straight to truth in all things.' She was an English lady, born with a genius for form and colour as great as ever lodged in the breast of any of the Venetian masters. She had some of the Greek joy in natural life (*vide* the 'Spring' in the collection of Countess Manvers), and was endowed with all the purest instincts of love, beauty, strength, and diligence, which go to make up the artist.



She was as beautiful in person as in mind, and she retained her beauty, for when she lost youth she gained that 'new fairness on the features, and not on them only, but on the 'whole body,' which Ruskin says, 'is gained by the exercise 'of virtue, gentleness, and decision of just feeling.' All grace of action and all grace of form were already Louisa Stuart's when her marriage to Henry, Marquis of Waterford, took the world by surprise. Why she made such a choice remains a mystery. Some of her congeners affirmed at the time that she did it as a reaction from a disappointed hope; others that as her father was alone in St. Petersburg Lady Stuart was in a hurry to settle this daughter. It would be more fair to suppose that Louisa had been captivated by a personal beauty in Lord Waterford, which was as remarkable in degree, though it differed in kind, as that of Lord Douglas, while her mother's letters prove that she, at all events, felt many natural doubts and anxieties when this Last of the Mohawks presented himself as a suitor for her daughter. When an engagement was at last permitted, all the parties concerned agreed to take a *coulour de rose* view of it, and, whether he enjoyed the process or not, the bridegroom was presented to his new relatives, and roared like any sucking dove. Miss Berry describes the wedding:—

'By some accident Louisa's mother had moved from her side, and she stood alone, like a glorious picture of a poet's bride, in the arch of the chapel door, which had the effect of framing this costly picture. There she stood motionless, with her white robes and her long bridal veil, which covered her from head to foot. It was impossible to distinguish a feature, but the form was that of a marble statue of beauty veiled. She looked extremely pale. Everyone said, "Look! Look!" the gentle music of the organ commenced a hymn of praise, and we held our breath lest the least earthly sound should make that heavenly vision glide away.'

The beautiful girl's heart went with her hand, and if she had never doubted her own strength of character when she undertook to tame her Irish Nimrod, the event did, what events rarely do—it justified her confidence. It is greatly to Lord Waterford's credit that he listened to her, that little by little he gave up his strange habits and his inordinate love of field sports, and that she succeeded in taming him. They were ever an attached couple, and under his Louisa's care the desert and all the solitary places of Curraghmore, if they did not positively blossom like the rose, put on at least new beauty. Nor was it the fault of Lord and Lady Waterford if they did not also put on new

wealth. She tried all plans—churches and chapels, schools, farms, mills, and all those home industries which at that time (1843–58) were not the fashion as they have now become. To have worked as Lady Waterford worked in Ireland, half a century ago, must have necessitated an extraordinary amount of technical knowledge of details. She had, it is true, a large fortune, ample leisure, and a free hand, but the country was not rich in resources. She worked without stint or intermittence, till the daily labours she confronted, and the daily tasks she mastered, would have seemed more suited to Robert Owen, to Sir Adam Fergusson of Kilberran, to George Dempster of Dunnichen, to Sir James Gibson-Craig, and to the Flowers, than to a beautiful young lady recently united to a fox-hunting squire. Thanks to her efforts there was always plenty of work on the estate, and incentives offered to the habits of industry and thrift, which have no great charms for ‘the finest pisantry.’ Lord Waterford habitually hunted from dawn till such a late hour that dinner was sometimes put off from 10 P.M. to midnight. Meantime Lady Waterford, in a short white washing suit, and with a close white cap tied tightly over her magnificent plaits of hair, went from cabin to cabin, and from one patient to the other. Trained nurses there were none, but she was young and strong, so she lifted and washed the sick, cooked food over the peat fires, and then went home, to send straight to the laundry clothing which was not always innocent of vermin. No task was too hard for her, and next day a fresh white suit was ready for the next visit to schools or sick bed ; but when Lord Waterford returned he always found the lovely Lady of Curraghmore robed in all her splendour, smiling and singing, or painting portraits of her visitors and their dogs by lamp-light.

The instincts of her cottars were at first all for loyalty and grateful affection. But the famine of 1846–47 came, and, though Lord and Lady Waterford left nothing undone that love, money, wisdom, and physical courage could do, to alleviate the terrible distress, and to lay the sickness that always follows on famine, still, it is, as the proverb avers, ‘ill talking between a full man and a fasting,’ and the revolutionary movement of 1848 appealed only too easily to the suffering and depopulated Celts. Their Protestant benefactors were discredited, and ‘the bloody Beresfords’ were held up to the execration which too many Irish landlords once deserved, and which is now so impartially dealt out, both to the good and to the bad. The lives of Lord and

Lady Waterford were, for the time, in positive danger. That Lady Canning's sister stood firm before hunger-typhus, and the attempts to abduct her made by her quondam patients, goes for understood; but as this chapter of Irish social life under Queen Victoria is instructive, we make a few extracts. The principal agitator was, of course, Mr. Smith O'Brien; but there was no lack then, as now, of demagogues to excite the discontent of the people. Curraghmore was fortified with cannon, while the Fenians watched the park gates, threatening to carry off Lord Waterford's beautiful wife to the hills. In July this persecution obliged her to go for a short time to her mother; barricades were thrown up at Clonmel, and

'The people,' wrote the housekeeper, 'are up all night at clubs, making pikes, and my Lord says he will barricade the house, and get in some men. I only wish all the stablemen were Protestants. We are going on strongly barricading, and unless they fire the house they will not get in easily. *All the work is still going on*, but spirit is wanting, and all looks dull and suspicious. I cannot but think the people ungrateful in the extreme.'

In September an attack on Curraghmore, where both husband and wife lived behind closed shutters, was hourly expected. Lady Waterford wrote:—

'Thank you for thinking of us in our time of tribulation, for such it is. We live in a state of siege. W. goes armed to the teeth, and I am not allowed to venture out of sight, for one of Dohey and Dillon's plans was to seize W. for a hostage and do to him whatever is done to the leaders, and W. thinks I may be caught if he is not, and he does not want to have to chase me as well as the rebels. The evil spirit of this attempt is confined to about three counties, but is raging there. Our county is scourged by rebels, who force the farmers to give up their guns, and even live stock and provisions, while they force the labourers into their ranks, *bon gré, mal gré*. I am very glad to be on the spot. I hear of no more cholera in Waterford, and I assure you it is much less anxious. I am sure, much as the rebels wish it, they do not dare attack the house. A great many of our labourers have joined the rebels—some pressed into it, others willingly. Some conceal themselves about the farm to prevent the chance of being taken, but one afternoon a summons came and twenty-five openly walked away.'

'September 1849.—Waterford off to the Curragh. Visited sick people. Found little Moses asleep in his cradle, with the pussy cat on top of him, quite content. Mr. Hill called, full of rumours of war, and of a black Sunday, for the massacre of all the Protestants. He wanted me to get troops here, and to go to the magistrate. I said I thought our own people would do well enough, and would only require to be

watched. Mr. M. says the idea is of an organised resistance to rent, and seizure of crops. We have no arms here but some hand grenades we don't know how to use. Perhaps Smith has a pistol. Everything quiet. W. came home. Mama arrived at five, and approved of all I had done.'

'December 10.—Set out for England to see doctor.

'December 14.—Returned to Ireland. We have now the Clonmel plan for a soup kitchen.

'December 12, 1850.—Went early to settle the site for Portlaw Church; the school afterwards. There is going to be an immense meeting on tenants' rights at Kilmacthomas. It went off quietly. About 4,000 people amused themselves, and speechified about everything but tenants' rights.'

Lord Waterford's death was caused by a fall from his horse. Ford Castle was left to a widow who ever lived on terms of the greatest mutual tenderness with his heirs and her successors at Curraghmore. Highcliffe she inherited after the death of her parents, and in those two places, beside the rolling hills of the Scottish border, or beside the bluest of English seas, she lived. She disliked London, and rarely made any stay in it, and with characteristic humility, she avoided display, either of herself or of her talents. The exhibition of Lady Waterford's drawings, two years ago, proved to the public, what her intimates had long known, an industry and an originality which have never been equalled in any woman's work. It consisted of 338 framed pictures, lent by 104 fortunate contributors. But this list, imposing as it reads, by no means exhausted either the wealth of the exhibition or the measure of the artists' work. There were wall-cases and tables full of notebooks and studies, *pochardes* full of colour and vigour, and of the quiet, happy inspirations of a genius which was all alive to beauty and to pathos. Of the series of great frescoes which she designed and painted for the walls of her school at Ford ('The Lives of Holy Children') only an approximate notion could be formed from the cartoons, but it sufficed to suggest their value and their importance. Mr. Ruskin sent 'his blessing on the exhibition of her pictures.' The message was not only characteristic of him, but it was appropriate to a display of fresh poetic fancy, reverent study of Nature, and deep religious feeling, seen through the medium of beautiful forms and splendid colour. No one who saw that exhibition could forget it. The impression that it left was one of rest from worldliness; and while contemplating the recreations of Lady Waterford one realised the intense

solitude of her nature as well as the purity of her taste. Through all her life Lady Waterford complained of being lonely. Almost the last letter she ever wrote—one in which all the lines are blurred by approaching blindness—she speaks of ‘poor solitary me.’ In some ways the intense solitude of her life seems uncalled for. Granting that the ordinary level of artistic culture in England was low, Lady Waterford’s kinsman, the late Earl Somers, was ever ready and able to appreciate her. To the tenderness of General and the second Mrs. Charles Stuart she owed as much, in old age, as Lady Canning had done during the last year of her life in India, while such relations as the Recorder, the late Mr. James Stuart Wortley, and his wife, with Lord and Lady Lothian (her niece), were hosts in themselves, without the weariness of numbers.

But, in truth, as Carlyle pointed out, ‘Genius is not a ‘sinecure.’ It is supersensitive; it divines where others observe; it has bread to eat of which others not only do not know, but of which they would not even care to taste. And if genius happens to abide in a woman, the public is apt to draw aside from her, even should she be noble and wealthy and beautiful, because, like the Argives of old, commonplace people feel and dislike the difference between themselves and the faces of the daughters of Danaüs. Like only takes truly and permanently to like. The initiated see life from a different standpoint, and, though not an exacting woman, Lady Waterford was, owing to the peculiarities of her temperament, often as set apart—

‘Les grands esprits, d’ailleurs très estimables,  
Ont très peu de talent pour former leurs semblables.’

Yet it must not be forgotten that Lady Waterford, while cultivating her charming talents, was not, and never wished to be, ignorant of those necessities of practical life which to genius generally appear much less important than their own visions. Genius is apt to remain *naïf*, and Lady Waterford, to practical ability in the management of her house, estate, and charities, added this charm. She remained to the close of her life as devout, as unsuspecting, as guileless, as generous, and as full of wonder and pleasure as a child. She possessed the blessings of health and strength, and though she had, like all the children of genius, a vivid sense of individual misfortune, to have been unhappy without becoming less good, less loving, or less intelligent, argues a really sound and powerful organisation of both mind and body, and that

was what the two Stuart sisters possessed, though one only of them survived to old age to prove how—

‘To the steadfast soul and strong,  
Life’s autumn is as June.’

On the subject of Art few artists have ever said or written so little. She never instructed, nor did she talk well on it, perhaps because she was too absent to be a brilliant conversationist, perhaps because she had discovered that it is far easier to abandon an ideal aim than to attain to it, or even to describe it. Painting like a man, and a Venetian man, she felt like a woman, and prayed like a child. On one of the rare occasions when she spoke of herself as an artist, it was with a touching humility:—

‘I have a something which has been given me to comfort and fill up a void; but it is no more. To some such gifts would be given as would help their lives in other things—action, eloquence, influence—each would have it, as it had been God’s will to bring it to them. To me, without children, a gift was given to be used—not only for self, but in some measure for the setting forth of ideas, and that it might sometimes express what must otherwise be sealed up. I could never attain to one work which would be what I see in my mind’s eye, and if I could it would be and do less than was done by the great men of old, whose works have not yet quelled evil nor taught good. I could not live for art. It would not be what I was put into the world to do. Two homes have been given me, and it is that I may try to do what I can in them, seeing that they are mine for “brief life.”’

She none the less thought, with Thackeray, that ‘Art is truth, and truth is religion; that its study and practice is ‘a daily work of pious duty,’ and her last words to her last visitor were ‘Goodness and beauty! beauty and goodness! ‘those are ever the great things.’ Those who knew Lady Waterford best realised how she combined these cardinal joys, and they also know that they can never look upon her like again.

- ART. VI.—1. *Moltke : a Biographical and Critical Study.* By WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS, sometime Scholar of Oriel College, Oxford. London: 1893.
2. *The Campaign of 1866 in Germany.* Compiled by the Department of Military History of the Prussian Staff. Translated by Colonel VON WRIGHT and Captain HENRY HOZIER. London: 1872.
3. *Les Luittes de l'Autriche en 1866.* Rédigé d'après les documents officiels par l'Etat-Major Autrichien (Section Historique), traduit par M. le Capitaine FRANZ GRUSSE, Professeur à l'Ecole de Guerre. Paris: 1870.
4. *Wanderungen über die Gefechtsfelder der preussischen Armeen in Böhmen, 1866.* Von KÜHNE, Generalleutnant und Kommandeur der 31. Division. Vierte Auflage. Berlin: 1891.

ALTHOUGH we base our opinion upon different grounds, we entirely agree with Mr. O'Connor Morris that it is difficult to determine the place Von Moltke holds among great warriors. It is possible that further evidence may yet be brought to light as to the part he played in the conduct of the campaigns against Austria and France. For many years the archives of the Prussian Staff had been closed to the military historian. This reticent attitude, however, has lately been abandoned. A well-known writer has been granted access to those records which bear upon the interior working of the headquarters staff during the siege of Paris, and has made excellent use of his opportunity.\* His volumes, however, deal only with a few weeks of 1870; and, moreover, under the terms which permitted their publication, it is manifest that much has been left unsaid. Only a glimpse of the friction which attended Von Moltke's direction of the several armies, commanded by men who were either his social superiors or of higher reputation as fighting soldiers, and therefore impatient of his control, is vouchsafed to us; and this glimpse, whilst it makes clear the very great difference in the power wielded by a chief of the staff and that of an absolute commander-in-chief, of a Von Moltke and of a Napoleon, is limited to a single phase of a single campaign. The little that has been divulged, however, leads us to anticipate that

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\* Der Volkskrieg an der Loire, im Herbst 1870, von Fritz Hoenig. Berlin, 1893.

the personality of Von Moltke may yet be revealed as greater and more remarkable than has hitherto been suspected.

But if the obstacles against which he had to struggle are but dimly seen, still sufficient knowledge is forthcoming on which to base a true estimate of his achievements. 'The glory of Alexander was incomplete,' it has been said, 'in that he had no Homer to sing his exploits.' The merits of Von Moltke as organiser, strategist, and tactician, wait only an historian worthy of his materials. With all respect to Mr. Morris, we are of opinion that an historian equal to the task has not yet been found, and that the present generation is incapable of producing him. That Von Moltke owed much of his success to his able strategy will scarcely be denied, and, despite certain opinions which have been broached to the contrary, we hold that the strategy of to-day differs in essential respects from that of past ages. It is true that the art of command must still be learned in the campaigns of the great captains. Napoleon's advice has not yet lost its force: soldiers, if they would be successful leaders, must model themselves on Alexander and the rest. 'A correct eye, rapidity, dash,' to use Suworoff's favourite maxim, are as essential as of yore. Surprise, stratagem, and moral influences were just as efficacious when used by Stonewall Jackson in Virginia as by Hannibal in Italy two thousand years before. Human nature remains constant; it is still to be played upon by those who have acquired the skill, and who can teach that skill better than those who possessed it so pre-eminently?

But if there was no manœuvre of Napoleon's which he had not followed on the map, no principle of his warfare which he had not assimilated, Von Moltke had elements to deal with on which the campaigns of Ulm and Jena could teach him nothing. Railways, the telegraph, and the press, had to be reckoned with in strategy; long-ranging and quick-loading firearms in tactics. Was surprise still possible when the electric wire had brought every city in Europe within speaking distance of the rest? Could great strategic marches, like that of the 'Army of England' from the Channel to the Danube, be concealed? Could great concentrations of troops, like that behind the Sambre in 1815, be still effected without the adversary detecting the real point of attack before his line was broken? Were combinations possible which Napoleon had condemned? In what formation was the infantry to face the breechloader? How could the long range of rifled artillery be best turned to



account, and had cavalry lost its use on the field of battle? Above all, how could the enormous numbers furnished by 'the nation in arms' be handled with effect? Each one of these problems Von Moltke had to face, and he had little to enlighten him as to their solution. Each one of them has added a new chapter to strategy and tactics, and to bring them into line with modern developements the volumes of Clausewitz would have to be rewritten. But, despite the immense literary activity of military Europe, the task has not yet been accomplished: and until we have more experience to go upon, until we have the campaigns of another successful leader to compare with those of Von Moltke, until we have another instance of 'the war of masses,' until we see once more a host of half a million or more of men thrown across a hostile frontier, we doubt whether it will be attempted. 'How can a man,' asks Napier, 'who has never commanded an army in the field, dare to dogmatise on such a subject as strategy? A great and successful commander can do so safely, no other person can.' Before the art of war had reached its present stage, strategy could be fairly criticised by men who had no practical experience of high command. Napoleon and the Archduke dogmatised; Clausewitz and Jomini embodied and expanded their teaching, and operations could be tested by their opinions. But to-day we are groping in the dark. Still, as in many of its aspects war is still unchanged, we can come to some conclusion as to whether the conqueror of Austria and France is entitled to rank with the acknowledged masters of the military art, and whether, as lessons in higher leading, his campaigns are worth studying as closely as those of his famous predecessors.

The two most striking episodes of his career are the operations which culminated in the battle of Königgrätz and those which brought about the surrender of the armies of the French Empire. It is impossible to underrate the difficulties with which the German staff had to contend in the second phase of the Franco-German war, when, at the bidding of Gambetta, a million of armed men sprang from the helm of France, and the flowing tide of victory was suddenly checked by an unexpected and formidable barrier. But we do not believe, strongly as we may appreciate the unbending resolution with which Von Moltke faced the storm, and the calm sagacity with which he guided the bark of the German fortunes through the troubled waters, that the ultimate defeat of the Republican levies was so remarkable.

an achievement as the annihilation of the trained armies of the greatest Empires in Europe at Königgrätz and Sedan.

Mr. Morris is of opinion that the praises which have been lavished on the great strategist in France and England, as well as by his own countrymen, are extravagant, and he has taken upon himself the task of forming an impartial estimate of his achievements. With this purpose in view, he has been at pains to collect every adverse judgement that has been pronounced by French and Austrian writers, and to complete them by his own. He is certainly a most able *advocatus diaboli*, and we have not the slightest doubt that we are furnished with every single argument against Von Moltke's reputation as a commander. We had thought, at first, of dealing with these arguments *seriatim*, but we find unfortunately that Mr. Morris's statements are not always consistent and are often contradictory. For instance, he condemns the double line of operations in 1866 in no less than five distinct passages, and yet he gives the whole case away by telling us elsewhere that 'if fault is to be found with Von Moltke's strategy, this must be attributed in the main to a position of affairs which was in no sense of his own choosing.' Moreover, we frankly avow that Mr. Morris's methods are so diametrically opposed to our own ideas of judicious military criticism, his comparisons so misleading, and his errors as to fact so numerous, that in his accounts of the Austrian and French campaigns we find something to quarrel with on almost every page.

The campaign of 1866 is more roughly treated than that of 1870-1. Von Moltke, in planning the great movement which brought about the downfall of the Austrian Army at Königgrätz, not only set at naught an oft-repeated maxim of Napoleon's, but he even dared to imitate, on the selfsame theatre of war, a manœuvre of Frederick the Great, which is severely criticised in the St. Helena Memoirs. 'Il est de principe,' runs the maxim, 'que les réunions des divers corps d'armée ne doivent jamais se faire près de l'ennemi.' 'This remark,' says Mr. Morris, 'is of universal application,' and it is evident, from the quotations he has appended to the chapters on this campaign, that there are many critics of the same opinion. In bringing forward this array of authorities, and in basing his most valid objection to Von Moltke's strategy on Napoleon's dictum, our author has done good service. He has at least shown us that there are students of military history who do not realise the change which has been brought about by the introduction of the telegraph into warfare and

if, with all his industry, writing three and twenty years after the event, with the lesson of 1870, where the same maxim was again successfully set at naught, before him, he still clings to obsolete ideas, we may fairly conclude that the campaign of 1866 is not yet properly understood. 'It may be confidently asserted,' he writes, 'that no impartial critic of repute approved of Von Moltke's direction of the war 'until after the triumphs of 1870-1.' It is no novelty, however, to find that new methods of warfare are reluctantly accepted and even fiercely criticised. Austrian generals censured Napoleon in 1796 for exactly the same reasons as Mr. Morris condemns Von Moltke. 'Suvoroff,' complained the Poles, 'is only fit to fight bears. If you expect him in front he attacks you in flank or rear. We fled more from surprise and alarm than because we were beaten.' It is not impossible that some of Von Moltke's critics are not yet abreast of the times. The ideas of ordinary men are wont to lag behind those of genius.

On the operations of 1866, however, rests, at least in part, Von Moltke's claim to the title of a great captain; and as his strategy in Bohemia has been subjected to far severer comment than his manœuvres in Lorraine, we have thought it advisable to discuss the Austrian campaign at length. Nor is this our only reason. Students of military history, misled by superficial criticism, may imbibe false ideas of strategy, or be taught to condemn methods of war which if rightly understood contain valuable lessons; whilst it is not without importance that the effect of modern inventions and of new methods of organisation should be generally recognised.

The campaign of 1866 was preceded by a diplomatic struggle of long duration. It is possible that there was an earnest endeavour on both sides to avert the appeal to arms. It is equally possible that both were sparring for an opening. However this may be, it is certain that statesmen and soldiers were not so closely in accord in Austria as in Prussia. Except in giving time for mobilisation, the Imperial Cabinet did little to help the generals. In Berlin, on the other hand, Bismarck and Von Moltke worked in the closest combination; the Chancellor kept in view the requirements of the Chief of the Staff, not only with regard to the time required for assembling the army on a war footing, but, so far as possible, with regard to the strategical situation. This was the more important, as it was apparent from the outset that the Prussian army would be numerically inferior. Austria

did not stand alone. The minor States of the German confederation made little secret of their anti-Prussian sympathies. Individually they were weak. Bavaria, the most important, could not muster more than 60,000 men. But collectively their armies reached, on paper, the respectable total of 150,000; and, of even more moment, their position in case of war between Prussia and Austria was strategically advantageous. A Prussian army could not march southwards without exposing its communications. Hanover, Hesse, Baden, Nassau, Württemberg, and Saxony commanded this line from the Main to the Bohemian Mountains, a distance of more than a hundred miles. Moreover, Hanover and Hesse divided the Prussian monarchy into two distinct portions, intervening as they did between the Rhenish provinces and those watered by the Weser and the Elbe. In short, Prussia would not only be outnumbered, but, strategically, she was badly placed. She had few fortresses. The capital was an open town. The mountains which were between her and Austria availed her nothing. Saxony, her enemy's sturdiest ally, lay north of the Erzgebirge; and, pouring through the gap thus opened, an invading army would find itself only six marches from Berlin. Moreover, the interposition of Bohemia, jutting northward like a bastion, severed Silesia from the remainder of the kingdom.

Von Moltke, therefore, as regards the most powerful enemy, had to deal with the problem of a re-entering frontier; and, with these several data before us, it can hardly be said that the task of the strategist was a light one. The numerical proportion, however, was lessened by astute diplomacy. Italy, with Venice as the bait, easily yielded to the wiles of Bismarck; and of her army of 550,000 men Austria was obliged to maintain a considerable force in the Quadrilateral. But, even with this deduction from the hostile strength, the balance was by no means even. Some compensation, however, was to be found in the homogeneity of the Prussian troops and their superior readiness for war. If the political interests of the allies were identical, their several contingents were distinct units; and even if they submitted to the control of a single chief, they would form at best but an unwieldy mass. Nor were their armies organised on the same business-like principles which prevailed in Prussia. Their passage from a peace to a war footing was based on no established system. In accordance with the ideas which obtained in every European State save Prussia alone, details

were left until the time for action arrived; to use the catchphrase of 1870, 'dans le cas spécial on se débrouillera.'

Austria, well aware of the peculiar advantages of her enemy, endeavoured to gain time by secret preparations. But the recall of her reserves to the colours, the transport of troops to the frontier, and the armament of her border fortresses, were not measures that could be long concealed. By the end of March it was known in Berlin that large movements of troops were taking place in Moravia and Bohemia. The unwonted silence of the Austrian press was construed as a symptom of sinister significance, and the official denials of any extraordinary activity were rightly interpreted as mere *ruses de guerre*. Beyond placing the artillery regiments on a war strength of both men and horses, and reinforcing the garrisons of her fortresses, Prussia made no responsive move. Not a single battalion left its peace quarters; not one additional squadron was sent forward to the frontier.

At the beginning of May, however, the situation became critical. Austria had called in her last reserves, and it was believed that her preparations were nearly completed. Silesia and the Marks lay defenceless. To mobilise the army and to concentrate it on the frontier, at least five weeks were necessary, and a defensive attitude seemed imperatively imposed. On May 2, the Cabinet of Berlin ordered the whole artillery, the greater part of the cavalry, and half the infantry, to mobilise, and six days later, the remainder of the army. On May 16, four army corps were set in motion towards the frontier. One took post in Prussian Saxony, one in Lusatia, and two in Silesia. A fifth was concentrated at Coblenz.

'This was a purely defensive measure. Prussia had been anticipated in preparation by Austria and Saxony, and it was thought necessary to place the troops just prepared in the frontier districts, where they could directly cover Berlin and Breslau.' \*

Practically speaking, this operation was completed in eight days, and on May 23, 120,000 men guarded the Prussian marches; whilst behind this screen the remainder of the army, already mobilised, had rapidly assembled. The situation at this moment was as follows:—Two groups, each composed of two army corps, guarded the approaches to Berlin and Breslau. Five corps were second and third line, cantoned along the railways, and in readiness to move.

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\* The Campaign of 1866 in Germany, p. 505.

Opposed to the first line stood the army of Saxony, 24,000 strong, round Dresden; and the 1st Austrian corps d'armée, with outposts extending from Tetschen to Trautenau, in Bohemia. Far in rear, in Moravia, Austrian Sillesia, and Galicia, the remainder of the Imperial army was slowly concentrating. No apprehension, however, of the Austrians crossing the frontier *en masse* was yet felt in Berlin;

'but 60,000 to 80,000 men might by aid of the existing railways be assembled in Bohemia. This force would not suffice to carry out a real offensive war against Prussia, but could seriously threaten Berlin or Breslau. In the one direction stood the Saxon army as a powerful advanced guard, only six or seven marches distant from the Prussian capital; in the other Breslau could be reached in five marches.' \*

Thus the first distribution of the Prussian army corps provided merely a strong defensive line along the southern frontier, sufficient, if not to prevent, at least to hamper considerably any advance into Prussian territory. Until it was known whether the South German armies were to be reckoned with as allies, as neutrals, or as enemies, no plan of campaign could be definitively adopted. But the situation did not long remain obscure. The hostile intentions of the Confederate States became unmistakeable, and the Chief of the Staff presented his project of operations to the King.

This project, it may be noted, dealt only with the immediate future. It advocated offensive action against the South Germans, ill prepared, with conflicting interests, and without common guidance; but, as regards Austria and Saxony, it went no further than advising the most suitable line for the strategical deployment of the army that would be employed against them. Prussia had lost time. The endeavour to conciliate the Confederate States, the determination to throw the onus of declaration of war upon the adversary, had imposed delay on active preparations. From a purely military point of view, it would probably have been wiser to place the army on a war footing directly Austria began to arm, and, at the first pretext, to cross the frontier. But the soldier is the servant of the statesman. The political situation was complicated. Italy was by no means ready for a campaign, and the King was averse to an offensive war. With all the goodwill in the world, Bismarck was unable to create for

Von Moltke an opportunity of utilising to the full the powerful weapon of superior organisation; and when it was eventually decided to mobilise the army there was much leeway to be made up. Austria had taken the initiative in preparation; it was doubtful if she could be anticipated in action. Von Moltke's first object, therefore, was to place the troops in positions strong for defence, but which, at the same time, in case the enemy made no movement, would facilitate the assumption of the offensive. Prussia had at her disposal 326,000 men; her enemies could muster against her at least 400,000. Outnumbered by 80,000 combatants, with a long and open frontier, menaced at once from the Main, from Saxony, and from Moravia, the distribution of her forces was a most difficult problem. The ample information, however, with which Von Moltke was supplied furnished a clue to its solution. The South Germans were not a very formidable foe. A small force, vigorously handled, might effect their defeat in detail. Moreover, a victory over Austria would paralyse all other enemies. The Bohemian or Silesian frontier was therefore the decisive point; for even if the force employed against the South Germans were defeated, and the Rhine Provinces were overrun, Prussia, if victorious over her most powerful foe, would find herself in a position to exact ample compensation for the temporary inconvenience she might have suffered elsewhere. But to achieve such a result it was necessary that Austria and Saxony should be opposed by at least equal numbers. It was determined, then, to mass 278,000 men in the decisive quarter, and to leave the residue of 48,000 to deal with Hanover, Bavaria, and their sister states.

'His Majesty the King came to this difficult decision, crowned, however, with fortunate result, by which alone it was possible to enter in sufficient strength on the spot where the main question was to be decided, and even to approach the hostile capital. The strong fortresses of the Rhine provinces could not prevent an invasion of that territory, but could prevent an enemy from there firmly establishing himself. If victory could be won in the east, it would be easy to regain anything that had been lost in the west.'\*

This is a phase of Von Moltke's strategy which in our opinion has been generally overlooked. The knowledge we now possess, both of the unreadiness of the South Germans and of the comparative ease with which they were successively defeated, makes it difficult to picture the very real

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\* The Campaign of 1866 in Germany, p. 20.

difficulties which Prussia had to face. Von Moltke's calculations were so exact, his deductions so eminently logical, his grasp of the whole situation so complete, that the problem as he worked it out seems simple in the extreme. But if there is one thing that military history teaches us more than another, it is the difficulty of recognising the decisive point in any given theatre of war, and the still greater difficulty of determining the strength, the duties, and the line of operations, of forces necessarily detached. In 1866 the Prussian troops were distributed to the eastern and western theatres of war respectively in most perfect proportion. There was not a man too many in the west, and every available rifle was mustered in the east. In very few campaigns of like magnitude has this delicate business of detachments been managed with such absolute precision. Where vast masses and a long frontier are concerned it is extremely difficult to resist the temptation of attempting to cover every threatened point. When Napoleon crossed the Sambre, in 1815, 20,000 French soldiers stood idle on the middle Rhine. Had even the half of them been present at Ligny and Waterloo the meanderings of D'Erlon and the obtuseness of Grouchy would have probably been long forgotten.

The strength of the western detachment having been fixed, the next consideration was to determine the position of the armies destined to operate against Austria and Saxony. 'Nothing was more to be desired than that the whole of the Prussian force should have found a position which would have covered at once both Berlin and Breslau. The most favourable point for this was Gorlitz, in Lusatia.' But against concentration in a single district and on a narrow front, such as Napoleon effected in 1805, in 1812, and in 1815, and such as he had ordered in 1809, two considerable obstacles existed. Time was pressing. Austria, to all appearance, had gained a long start. Her troops were mobilised before a single Prussian battalion had left its garrison, and on May 11, by road and railway, the process of concentration had begun. No more than four Prussian army corps were cantoned along the frontier, and to meet the invader in equal force it was necessary to use every available line of railway to bring up the troops in rear. But the six lines which ran to the southern frontier by no means favoured concentration in a single district, and yet if the whole strength of the army was to be developed from the outset not one of those lines could be neglected. 'The concentration of the whole army on one point demanded a



‘considerable expense of time. The whole force would have to be transported by few and ultimately by one line of railway, and the arrival of all would be delayed for several weeks.’ The report of the Railway Commission tells us that eight troop trains could be despatched daily on each of the three single, twelve by each of the two double, lines. The operation, commencing on May 16, was practically completed on June 5. In these twenty-one days 197,000 men, 55,000 horses, and 5,300 vehicles were transported for distances ranging from 120 to 300 miles. With the scanty means of conveyance at their disposal, the absence of any special preparation in time of peace, and the lack of experience, this was an achievement of which the German military authorities might well feel proud. Unfortunately, we have but meagre details of the manner in which the movement of the troops to the frontier was carried out. It is impossible at present to decide whether marching and rail transport might have been more effectively combined—that is, whether the strategic value of the railways was developed to the utmost. It is significant, however, as regards the number of trains despatched daily, that in 1870 the number was increased by one-half; still this point is controlled by the amount of rolling stock available.

The second obstacle, according to the official account, in the way of concentration in a single district was supply.

‘The difficulties of providing a quarter of a million of men with food could have been overcome if an immediate advance had been contemplated; but they were insuperable if the concentration of so great a number was to be anticipated for a totally undetermined time.’\*

This, again, is a question closely connected with the railways. When it was at length resolved to deploy the mass of the army along the southern frontier it was doubtless impracticable to arrange for the supply of the troops in a contracted space. No magazines had been established along the border. The fortresses were few and inconsiderable. Moreover, Lower Lusatia, covered with woods and marshes, is by no means a productive district, and little assistance could be expected from local sources. The railway, then, from Berlin to Gorlitz, with its branches, was the only artery of supply, and occupied as it was by the troops it is easy to understand that it would have proved insufficient.

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\* The Campaign of 1866 in Germany, p. 21.

There can be no question, however, that a single line could have supplied 200,000 men had it been given over entirely to the Intendancy. But the actual carriage is only a minor point. Other considerations, such as facilities for loading and unloading, the means of transport to cantonments, the direction and capabilities of the roads, affect the question, and especially the distance of the troops from the terminus. Great armies, whenever halted for any length of time, must be sheltered in towns and villages. In a comparatively poor province, as was Lower Lusatia, these were few, small, and far between; the army corps would have had to be distributed over a large area, and, in all probability, broken up into small fractions in order to utilise the existing accommodation. Such distribution and dissemination would enormously increase the difficulties of supply; and we may confidently accept the assertion of the official account that these difficulties were insuperable. At the same time, until the possibilities of a concentration in Lusatia have been thoroughly investigated, we are unable to decide whether the arrangements of the Prussian staff were as complete as those which preceded the invasions of Napoleon. But, whichever way the decision may be given, it must be remembered that Von Moltke's powers were far more circumscribed than those of the First Consul or the Emperor. Supply is so closely connected with finance that a general who does not control the purse has by no means a free hand as regards the preparation for a campaign. We have already suggested that, on military grounds only, Prussia might have taken the initiative with advantage as soon as Austria and the South Germans began to mobilise their forces. Had Von Moltke been as unfettered as Napoleon it is by no means improbable that his attack would have been as sudden, as well-timed, and as overwhelming, as that of the French Emperor in 1805 and 1806. But his position was widely different. Until war was actually declared, political considerations were paramount, and until that moment, although admitted to the councils of the King, he was but a subordinate awaiting orders. It is impossible, therefore, as regards the opening of the campaign, to compare the action of the chief of the Prussian Staff and of the chief of the French Empire. The one had to make the best of a situation which he had no hand in creating, the other so controlled events as to establish situations which facilitated the speedy developement of his military strength.

But, at the same time, interesting as may be the discussion of the possibilities of concentrating in Lusatia, it is purely academical. Even if it had been possible to have arranged for the feeding of the troops, we are strongly of opinion that, under the circumstances with which Von Moltke had to deal, such a concentration was undesirable. If ever there was a case in which time was of supreme importance it was this. The Austrian mobilisation, so far at least as regards combatants, had been long ago completed. On May 11 she had begun to concentrate, and, despite the relative deficiencies of her railway system as compared with that of Prussia, not a moment was to be lost if she was to be anticipated. Her troops menaced both the Bohemian and Silesian frontiers within a few hours' march. Her 1st corps d'armée stood in close support of the Saxons. A sudden irruption northwards was by no means improbable, and an army caught in process of concentration runs enormous risks. Deployment on a narrow front, such as would have been effected had the whole of the Prussian forces been assembled round Gorlitz, means that the army corps must be écheloned one behind the other, and until those in rear have completed their marches and taken up their positions, it is difficult for them to support those in front, difficult to take up a connected position on which the first line may retire; whilst, more than all, such a rearward movement would aggravate the difficulties of supply. With the numbers, therefore, that Von Moltke had to handle, deployment on a broad front was a strategical necessity. By utilising the available railways the whole army could be placed on the frontier in the shortest possible time, and could be easily supplied. Such a deployment would not, it is true, provide superior numbers to meet invasion from Saxony direct; but the presence of strong forces at several different points along the border would serve as counter demonstrations which could not be disregarded, and which would be at least sufficient to compel the enemy to concentrate. It would then be a race between the belligerents which could first assemble *en masse*.

It has been well said by Von Moltke that, under the present system of army organisation, mobilisation means war. No government, until it is bent on provoking a collision or is convinced that a collision is inevitable, will muster its armed millions. Armies are no longer analogous to the police. 'The nation in arms' has no connexion with the military establishments of former ages, or with such as exist in

England and America. The social and political disturbance consequent on mobilisation affects every trade, every household, and every individual. Business becomes paralysed; commerce is at a standstill; foreign relations are at once restrained; and when the whole manhood of the country is thronging towards camp and fortress; when railways, rivers, canals, and telegraphs are placed at the disposal of the military authorities; when the horse is taken from the plough and the waggon from the road; when the resources of the entire community are drawn on to supply the armies, the time for negotiations must have already passed. Unless a State is prepared to surrender the initiative; unless it is willing to permit the enemy to raise his prestige, to encourage his own troops, and to lessen the burdens of his own people, by quartering his armies in foreign territory; mobilisation must be followed by a rapid deployment on the frontier. Concentration at a single point means loss of time, for only a few railways can be utilised; it means difficulties as regards supply; and, whilst the operation is in progress, it means little power of resistance. Every consideration, then, points to a rapid deployment on a wide front, and for this purpose every available railway must be utilised. After this has been effected, concentration, if the offensive is adopted, can only be sought for by closing on flank or centre, or by converging to the front.

The fact must be recognised that concentration has its limits. The development of armies which are nations in arms; the creation of the elaborate machinery which has reduced the process of mobilisation from months to days; the fact that mobilisation means war, and that it can never be adopted as a mere measure of precaution; the loss of time, and the risk of the operation being irretrievably interfered with if the area of concentration is confined, render a deployment on a wide front absolutely inevitable. Without further argument, we are of opinion that in any case where the initiative is held to be of supreme importance the action of Prussia in 1866 must be followed by the armed nations; and that, under present conditions, to gain time must be the first object of every scheme of strategical deployment.

Von Moltke's project, then, had to deal with certain fixed conditions, and the railways at his disposal laid down lines of advance which it was impossible to ignore. The railways, however, did not in every instance touch the frontier; to reach their final destinations the troops had to move by road. Their deployment was effected by three stages. The first,

already referred to, and completed by May 23, placed two corps in Lusatia and two in Silesia. The second, completed by June 5, placed nine and a half corps in the following positions:—The 5th and 6th corps in Silesia; the 3rd, 4th, 2nd, and 1st corps in Lusatia; the 8th and half the 7th on the Elster in Thuringia; the Guard in rear of the 2nd corps, on the northern border of Lusatia; the Reserve corps at Berlin. The front was three hundred miles in length; and the army was divided into three distinct groups, two corps on the left flank, five in the centre, and one and a half on the right.

In the third stage, up to June 8, only the right and centre groups changed position, the whole six and a half corps moving to the left and reaching the Saxon frontier, the Guard remaining in second line. The right group had to watch Saxony, and was so placed as to intervene between that kingdom and either Hanover or Bavaria. For the time its mission was independent. The centre and left groups were cantoned along a line one hundred and thirty miles in length, from Senftenberg to Waldenburg. The strategical deployment of the army was now practically completed, and the troops were ready for immediate action.

The hour, however, had not yet arrived. Austria was still engaged in concentrating her forces. The Saxon army lay at Dresden. Hanover and the South Germans were slowly arming, but they had not yet declared their intentions. The King was still unwilling to take upon himself the responsibility of commencing the conflict. It was believed that the main army of Austria was already in Bohemia, and until the situation developed it was impossible to decide whether Prussia would act on the defensive or offensive.

The decision, however, was not long postponed. Whether Bismarck controlled the diplomatic arena so effectually as to make the enemy play into Von Moltke's hands is a question foreign to our purpose. We need only say that, directly the army completed its deployment, events moved with startling rapidity. On June 5, the very day the last trains of troops reached the frontier, the Austrian Emperor ordered his Commissioner to summon the Estates of Holstein to a meeting on the 11th. The Elbe Duchies, the ostensible cause of misunderstanding between the two great German powers, were administered by Austria and Prussia conjointly. General Manteuffel, the Prussian representative, in accordance with his instructions, declared this summons an encroachment on the rights of his sovereign, and requested the Austrian Com-

missioner to recall it. Field Marshal von Gablenz refused. On the 7th, Manteuffel threw a division of 12,000 men into Holstein, and the small Austrian garrison evacuated the Duchy. 'The Austrian Cabinet declared that by the invasion of Holstein Prussia had broken the peace of the Germanic Confederation, and proposed to the Bund the mobilisation of all Federal corps d'armée which did not belong to Prussia. This was the virtual dissolution of the Confederation, since one portion thereof declared war against another.\* On the 14th the Diet met. A vote hostile to Prussia was carried by nine to six; and, as Von Moltke tersely puts it, 'the middle and minor States pronounced their own sentence. Countries, especially such as intruded between the two halves of the Prussian kingdom, could not possibly deceive themselves as to the consequences of their hostile attitude.'

Three days later, Hanover and Hesse were invaded, and across the decree of the Diet, ordering a general mobilisation within fourteen days, were written the words 'too late.' Sudden and vigorous as was the assumption of the offensive against the smaller States, the situation on the southern frontier did not justify such rapid action in that direction also. On June 11, the Austrian 'Order of Battle' fell into Von Moltke's hands, and it was discovered that the army which had been assembled under Field Marshal Benedek was not stationed, as had hitherto been supposed, in Bohemia, but that, of seven corps d'armée, five were near Olmütz in Moravia. Every doubt vanished. An invasion of Prussian territory could only be directed against Silesia. No further care was necessary for the security of Berlin. On the 14th, when the vote of the Diet was made public, the King resolved to wage an offensive war. 'There was no more talk,' says Von Moltke, 'of defensive flank marches; it was determined to seek the enemy on his own soil.'

The movements which followed this decision are amongst the most interesting of the campaign. The Prussian forces were now divided into three distinct armies. The First, under Prince Frederick Charles, including three corps d'armée, formed the centre. The Second, of four corps, under the Crown Prince, formed the left wing; whilst three divisions, commanded by Von Herwarth von Bittenfeld, formed the right, under the title of the Army of the Elbe.

As a preliminary step towards concentration, Saxony was

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\* The Campaign of 1866 in Germany, p. 17.

invaded by Von Herwarth on the 16th, and the First Army, closing to the right, took post on the Bohemian frontier in the neighbourhood of Gorlitz. This latter movement should have brought the centre and left into combination. Had the Crown Prince's advanced corps remained in their cantonments during this period, the gap between the First and Second Armies would have been reduced to twenty miles, and the disposition of the seven corps concerned have been eminently favourable either for defence or for attack. The front was covered by the main ridge of the Giant Mountains, a pathless tract nearly five and thirty miles in length, and the highest ground in Germany. Before the right wing of Prince Frederick Charles the hills decreased in elevation, and several roads passed through narrow defiles into Bohemia. The Crown Prince's centre and left faced the junction between the Giant and the Sudetic Mountains, and at this point there are three passes. To the right and left, then, the two knots of roads, by which alone the mountain line could be crossed, were held by a wing of either army; and the remaining corps were so distributed that either wing could be readily reinforced in heavy strength. At the same time, the knots of roads afforded each army a passage into Bohemia. The only disadvantage of the position was that the Silesian frontier was not directly covered, so that, in case the Austrians advanced directly to their front from Olmütz, the decisive battle would have to be fought in Prussian territory. If, however, Prussia was able to seize the initiative, her armies, with the defiles in their possession, could easily cross the mountains and concentrate in Bohemia. Such a step could scarcely fail to put an end to any projected invasion of Silesia.

A temporary surrender of territory would appear in any case, from a military point of view, to be but a minor evil; and the distribution described above, had it been retained, would have certainly been more in accordance with the rules of strategy than that which was now adopted. As soon as the Austrian order of battle had been examined, the Crown Prince was instructed to move southwards, leaving the defiles of Trautenau, Braunau, and Nachod to his right rear, and to establish himself on the river Neisse, covering the Silesian frontier. Thus at a most critical moment, just as hostilities were about to commence, and the armies already occupied the most favourable positions that the peculiar configuration of the frontier offered, we find Von Moltke dividing his forces into three

distinct groups, with an interval of more than one hundred miles, or at least eight marches, between them.

Up to this point, if the importance of gaining time be realised, it is difficult to find fault with his strategy. But the movement of the First Army south and west, according to his own admission, laid the Prussian army open to the risk of defeat in detail. But before condemning him, it will be well to ascertain if anything can be urged in his defence. Let us take the official account.

'The Marks and Silesia required an immediate defence, and the organisation of separate armies was consequently necessary. That a concentrated Austrian army could throw itself on the half of the Prussian was clear; but, whatever arrangement was determined on, none could alter the geography of the theatre of war or the fact that an enemy stationed in Bohemia intervened between Lusatia and Silesia. There was only one way of anticipating this inconvenience, which was that the Prussians themselves should invade Bohemia. The Prussian armies at this time stood in three groups, at Torgau, Gorlitz, and Neisse, distant from each other from 100 to 125 miles. The most rapid concentration was to the front, and lay in the enemy's territory.' \*

Such is Von Moltke's justification of his action. He does not condescend to discuss the question whether it would not have been more judicious to maintain the line of deployment between Gorlitz and Waldenburg, nor does he suggest that the temporary surrender of Lower Silesia would have been a minor evil compared with the dislocation of the army. This is the more strange as he had not hesitated to abandon the defence of the Rhine provinces to the fortresses. The very words he uses in justification of the latter measure might, with little modification, have been applied to the occupation of the line Gorlitz-Waldenburg. 'It could not indeed prevent an invasion [of Silesia], but would prevent 'an enemy from there firmly establishing himself.' †

In fact, Von Moltke himself does nothing, in so many words, to explain away the blot upon his strategical conceptions. But the official account, comprehensive and detailed as it is, takes a good deal for granted, and lessons which are not always clear to the ordinary reader are omitted as obvious. In the political aspect of the war is to be found the justification of the Crown Prince's march. The conflict was by no means popular in Prussia. 'The parliament, the people, the very 'soldiers sprung from the people, hated the thought of fighting

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\* The Campaign of 1866 in Germany, p. 21.

† *Ib.* p. 20.



'with their brethren to uphold the policy of Bismarck. 'Internal affairs appeared to throw great difficulties in the way 'of the Prussian Government. The House of Deputies had 'refused the financial supplies for carrying on a war. Public 'meetings passed resolutions hostile to the Government, and 'petitions came in from different parts of the kingdom, which 'begged the King to preserve the peace.'\* It can hardly be denied that the attitude of the Prussian nation rendered it most desirable to preserve the Prussian territory inviolate. The sacrifice of strategical principles was imperative; and Von Moltke, recognising that both the Marks and Silesia must be defended, not only acquiesced in the separation of the armies, but set himself loyally, and without question, to make the best of a situation which was unavoidable. The soldier trained in the school of Clausewitz had not now to learn that strategy, to be effective, must work hand in hand with policy. McClellan found to his cost, in 1862, that the general who ignores the susceptibilities of his government, and makes light of the apprehensions of the Cabinet, may soon destroy the confidence which has placed him in command.

As a consequence of this decision, the 18th of June found the Prussian armies covering an enormous front. Von Herwarth had reached Dresden, the Saxons retiring before him towards Bohemia. Prince Frederick Charles was south of Gorlitz. The Crown Prince held the Neisse, and the Reserve corps was coming up to take over the occupation of Saxony. But the plan of campaign was not yet definitively decided on. Exact information of the enemy's dispositions had not yet come to hand. Two corps and the Saxons were believed to be concentrated in the north-western angle of Bohemia, but the intentions of the enemy were still in doubt. One corps, however, was known to be moving northwards on Pardubitz, and it was evident that a general concentration in Northern Bohemia was not improbable. 'Such a situation could not 'be disregarded, and the assembly of the Prussian forces had 'to be undertaken to counteract it.'† Prince Frederick Charles moved down to the mouth of the passes, and Von Herwarth pushed forward eastwards from Dresden to meet him. Bohemia was to be invaded by these two armies, act-

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\* The Refounding of the German Empire (Colonel Malletson, C.S.I.), p. 188.

† The Campaign of 1866 in Germany, p. 27.

ing under the command of Prince Frederick Charles. Of the First Army the 1st corps was withdrawn from Munsterberg to Landshut, in order, if necessary, to join Prince Frederick Charles; but the three remaining corps still held Silesia. So posted, they could either meet a hostile invasion on the Neisse; or, should the Austrians move into Bohemia, disturb their march from the direction of Glatz; or, if time permitted, join Prince Frederick Charles by way of the Starkstadt and Nachod defiles. In order to be prepared for any of these alternatives, the Guard and 5th corps were ordered to follow the 1st, the 6th being still retained upon the Neisse.

On the 22nd, however, as soon as this movement was terminated, the activity of the Intelligence Department had thrown sufficient light on the situation. There were no indications of an Austrian advance upon Silesia, and it had become apparent that the enemy proposed to mass his whole force in Bohemia. The Prussian armies were at once ordered to advance into that province, and to concentrate in the direction of Gitschin. It is this order which has excited the ire of the critics.

'Von Moltke,' says Mr. Morris, 'invaded Bohemia on a double line, with three, and then two, armies widely divided by a mountainous and intricate country, but converging to an arranged point of junction, the Austrian army being nearly equal in numbers and not distant. Operations of this kind are hazardous in the extreme, for, not to refer to other dangers, the enemy is given an opportunity to strike in, before the separate masses unite, and to attack and beat them successively in detail. The whole plan was too hazardous.' (Moltke, p. 87.)

We have already shown that the dispersion of the Prussian armies was a measure for which Von Moltke was in no way responsible. We may admit, moreover, that the method of concentration entailed a certain amount of danger. But with Mr. Morris's accusation that Von Moltke's manoeuvre was over daring we totally disagree.

It is useless to appeal, as Mr. Morris has done, to the pages of the Austrian Staff History, and to quote long extracts to show what Benedek might have done before June 22. It may be perfectly true that the Austrians ought to have marched northwards earlier than they actually did, and that they ought to have pushed forward troops to occupy the passes, and so to check the Crown Prince's columns. But this belated wisdom is altogether beside the question. It does not in the slightest degree affect the situation on June 22, and it is with that situation as

it actually was, and not as it might have been, with which Von Moltke had to deal. Mr. Morris not only omits all reference to the date of the order for concentration, but he ignores the information on which Von Moltke acted. Yet the date and the information are the very pith of the whole matter. If Von Moltke had issued the order without definite knowledge of the Austrian movements; if it had been possible for Benedek to have assembled his army in Northern Bohemia before the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles could join hands, the march of the First Army would have been simply foolhardy. But we learn from the letter of instructions which accompanied the order that, according to all intelligence which had been received at head quarters, it was manifestly improbable that the Austrian army could be concentrated in Northern Bohemia within the next few days. As a matter of fact, on June 22 the main forces of the enemy were just as far from Gitschin, and further from the mouth of the passes, than the army of the Crown Prince. At the same time, Prince Frederick Charles was a good deal nearer to the point of junction than was Benedek; and if he could overthrow the detachment (1st Austrian corps and the Saxons) opposed to him, there was no reason whatever, as the letter indicated, why the point of junction should not be shifted further east, and thus shorten the march of the Crown Prince.

Time, therefore, was by no means in favour of the Austrians, and space, an equally important consideration, was all against them. Besides the railway, three roads only were available for their advance, and for the initial concentration round Olmütz the army had been disposed in three lines, each of two corps d'armée, with the cavalry divisions in the centre. Whether this unwieldy distribution was known to Von Moltke is a matter of no importance, but it is perfectly evident that he had realised the effect of the few roads. 'The initiative,' says the letter above referred to, 'may give us an opportunity of attacking the enemy while still disseminated, with superior force, and of following up the victory in another direction.'\* That is to say, the narrow front on which the Austrians were compelled to march would render it possible for the Prussians, striking the heads of the deep columns, to defeat the advanced corps d'armée before those in rear could come to their assistance.

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\* The Campaign of 1866 in Germany, pp. 62, 63.

These anticipations were fulfilled to the very letter. Prince Frederick Charles reached Gitschin on the 29th. The Crown Prince crossed the frontier on the 26th and 27th, bore down all opposition, and secured Königinhof on the 29th. On the 30th, direct communication was established between the two armies, the first standing closely concentrated on the Upper Elbe, from Arnau to Königinhof, the second moving eastward from Gitschin. No fewer than four Austrian corps d'armée had been defeated in succession by the Crown Prince; a fifth and the Saxons by Prince Frederick Charles; and on the last day of June Benedek fell back to concentrate round the fortress of Königgrätz.

Mr. Morris, following other critics, is of opinion that the Prussian success was so far largely due to fortune. 'Benedek had time and space enough,' he declares, 'on the 26th of June, and until after the end of the 27th, to assail the Crown Prince in overwhelming numbers. He let a grand opportunity slip.\*' This, except that the dates are inaccurate, is fair criticism. Benedek certainly had an opportunity of attacking the Crown Prince, though whether he would have had time and space to crush his army, and then to turn upon Prince Frederick Charles, is, as we shall show, a matter of much doubt. On the 29th the latter reached Gitschin. On July 1 he might have reached the Elbe with 150,000 men, and Benedek would have been compelled to meet him. The district where he would have met the Crown Prince lies south of the line Trautenu-Starkstadt. This district is divided from that directly east of Gitschin by the Aupa and the Elbe, and the Austrian line of supply, the railway which runs north from Pardubitz, lies on the right bank of the Elbe. In order to protect his communications, therefore, Benedek would have had to disengage to his left, and to cross two rivers, immediately Prince Frederick Charles reached Gitschin. A change of front is an exceedingly difficult operation with an enormous army, and whilst crossing the Elbe, or ascending the plateau which stands on the left bank, there was always the risk that the heads of the columns might be driven in. The difficulty, moreover, would have been very greatly enhanced by the fact that his troops were most unfavourably disposed for any complicated manœuvre. Four corps d'armée were moving on one road, two upon another, the reserve artillery upon a third, and a

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\* Morris's 'Moltke,' p. 84.

certain degree of concentration would have first to be effected. The best plan, as the Prussian official account says, would have been to throw his whole force upon the Crown Prince; that is, to trust to his 1st corps and the Saxons to cover his communications until he had dealt with the nearest of his opponents. To effect this, he would have had three days; from the 27th, on which date the second army debouched from the passes, until the 29th, the date on which Prince Frederick Charles reached Gitschin. Had he made up his mind on the 25th the defiles might each have been blocked by a corps d'armée on the night of the 26th, the 10th corps moving from Jaromir to Trautenau, the 4th from Opocno to Politz, and the 6th from Solnitz to Nachod. On the night of the 27th, the 3rd corps could have reinforced the 10th, the 8th the 4th, and the 2nd the 6th. On the 28th six Austrian corps might have been opposed to three Prussian. On the 29th, provided the Crown Prince had been decisively defeated, the army might have countermarched to the Elbe, leaving detachments to hold the passes, and Prince Frederick Charles would have found himself heavily outnumbered. But it is necessary to assume that the Crown Prince would have awaited attack, and it is evident that, finding the roads blocked by superior forces, he might have so manœuvred as to occupy a force equal to his own whilst Prince Frederick Charles was coming up. The official account states that 'the Crown Prince hoped, with good ground, even if unfortunate, to hold fast an important part of the enemy's forces, and to keep them away from the First Army, the arrival of which must quickly accomplish union.'

The ground was by no means unfavourable. The mountains are no formidable heights. The mouths of the passes, especially that of Braunau, are ill defined, and large forces would be required to block them. Nor is the Austrian Staff History correct in stating that no lateral communications exist within the hills. From Nachod, which lies well within the defile of that name, a metalled road to Braunau existed before 1850, and country roads were numerous. Had he been defeated in his attempt to debouch on the 27th, the Crown Prince might have concentrated on his centre, and it would have been impossible for Benedek, when he turned upon Prince Frederick Charles, to leave an army of, say, 100,000 men directly in his rear without strongly securing the defiles. Such a detachment would have largely reduced the numbers available for operations on the Elbe.

It is important to notice, moreover, that the loss of a day would have made a most essential difference. Had he made up his mind on the 25th, some such manœuvre as we have indicated might have been possible. But on the 26th it was too late to secure the defiles. The Prussian Guards were nearer the mouth of the Braunau pass than any one of the Austrian corps, and that important débouché could not possibly have been blocked on the 27th. What actually happened on this eventful day was this: the 10th Austrian corps drove the 1st Prussian corps back through the Trautenau defile; the Guard found no opposition, and the 6th Austrian corps was heavily defeated west of Nachod. Sixty thousand Prussians were through the defiles, and what was worse, no Austrian corps could have been brought up in time to support the 10th the next day. The Guard threatened to cut it off from the remainder of the army, and it must in any case have fallen back from Trautenau. The whole of the débouchés were in possession of the Crown Prince on the 28th. On the 29th it would have been possible for Benedek to meet the Prussians with five corps, that is, 140,000 men against 110,000. But concentration would have been difficult, and the Crown Prince might still have manœuvred so as to avoid a decisive action. After that date it was too late, unless he had chosen to abandon his communications, for during the evening Prince Frederick Charles reached Gitschin. So far then from Von Moltke's strategy being too dangerous, or Benedek's opportunity a grand one, we believe that the verdict should be reversed; and we are most decidedly of opinion that the judgement of the Prussian official account is far more accurate than the judgement of the critics:—

‘To reap the advantages of an inner line of operations it is necessary that one enemy should be attacked while several marches distant from the other. If this distance is seriously diminished, the danger arises that it may be necessary to deal with both at once. An army attacked in front and flank stands on an inner line of operations, but the strategical advantage is eliminated by the tactical disadvantage. If the Prussians were allowed to advance to the Elbe and the Iser, and if a few of the defiles fell into their hands, it was very doubtful if it were possible to push in between the two armies. The danger arose that while one was attacked the other would at the same time attack the assailant in rear. On the 20th of June the Prussian armies were at Dresden, Górlitz, and Neisse; to Gitschin they had not a greater distance to traverse than the Austrians from the Moravian frontier. The time within which General Benedek could hope to operate against separated armies was very small.’ (Ib. p. 65.)

Von Moltke, then, although his plan was daring, committed but little to fortune, and there were many considerations which rendered it much less in reality than in appearance. On June 22, the date his order was issued, he knew that Benedek had but three roads at his disposal; that his columns were so deep as to make concentration a tedious process; that his army was unwieldy; that his infantry was armed with an inferior rifle, and that its 'shock' tactics were ill adapted to meet the breechloader. He had good reason, moreover, to apprehend that the march of the Crown Prince behind the mountains would hardly become known until his army was already issuing from the defiles; and he might have anticipated with perfect propriety that a forward concentration, to be effected by a flank march across the heads of the Austrian columns, was a measure so bold as to have all the character of a strategic surprise.

How exactly his expectations were fulfilled the Austrian official account makes manifest. The difficulties as regards supply were considerable. The movements of the different corps were not carried out as ordered, although the troops, making fourteen or fifteen miles a day in a hilly country and on muddy roads, proved their endurance. The needle gun asserted its superiority from the very outset; and lastly, the direction of Prince Frederick Charles' advance, menacing the line of railway, and also the secondary line of supply from Prague to Pardubitz, had its full effect. 'Shortly before the battle of Gitschin (June 29) Benedek had become convinced that the progress of the Second Prussian Army rendered offensive operations against the First Army impossible.\*' It is apparent, therefore, that only three days, the 27th, 28th, and 29th, were available for operations against the Crown Prince. The march of the Crown Prince did not indeed remain concealed. 'It is incontestable that Benedek had accurate knowledge of the strength and movements of the hostile corps.'

But it is equally certain that until his advanced guards had been defeated he did not believe that the Crown Prince was actually invading Bohemia by the Sudetic defiles. Had he realised that 110,000 Prussians were pouring through the mountains he would certainly have sent more than 60,000 men to bar their road, and just as certainly have endeavoured to block the defile of Braunau as well as those of Trautenau and Nachod. But he never seems to have suspected Von

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\* *Les Luites de l'Autriche*, vol. ii. pp. 279-80.

Moltke's design until it was too late. Possibly, like Von Moltke's critics, he considered it over daring. In any case, he was strategically surprised, and the presumption is a fair one that when information came in from his outposts that the enemy was entering the passes he saw in this movement merely a demonstration, a ruse to attract his attention and to cover a march westward, behind the screen of the Giant Mountains, to join Prince Frederick Charles upon the Iser. It is easy to say that 'the converging march on Gitschin was 'the logical conclusion of a situation imposed by circumstances.' The same might be asserted of Napoleon's movement against the centre of the allied line in 1815. After the event it is easy to decide that this was the course he might naturally have been expected to adopt. But the logic was not apparent to either Wellington or Blücher, nor was the strategic situation in Bohemia so clear to Benedek and his staff, experienced soldiers as they were, as it has since become to Von Moltke's critics. There is no need to bring forward far-fetched apologies for his apparent rashness. It is impossible to eliminate altogether the element of danger from every strategical conception; but the chances in favour of the Prussians were numerous, the risks few, and the line of operations which was adopted promised far more decisive success than any other.

On June 30, the date of their retreat on Königgrätz, the Austrians had lost over 30,000 men and 1,000 officers, and a quantity of material. 'The whole of the troops, without exception, were exhausted, and in consequence of successive 'defeats *subis coup sur coup* in so short a space of time, their 'moral was seriously affected.' Fortune had declared for Prussia. The Hanoverian army had capitulated. Hesse had been occupied. All danger of invasion in the west had passed away, and in the east the result of a decisive action could scarcely be doubtful.

As soon as the armies had come into communication, the King of Prussia, accompanied by Bismarck and Von Moltke, left Berlin, and arrived at Gitschin on July 1. On the night of the 2nd, Prince Frederick Charles had attained the line Horitz-Hoch Weseley, with his outposts only four and a half miles distant from those of the Austrians, who had concentrated on a strong position lying between the Elbe and the Bistritz brook. The Crown Prince held the Upper Elbe, and, acting under instructions from the Chief of the Staff, had made no effort to join his colleague.

It would have been no difficult matter to effect a tactical



concentration ; but Von Moltke had deliberately decided that such a measure was inexpedient.

'The armies were only a short day's march apart, and neither ran any risk, for if one were attacked, the other would fall on the enemy's flank. It was considered preferable to remain divided, as this caused no strategic change, and might produce considerable tactical advantage.' \*

Nor was this the only advantage that accrued from such a disposition. On the night of June 30 the hostile armies had lost touch of one another, and it was conjectured at the Prussian headquarters that the enemy was in position behind the Elbe, with the fortresses of Josephstadt and Königgrätz on either flank. If this supposition had proved correct, it would have been necessary either to attack the Austrians in this position or to manœuvre them out of it. The former required an advance of the Second Army against the enemy's right flank,† that is, by the left bank of the Elbe. Controlling the passages across the river, from Arnau to Königinhof, the Crown Prince could manœuvre on either bank, and his position was tactically secure. The interval of twelve miles that divided his army from that of Prince Frederick Charles was a matter of little consequence. It has proved a trap for the critics, who have indulged in vague surmise as to the manner in which Benedek might have turned it to account. It has been suggested that with the main portion of his army he might have fallen on Prince Frederick Charles, whilst he held the Crown Prince in check with a defensive wing. The Prussian armies, however, were not divided by some impassable obstacle as were the Austrians at Rivoli; nor by a wide river, with a formidable and entrenched position on its bank, as the Federals at Chancellorsville; and they were superior in numbers, armament, and moral. In any case, the ground must afford considerable advantages before a superior enemy separated by a short day's march can be dealt with as above; and Von Moltke's dictum, already quoted, is as sound as any of Napoleon's maxims. It is scarcely necessary to accuse Benedek of lacking inspiration and resource because he knew enough of war to avoid so desperate a situation.

We have not thought it necessary to continue our review of these operations beyond July 2. From the moment the report came in that the Austrians were in position behind the

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\* The Campaign of 1866 in Germany, p. 158.

† Les Luites de l'Autriche, vol. iii, p. 163.

Bistritz, Von Moltke had done with strategy. The tactical decision was at hand, and the next few hours would show whether the great object of all marches and all manœuvres—the destruction of the enemy's army—would be accomplished. There could be little doubt of the result. The whole army was concentrated at the decisive point. The enemy, originally equal in strength and in moral, was now outnumbered and disheartened, his retreat on Vienna compromised, and a river at his back. Benedek was even more demoralised than his men. The vigorous offensive which had baffled his attempts to concentrate and thrown his unwieldy columns into a confusion from which he was powerless to extricate them; the rapid movements which had rendered him incapable of decision; the incessant blows which had fallen on his isolated corps d'armée, had reduced the stout soldier of Solferino to a man who seeks only to evade his doom. On his arrival at Königgrätz, he sent a despairing telegram to the Emperor: 'Make peace at any price. A catastrophe is inevitable.' And yet Benedek was a man of undaunted courage and iron will. By those who can see no excuse for failure in a general, he has been branded as 'a commander of the most faulty type; he was 'dull-minded, obstinate, and sluggish.'\* The military student will prefer the verdict of a man who had himself handled great masses in the field, who knew what war is, and understood the difficulties of command.

"When I listen," said Von Moltke, "to all the exaggerated flattery which the public thinks fit to bestow upon me, I can only think how it would have been if this victory, this triumph, had not been ours. Would not this selfsame praise have been changed to indiscriminate censure, to senseless blame? A vanquished commander! Oh, if outsiders had but the faintest notion of what that may mean! The Austrian headquarters on the night of Königgrätz—I cannot bear to think of it. A general, too, so deserving, so brave, and so cautious!" (Moltke, by Professor Müller, p. 26.)

On the night of Königgrätz the Austrians had lost over 70,000 soldiers, and more than 200 guns. The war was practically at an end. Despite a brilliant victory over the Italians at Custozza, the Emperor was compelled to recognise that further resistance was absolutely hopeless. Within fourteen days of the famous order which set his armies moving on Gitschin, Von Moltke could say to the King, as they watched the desperate fighting on the long green slopes

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\* Morris's 'Moltke,' p. 90.

above the Bistritz, 'Your Majesty will win to-day, not only the battle, but the campaign.'

When we remember that this astonishing result was brought about, within so short a space of time, by armies acting on a double line of operations, we can quite understand that the advantage of a central position should seem illusory, and the wisdom of Napoleon's maxim doubtful. Von Moltke not only cheerfully accepted the risks of a converging march, but when, on Benedek's withdrawal to Königgrätz, concentration became possible, he deliberately postponed it, resolving to effect it, not within reach of the Austrian outposts, but in the very midst of the Austrian lines. Never was maxim so persistently ignored. That so profound a student should thus have set at naught what had come to be regarded as perhaps the most important rule of war, should have induced the critics to consider whether the application of this rule was absolute and universal. They did nothing of the kind. To question the judgement of Napoleon was to their minds the worst of heresies. But in accepting an isolated opinion as infallible, and in attempting to formulate hard and fast rules for the conduct of war, they exposed their own ignorance of the art of command. The truth is, that warfare is no exact science; that there is scarcely a single rule which is not limited in its application; and that the precepts of the great masters are merely warnings against the risks which may be incurred by any particular course of action. They tell us that the path is dangerous, not that it leads to certain destruction; and by none have these warnings been more persistently disregarded than by the very men who uttered them. 'Unfortunate is the soldier,' says Clausewitz, 'who is content to crawl about in the beggarding of rules, to which genius rises superior, and over which it perchance makes merry.'

Moreover, the situation which Napoleon was discussing when he enunciated his maxim was totally different from that with which the Prussian leader had to deal.

'Frederick marched to the conquest of Bohemia on two lines of operation with two armies sixty leagues from each other, and which were to join hands forty leagues from their point of departure, under the walls of a fortified place, in presence of the enemy's armies. . . . On May 4 his two armies (100,000 strong) were only six leagues apart, but were still separated by two rivers, the fortress of Prague, and the Prince of Lorraine's army, 70,000 strong. Their junction seemed impossible, yet it was effected on the 6th of May, at daybreak, within 300 toises of the Austrian camp. Fortune overwhelmed

Frederic with her favours. He had placed himself in a situation to be defeated in detail before his two armies could join, and to have each of them separately driven from Bohemia.' \*

The important distinction is this: when Frederick crossed the frontier, the Austrian army was so placed that the greater part of it could be readily concentrated before the two Prussian columns could combine, and had thus an excellent opportunity of using its interior lines. On June 22, 1866, on the other hand, Von Moltke was well aware that the Austrian army was very far from being concentrated; that the dispositions adopted for the march, and the distance it had to traverse, rendered it very improbable that it could do so in time to prevent the junction of the Crown Prince and Prince Frederick Charles. In short, the danger that this concentration would have to be effected in presence of the enemy's whole army, or even of a great part of it, was remote. It is the *certainty* of such danger to which Napoleon's words refer. We cannot believe that the great Emperor could have hesitated to employ the same means of extricating himself from a difficult situation under the same circumstances.

It is curious that none of the critics should have observed that it was Benedek and not Von Moltke who set rules completely at defiance. When he moved northwards, it was with the intention of concentrating round Josephstadt; but 'it was impossible,' says the Austrian Staff History, 'taking the latest information into consideration, not to see (on June 17) that the concentration of the Imperial army 'was already gravely compromised.' It is no great tribute to Von Moltke's acumen to say that he realised his opponent's danger to be far greater than his own. An army which attempts to concentrate in a central locality between two armies advancing on a double line, is even more unfavourably situated than two converging armies endeavouring to form a junction under the beard of an army already assembled in position.

But there is more than this to be said for Von Moltke's strategy, and Mr. Morris has so far grasped the truth that we may use his words.

'One of the dangers of an advance on a double line is that it is difficult to make the converging armies keep time with each other on their march, and this gives the adversary an occasion to interpose, and to strike right and left at his divided enemies. But the electric

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\* Napoleon's Historical Miscellanies, vol. iii. pp. 178-9.

telegraph enables armies to communicate with each other, at any distance, from hour to hour, nay from minute to minute, and so to regulate their movements as to be in concert; this immensely diminishes in operations of this kind the hazards which otherwise would be incurred, and Moltke directed the Prussian armies by the electric telegraph in their advance on Gitschin.' (Moltke, p. 85.)

We agree, however, with Mr. Morris, that this undeniable truth is not itself an explanation of Von Moltke's strategy. No one, so far as we are aware, has been bold enough to assert that the telegraph neutralises the advantages of a central position and interior lines. But Mr. Morris is perfectly correct in saying that the hazards of a double line of operations are much diminished; and there can be no doubt whatever that Von Moltke realised this fact as clearly as he realised the superiority of the needle gun over the muzzle loader. It is scarcely too much to say that the telegraph has effected as great a revolution in strategy as the breechloader has in tactics. Operations which were impracticable or dangerous under the old conditions have become feasible. The sphere of a commander-in-chief's control has greatly widened. He can manœuvre a detachment hundreds of miles distant from his own headquarters. In the campaign of 1864, Grant was in closer touch with Sherman, although 500 miles divided them, than was Napoleon at La Belle Alliance with Grouchy at Walhain. Lee, defending Richmond against McClellan in 1862, detained 70,000 Federals at a distance from the decisive point by means of a single division, under Stonewall Jackson, operating in the Valley of Virginia, 100 miles westward of the Southern capital. Every attempt of the Northern Government to strengthen the main army was frustrated. At the first sign of movement, the telegraph set Jackson in motion, and his timely threats against Washington, in the estimation of the Northern President and the Northern people so vital a point, sufficed to arrest the march of the masses which should have reinforced McClellan. We do not wish, however, to be misunderstood. Detachments have still their dangers. No reports, however full and timely, can supply the information which only the actual eyesight of the commander can detect. The best maps cannot supply sufficient acquaintance with the country, and events move so fast in war as to anticipate the telegraph. Headquarters can never be entirely *au courant* with the situation, and a great deal of initiative must perforce be left to the leaders of detachments. Mr. Morris points out that the telegraph did not prevent Prince Frederick Charles from acting with-

out regard to the Crown Prince, and marching on Münchengrätz instead of Gitschin on June 28. Why, when a few words would have despatched the first army in the right direction, was this false move permitted? It is not difficult to find the answer. The telegraph, as we have already suggested, can never compensate for the absence of the commander-in-chief from the immediate scene of action. Von Moltke, in his office in Berlin, believed himself less qualified to judge of the manner in which his designs should be carried out, than Prince Frederick Charles within sight of the Austrian vedettes. 'The most remarkable point about his strategy is the self-restraint he imposed upon himself in leaving his subordinate commanders such free scope, each within his own sphere.'\* During the eventful period from June 22 to the day of Königgrätz but five orders from the Royal headquarters, and those of the briefest, are on record. The leaders of the two armies were enlightened as to the plan of campaign; the method of execution was left entirely to their own judgement. That such liberty of action might lead to error, the march on Münchengrätz attests. But Von Moltke was true to the principles with which he had imbued the Prussian system of command. That the man on the spot, if he has been trained to responsibility, is the best judge of what should be done, was the substance of his teaching, and in 1866 he was evidently of the opinion that fewer mistakes were likely to result from giving his subordinates a free hand, than by tying them to the other end of the electric wire.

Had Mr. Morris, instead of relying on one isolated maxim, examined each one of those which deal with the converging march of widely separated columns, he would have found that Napoleon's main objection to such strategy was founded on the difficulty of intercommunication.

*'Opérer par des directions éloignées entre elles et sans communications, est une faute qui ordinairement en fait commettre une seconde. La colonne détachée n'a des ordres que pour le premier jour; ses opérations, pour le second jour, dépendent de ce qui est arrivé à la principale colonne: ainsi, selon les circonstances, cette colonne perdra du temps pour attendre des ordres, ou bien elle agira au hasard.'* (Maximes de Napoléon, p. 11.)

We may fairly conclude, therefore, that whilst the modern system of mobilisation and the existence of railways make

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\* Moltke, by Lord Wolseley, 'United Service Magazine,' October 1891.

deployment on a wide front imperative, the telegraph not only renders the subsequent concentration a far less hazardous operation than in the era of Napoleon, but gives a latitude and freedom in the use of detached forces which, had they been enjoyed by Napoleon, would have given even greater vigour to his offensive strategy.

Nevertheless, we venture to think that Von Moltke's plan of concentration was a daring and original conception. None but a great general would have sought such a solution of his difficulties. 'Boldness,' says Clausewitz, 'directed by 'an overruling intelligence is the mark of a hero,' and a careful study of the operations in Bohemia reveals a daring conception worked out with a skill, method, and accuracy, which have seldom been surpassed. It is difficult to uproot the popular belief that the merits of a plan of campaign depend upon some complicated manœuvre, some extraordinary exertion, or the overcoming of some obstacle hitherto deemed impassable. There is a positive objection to operations planned with deliberation, and carried out with mathematical exactitude; and yet the most brilliant victories of Napoleon and of Wellington were due as much to industry as to inspiration. It is not everyone who realises that simplicity is a far more desirable characteristic than ingenuity; and, in our opinion, if a line of operations enlists the advantage of surprise; if it promises opportunity of defeating the army in detail, or of keeping him divided; if it provides for the concentration of superior numbers at the decisive point, compels the enemy to form front to a flank, and at the same time covers the line of communications, it is the very best that could have been selected. Originality is not the true test of strategic genius. Hannibal's march across the Alps is universally admitted to be a masterpiece of war, but Hannibal was not the author of the idea. The project was a family tradition, and it had been discussed in the council tent of his father whilst the great Carthaginian was still a child. When Napoleon swooped down upon Melas' communications in 1800, he was inspired by the example of his mighty predecessor; and General Pierron has been at pains to show that for the initial operations of 1796 he was in some degree indebted to the campaign of a French marshal whose name is unfamiliar even to French soldiers.

Was the plan the best that could have been adopted? If all the diligence of the critics, unsaddled by responsibility, with the whole situation laid bare before them, with

unlimited time at their disposal, and with the methods of the greatest masters analysed at their elbow, is unable to produce a better, the question may be answered in the affirmative, and we may at least conclude that the general was equal to the situation. Greater praise it is impossible to award.

Nor should it be forgotten that generals are to be judged as much by execution as by conception. Not only did Von Moltke realise with accurate foresight what should and could be done in the war of 1866; not only did he pursue his course without deviating a hair's breadth from the plan he had laid down, despite the disturbing influences of Prince Frederick Charles' false move and the enemy's advance against the Crown Prince; but he organised his war in exact accordance with his means and object, and he did neither too little nor too much, which, according to Clausewitz, is the greatest proof of genius. Moreover, his quick recognition of the tactical advantage to be gained by postponing concentration, is a strong proof that he was not lacking 'in that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions on sudden emergencies—the certain mark of a 'master spirit in war.'\* Had he delayed his attack for a single day, Benedek would have fallen back. 'I cannot remain here,' he wrote to the Emperor, 'for any time. After to-morrow there will probably be a want of water, and on the 3rd I shall retreat on Pardubitz.' His armies, too, moved with that 'noiseless harmony' which is more admirable than the invention of new methods; and as a lesson in staff work the Bohemian campaign is invaluable.† The orders and instructions issued from headquarters—so important a part of a commander's duties—are models of clearness and conciseness; and if his subordinates showed themselves equal to their responsibilities, if they constantly gave proofs of intelligent initiative, it was because no army ever yet possessed a sounder system of command, because no modern general has ever equalled Von Moltke in stimulating intelligence, in crushing the fear of responsibility, in inspiring his subordinates with his own spirit, and in making

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\* History of the War in the Peninsula. Sir William Napier. Book xxiv. chap. vi.

† Mr. Morris is wrong in asserting that the message sent to the Crown Prince on the eve of the great battle was entrusted to a single officer. The official account, page 166, distinctly states that two copies were despatched by different routes.



them assimilate his own ideas. In this respect alone his campaigns are worth the closest study; and, if they are examined, not by the light of inapplicable maxims, but of common sense—the true criterion of strategy—it will be found that in those of 1866 and 1870 we have most valuable object lessons in modern warfare, and that to the soldier of to-day Von Moltke is a master whose precepts and practice are not one whit less useful than the precepts and practice of Napoleon. In fact, as regards the handling of enormous masses, we are inclined to the opinion that Von Moltke was the more skilful. The campaigns of Moscow and Leipsic, where Napoleon commanded armies approaching those of to-day in numerical strength, were by no means his most brilliant exhibitions of strategy.

We regret that we are unable to deal with the charge that Von Moltke was feeble in pursuit. His assertion that ‘it is only novices who contend that pursuit ought always to follow a victory’ Mr. Morris treats with ridicule, and he compares Königgrätz with Austerlitz and Jena, battles which certainly ‘effaced the landscape,’ but which, taken as typical instances, have nothing whatever in common with the great conflict in Bohemia. Königgrätz was the crowning act of a series of engagements; Austerlitz and Jena were practically the first steps in the campaign. On some future occasion we hope to discuss this question at length, and at the same time to show that the scathing strictures which have been levelled against the operations in 1870 are as groundless as those of which we have now disposed.

- ART. VII.—1. *Navy Estimates for the Year 1894-95, with Explanatory Observations by the Financial Secretary.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, March 12, 1894.
2. *Statement of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Explanatory of the Navy Estimates, 1894-95.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1894.
3. *Return showing the Battle Ships and Cruisers built, building, and preparing to build, for England, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and Austria.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, December 15, 1893.
4. *Aide-Mémoire de l'Officier de Marine.* Par EDOUARD DURASSIER et CHARLES VALENTINO. Paris: 1893.
5. *Almanach für die k. und k. Kriegs-Marine, 1894.* Pola: 1894.
6. *The Naval Annual.* Edited by T. A. BRASSEY. Portsmouth: 1893.
7. *Darf Russland einen Angriff auf den Bosphorus wagen?* Von F. Wien: 1892.
8. *Der kürzeste Weg nach Konstantinopel.* Von STENZEL, Capitain zur See. Kiel: 1894.
9. *Il Pericolo è dal Mare.* Per JACK LA BOLINA (Vittorio Vecchj). Firenze: 1893.

THE visit which the Russian fleet paid to Toulon last October, and the extraordinary outburst of enthusiasm with which it was welcomed by the French people and the French Government, were not unnaturally considered in other countries as indicating a union between the two Powers which might easily become a danger to the peace of Europe. Many rumours were sent abroad as to measures proposed or contemplated in order to mark the permanence of that union; and more especially it was asserted that Russia had asked for, and that France had, in principle, ceded some French harbour to be fortified and held as a military port, though some doubt remained as to the exact locality. To the student of history and statecraft, knowing that all Governments, under all circumstances, regard their present friends as potential enemies, this, or anything like it, was clearly absurd; but the very general belief with which it was received was at least a proof of the uneasiness caused by the presence of the Russian squadron in the Mediterranean at this

particular juncture. It was forgotten that a Russian fleet in the Mediterranean was no new thing, even in time of peace; and that a squadron of some importance assisted in bowing the French troops out of Syria in 1861, when there was assuredly no waste of affection between the Governments or the officers of the two nations.

How far the festivities at Toulon and Paris denoted any real political union must be, for the present, uncertain. It is quite possible that their significance has been exaggerated, but it is not improbable that they were meant to hint at such a union, and beyond doubt they spoke of the possibility of a very serious danger. It is this which we propose to consider. Of all courses of action in presence of a possible danger, the worst is to ignore it; the best is carefully to examine it, and to endeavour to render it impossible. In this instance the appearance of danger has been intensified by the very evident exertions which both France and Russia have been and are still making to increase their navies beyond what might be supposed to be their normal requirements; and not only to increase them, but to place them approximately on a war footing. In time of peace, with no war cloud overhead or on the horizon, it may fairly be asked, What does this mean? In neither country are the finances on a sound basis; in both, the ordinary expenditure largely exceeds the revenue; and in the face of this, both countries have increased their expenditure in order to increase their navy. Since 1889 France has added 2,300,000*l.* to her naval estimates. Russia in the same time has added 1,700,000*l.* These additions must necessarily signify loans. To what end are the finances thus deranged?

It may of course be said, it has been said, that the measure has been forced on them by the threatening attitude of England, and by the increase made to the English navy during the last five years under the Naval Defence Act. Any such contention rests on a false basis. For England the navy is a necessity of existence; for France and for Russia it is a mere appendage of power: for England its function is purely defensive; for France and Russia, beyond certain easily defined limits, it cannot be other than aggressive. Russia and France are both self-supporting; England depends on its external relations: the maritime commerce of both Russia and France is insignificant; that of England is very great: the merchant shipping of Russia and France is inconsiderable; that of England exceeds that of all the rest of the world. The statistics of this are incontrovertible.

Stated in round numbers, the tonnage of merchant shipping under the English flag is nearly thirteen millions; that of France is about one million; of Russia, less than half a million; of the whole world, a little more than twenty-four millions. It is clearly not in this direction that we must seek a solution of the problem. Still, Governments do not commit themselves to a great and embarrassing expenditure for mere sentiment; and if we may suppose the two nations willing to act in concert for a while, it must be that they have some common object in view. Other separate objects they may have, and agree to forward each other's interests on the principle of mutual accommodation, but it will probably be found that even these have some point in common at which both can aim; for though at different times they have both professed to wage war for an 'idea,' the idea has generally meant some solid advantage.

It may be conceived that France is desirous of breaking down the Triple Alliance, which, as long as it remains firm, is a barrier in the way of her aspirations for revenge, as well as of any wish to remove her neighbours' landmarks. Now the naval power of Italy, though respectable, is by no means equal to that of France; but it is so clearly England's interest that it should not be crushed, that the balance in the Mediterranean should not be upset, that France, if contemplating a maritime war with Italy, must necessarily take into consideration the possibility of being engaged also with England.

It has, too, been often stated that she regards England's power in the Mediterranean as an unwarrantable intrusion into French waters; and we are forced to believe that there is a small but noisy section of French society which looks on the Mediterranean as a French lake, and the presence, or still more the ascendance therein, of any other flag as an insult and an injury. Such conceptions, where they exist, are altogether sentimental, and not to be subjected to the trammels of either history or geography; otherwise it might be pointed out that, historically, France, though often powerful, has never been predominant in the Mediterranean, and that, geographically, the French coast line is small, or that the recently acquired African territories do not carry rights which these territories have never held. This, however, is beside the present question. We in England, desiring to live in harmony with our neighbours and the world, and to follow our commercial instincts in peace, find it difficult to believe or to understand that on the other

side of the Channel we are regarded with jealousy or ill will; and yet there can be little doubt that, quite independent of the friendly attitude of the Government and the protestations of all responsible men in France, there is, scattered through the body of the people, a mixture of such feelings, which may, at any moment, become a source of danger; of which Mr. Balfour, a short time since, at Manchester, spoke in a warning voice, big with very serious meaning. In his presidential address last February to the Royal Historical Society, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff prettily referred to a remark in the 'Annals' of Tacitus, that 'the Roman State had become so satiated with glory that it 'desired peace and quietness even for foreign nations.'

'This,' he continued, 'is not without its application to the England of our own day, as its converse explains, to a great extent, the unrest of contemporary France. It recalls to my recollection a talk I once had with Prévost-Paradol, who spoke of the confirmed dislike of France for England, and who, on being told that the English people had long got over feelings of the kind, said: "Ah, vous n'êtes pas les derniers vaincus!"'

It is, however, easy to exaggerate the importance of this feeling, which, if it had full weight, would apply to the Germans more strongly than to ourselves; but all available evidence seems to show that whilst the hatred of Germany is yielding to the soothing balm of time, the jealousy of England tends to become more acute, sharpened by the sense of our modern gains rather than by the memory of our ancient victories, and gives rise to a feeling of actual, tangible, ever present loss; a feeling that, by some process which to us may appear 'natural selection' or the result of superior business aptitude, but which to them appears the outcome of chicanery or intrigue, English commerce tends to grow, French commerce tends to shrink; English merchant ships substitute themselves for French, even in French ports and French colonies. They may conquer or annex outlying realms in even distant parts of the globe, but the advantage is to the omnipresent English trader: for them the burden and heat of the day, for us the profit. It is the old familiar cry of *Sic vos non vobis*.

It is thus conceivable that our position in the Mediterranean may seem to the French a very real grievance. It is an accepted maxim that 'Trade follows the flag;' and the French may be excused if they believe that our commercial predominance in the Mediterranean is in some way due to our naval strength. They do not stop to argue

if it is not rather the vastness of our commercial interests in the Mediterranean which renders it necessary for us to maintain a large fleet there. They remember that the Suez Canal was made by French engineers and with French capital; but the ships that use it are English, and so also is a substantial part of the profit. They may imagine that, if the English fleet were abolished or overawed, the commerce of the East would flow in its natural channel—that is, through France. So considered, there is a distinct reason for the French wishing to attain a real and apparent superiority in the Mediterranean, and for their submitting to much financial inconvenience, so long as they believe it may lead to the desired goal.

The primary objects of Russia must be supposed to lie in the direction of Turkey. It is familiarly known that in the last war her aggressive action was woefully hampered by the overwhelmingly superior fleet of her enemy. The only possible line of advance for her armies and stores was by land, subject to all the difficulties, dangers, and delays incidental to land transport, consequent on which her troops suffered much hardship and sustained severe losses. It was therefore to be expected that she would make a strenuous effort to prevent the recurrence of such a state of things; that she would determine that, be the cost what it might, in her next war with Turkey she would not be at this disadvantage. German critics have seen in the extraordinary development of the Russian Black Sea fleet an intention to attack Constantinople by sea, and have discussed the possibilities for or against such a design with more ability than knowledge. It is argued that the Russian fleet, appearing at the northern entrance of the Bosphorus, without warning, without declaration of war, might not improbably find the forts half-manned, half-armed, and but indifferently provided with ammunition; that what men there were might be asleep; that, steaming at the rate of sixteen knots, with a favouring current of four knots more, the ships would run the gauntlet of the batteries in less than an hour, and might appear off Constantinople before the Grand Porte realised that there was any danger. Once there, the city would be at their mercy, and must surrender at discretion. The picture is prettily drawn, but lacks something of the probable, and even more of the possible.

Captain Stenzel has taken much pains to show that such sudden attacks in time of peace are in accordance with the usage of nations. That in 1801, without any declaration of

war, an English fleet came off Copenhagen, beat down the defences of the town, and forced the Danish Government to conclude a treaty. That in 1807, in time of peace, without any direct cause of quarrel, an English fleet, supported by an English army, again attacked Copenhagen and forcibly carried off the Danish fleet. That in the same 1807, also in time of peace, an English squadron forced the passage of the Dardanelles and appeared before Constantinople, when the city must have submitted had Duckworth been a man of energy and resource even remotely comparable with Nelson. The action of the French in the river Min in 1884, and more recently in Siam, is also adduced as a proof that neither in France nor in England is 'the old-world, chivalrous declaration of war' considered necessary, or at least so necessary that it may not be dispensed with when the doing so is advantageous. So far as relates to a declaration of war this is all true, except the describing the 'declaration' as a remnant of old-world chivalry. Certainly during the last three centuries, as far as this country has been concerned, actual hostilities nearly always preceded a declaration of war, and were not necessarily followed by one.

There can be no question that it would be perfectly in agreement with the usage of civilised nations for Russia to commence a war against Turkey with an attempt to seize on Constantinople by a sudden and unlooked-for attack; though it may very well be questioned whether Constantinople would necessarily fall in consequence of the appearance of a hostile fleet before it. Twelve years ago the English fleet could silence the batteries of Alexandria, but could not take possession of the town. The defences of Constantinople are enormously superior to those of Alexandria, and the Turkish ironclads cannot be left altogether out of the reckoning; but even if these are overcome, the Turkish soldier may be relied on for obstinacy in the defence of a position, and the hostile occupation of a town with a million of inhabitants is not a task which a general on shore would lightly undertake; to an admiral, unsupported by a land force, it is an absolute impossibility. The capture of Constantinople by a *coup de main* of such a nature is scarcely conceivable; and though, with command of the sea, any number of men might be landed along the beach between Derkos and the Bosphorus, it is not with a small army that such an enterprise could be undertaken; and the quantity of shipping required for the transport of a

very modest one would preclude all attempt at surprise. There is certainly not shipping in the Black Sea sufficient for the transport of 40,000 men, a force ludicrously inadequate for the task.

But if not for an attack on Constantinople, to what end is Russia's formidable fleet designed? It cannot be merely to secure the command of the Black Sea against Turkey; for with two exceptions—of second-class ships—the Turkish navy is composed of vessels obsolete alike in their construction, armour, and armament. For the last fifteen years little has been done to maintain the fleet at the point of efficiency to which it was raised by Hobart Pasha. In the Baltic the German navy has to be considered, though there too the Russian force is largely in excess of any needs directly apparent. Everything seems to point to the Mediterranean as the intended sphere of action. The Black Sea fleet, indeed, cannot appear there without setting existing treaties at defiance, or, as Sir William Harcourt prefers to put it, 'under the ban of Europe,' and after first capturing Constantinople. It is not very creditable for a man in the position of Sir William Harcourt to believe, or to pretend to believe, that Constantinople is any hindrance to the passage into the Mediterranean, or that 'the ban of Europe' would have any retarding effect on Russia's action, if she felt strong enough to disregard any physical consequences of it. And under modern conditions the passage out of the Black Sea is not exceptionally difficult. The navigation itself is easy, a strong current favours it; and, according to Sir Geoffrey Hornby, than whose no opinion can be more capable, 'Three times at least, in the last twenty-five years, it has been shown that darkness, either of night or fog, is the ironclads' opportunity when they are wanted for service. It is absurd to suppose that the comrades of Makarof and the followers of Boutakov cannot profit by that, as anyone else may have done.'

During these last months the Russians have obtained virtual possession of Poros, an island off the north-east corner of the Morea, where they have had a small depôt ever since Greece was a kingdom. The Greeks had a dock-yard there until, a few years ago, they transferred their establishment to Salamis; but the buildings and wharves remain, and will, it is understood, be at the disposal of Russia, should she wish to buy them. The anchorage, between the island and the mainland, is roomy, landlocked, and capable of being easily made secure against an attack



from the sea, whilst the mountainous and rugged nature of the land on both sides of the strait offers no encouragement for operations on shore. There seems no doubt that the place may be made into a very formidable and practically impregnable stronghold, and that, too, without any unpleasant notoriety. For the last four months the Russian squadron has been making it its headquarters, and probably not a hundred persons in England, outside the Admiralty, have given it a moment's thought.

And yet, if it is not an English question, what is it? For in the Mediterranean Russia can have no direct object. She has there no interests to support, no rights to assert, no potential or probable enemy, except so far as England may be so considered. The Austrian navy, though a well-organised service, and still graced with the glorious prestige of Tegetthoff's achievements, is insignificant in material strength, and could not give rise to this elaborate and costly preparation. The Italian navy, having nine first-class armoured ships actually ready for service, and five others building or projected, is more formidable; but against Italy Russia neither has nor can have quarrel, except as a power of the Triple Alliance, and even as such cannot, of herself, come into collision with her. In any event, Italian troops are scarce likely to be found fighting on the frontier of Poland, nor is the Italian fleet likely to force its way into the Black Sea, to undertake a second siege of Sebastopol. It is only as an ally of France that Russia can come into collision with Italy; and whatever may be the strength of the *entente cordiale*, we need not believe that, without some other motive, she would undertake the financial burdens of her extended shipbuilding programme. That motive can only be a determination that, when the time comes, her action shall be independent of English control. At the present moment the relations between the two countries are most friendly; but they have not always been so, nor can we be sure that they always will be so. In peace or in war, England has for years barred her approach to Constantinople, and will continue to do so as long as the English fleet is dominant in the Mediterranean, and ready at any moment to be dominant in the Black Sea. Before any move can be made the English fleet must be ousted.

Here, then, is an interest common to France and Russia, an object at which they both appear to be aiming, and which, when opportunity serves, they may reasonably be ex-

pected to bring into prominence. Given the French fleet at its maximum strength performing manœuvres in the Levant; the Baltic fleet of Russia unostentatiously assembled at Poros, and the Black Sea fleet ready to run, without warning, through the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, the position of an English fleet, largely outnumbered, might any day become one of extreme difficulty. It could only remain in the Mediterranean on sufferance, and as soon as the allies were ready would be forced to fall back on Gibraltar, or even to Spithead. It is well to consider what this evacuation of the Mediterranean might mean for England.

That would be primarily in the interests of Russia. In the interests of France; the English occupation of Egypt might be determined in a manner more or less summary; or—as a preliminary step—the sea power of Austria, Italy, and Spain might be annihilated. These States, with extensive seaboard or numerous islands within the Mediterranean, lie directly exposed to attack by a superior naval Power. During the last twenty years they have made great efforts and extreme sacrifices to create the means of maritime defence; but, individually or collectively, their fleets are vastly inferior in strength to the combined force of France and Russia. If defeated, they would be erased from further calculation. If captured, the ships would be added to the already formidable fleet of the allies, and render any future contest with them more difficult. Italy, it has already been said, will presently have fourteen battle ships of the first class, all of large size and modern type, and nine first or second class cruisers of from seventeen to nineteen knots. Austria will have eight battle ships of the second or third class, and five cruisers, of which three are of eighteen to nineteen knots. Spain, which has not been much spoken of as a naval Power, will have three new battle ships of the first class, two old second-class ships with new machinery and new armaments, and has recently built, or is still building, six heavily armoured cruisers of 7,000 tons displacement and a speed of twenty knots; she has also a considerable number of second-class cruisers and of torpedo gunboats. As only one of the three military ports of Spain is within the Mediterranean, the danger on that side is proportionably diminished; but it is evident that even the Italian ships would be a very formidable addition to a fleet previously outnumbering our own, if Italy were compelled by superior forces to join the Franco-Russian alliance. Whether against the united fleets of France,

Russia, and Italy the English fleet would be able to return, or when, or how, may well be thought doubtful. What is not doubtful is, that before it could return the English commerce in the Mediterranean would be destroyed, with a money loss that would have to be reckoned in hundreds of millions. And this would be but the beginning. It is not now necessary to trace the results further. The threatened beginning is sufficient to lead us to consider that we are in presence of a great and growing danger, planned and being carried out with a determined vigour and a reckless expenditure which can only be met by a corresponding vigour and a corresponding expenditure on our part.

There are, indeed, many officers of ability and experience who believe that in a great maritime war it would be impossible for us to hold the Mediterranean; that of necessity we must retire from it, and that prudence would require us to do so at the outset. From this we utterly dissent. It is, of course, probable that we should not be able to use the Suez Canal, or even that the Suez Canal would temporarily cease to exist; for when we remember how it has been blocked more than once by some chance, we may suppose that an enterprising enemy would have little difficulty in blocking it at any specially inconvenient moment; while a carefully planned accident—similar, perhaps, to that which wrecked *Santander* a few months ago—might so far destroy it as to render the repairing it a work of time and money. But to hold the Mediterranean in force, should our naval strategy or commercial policy require us to do so, is a perfectly feasible operation of war. The presence of the French in Algiers and Tunis, and the disregard of diplomatic assurances with which they have converted Biserta into a military port, no doubt introduce new factors into the strategy of the Mediterranean, but more has perhaps been made of them than they deserve.

The capabilities of the harbour of Biserta have been described in terms of glowing enthusiasm; but without very extraordinary expense ships can neither be built nor equipped there, nor yet, to any great extent, be refitted. It is merely a place of gathering or of refuge. Ships can issue from it and return to it, and may thus have opportunities of harassing the stream of commerce which tends to flow along the north coast of Africa; but the duplication or reduplication of ports and arsenals does not double or redouble the number of ships of war; and given a certain number of hostile battle ships, it is not a matter of the first

consequence whether they are in one port or in half a dozen. Assuredly, in the old war it was never supposed that the French derived any special advantage from having some ships at Brest, others at Lorient, Rochefort, and Ferrol; rather the contrary; and while they continually endeavoured to collect the outlying squadrons at Brest, the endeavour of the English, which, on the whole, was successful, was to keep them apart. When Nelson was watching the eleven ships at Toulon, it is far from clear that matters would have been worse for him if four of the eleven had been at Biserta. A mistake that seems to be often made is equivalent to supposing that, though four were at Biserta, there would still be eleven at Toulon. Wherever the enemy's ships are, they will have to be watched; but in no warfare, afloat or ashore, is it, as a broad principle, advantageous to a belligerent to have his grand army broken up into small detachments. As to the scourge on commerce and our communications, it ought to be no very difficult matter to establish such a patrol of the line and such a watch over the lurking places of commerce destroyers that the enemy's power for mischief would be reduced to a minimum.

All this, however, is entirely a question of relative force. At present, and still less in the immediate future, we have not that superiority which might be required, not only in the Mediterranean, but everywhere. We do not agree with those who maintain that at all times, in peace or in war, it is necessary for us to have in the Mediterranean a fleet distinctly superior to that which the French have there, either actually in commission, or at Toulon, ready to be commissioned at very short notice. To do so would involve us in a disproportioned expense; for, as it is cheaper to maintain, equip, and repair ships in our own harbours than abroad, so a comparison of the cost of maintaining, equipping, and refitting battle ships at Toulon and at Malta is enormously in favour of the French. But what we consider absolutely necessary is that, while the fleet in the Mediterranean is kept up at a fair comparative standard, we should have a sufficient reserve to fall back on—a reserve which could be depended on as ready to reinforce our fleet in the Mediterranean on the first alarm. At the present time we have not such a reserve. Counting only the battle ships of the first and second class, which may be expected to stand the first brunt of the war, the comparison of the English, French, and Russian fleets on December 31 last appears in the Parliamentary paper to be—

—	England	France	Russia	France and Russia together
First-class . .	15	9	3	12
Second-class . .	12	9	4	13
Total . .	27	18	7	25

which is perilously near a bare equality. But according to the respective programmes, as returned in the same Parliamentary paper, both France and Russia are displaying an abnormal activity, and the numbers by 1898 will be—

—	England	France	Russia	France and Russia together
First-class . .	22	18	10	28
Second-class . .	12	13	8	21
Total . .	34	31	18	49

These are the numbers officially given by the Admiralty, the foreign ships being arranged as far as possible to correspond with the British classes. Other arrangements will give varying results, but the Admiralty list is in essential agreement with one previously put forward by Lord Hood of Avalon,\* the principal difference being that Lord Hood did not count two Russian first-class ships, which the Admiralty includes as projected. Between third-class battle ships, coast-defence ships and armoured cruisers, it is not always easy to distinguish; and while Lord Hood reckons three of the French third-class ships as coast defence, others have argued that six French coast defence ships of from 5,000 to 6,000 tons ought rather to be counted as third-class battle ships. There can be no doubt that these ships would be effective battle ships in an action fought near the French coast, and must therefore be taken into account; but they cannot be depended on for general service, and appear to be rightly placed in the Admiralty list. But this, as every other technical list, requires some technical knowledge to read it aright, and it does not follow that an opinion formed by capable men with full opportunities of studying the question is a barefaced attempt to deceive,

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\* 'Times,' December 25.

even though it does differ from that of irresponsible and self-constituted judges.

Any such differences of opinion, however, refer to ships of the lower classes. As to those of the first and second, the first line of battle, the Admiralty have represented the case in its appalling nakedness: the fact that within four years France and Russia will have forty-nine such ships, while England, as at present announced, will only have thirty-four, is one that cannot be explained away. And in a question of shipbuilding, four years hence is the present time. Much has lately been said about the shorter time required in this country to turn a battle ship out of hand. It does not appear that there is much, if any, difference between the rate in this country and in France. In both the requisite time seems to vary between three and four years, and thus the programme of each now must be accepted as the effective list of four years hence. The knowledge that this is so, the knowledge that our numbers are far below those of France and Russia, and the refusal of the Government to take the country into its confidence, gave rise to a very general uneasiness, which the speech of Mr. Gladstone on December 19, showing a profound ignorance of and indifference to the subject, naturally increased in a serious degree; for how was it possible to believe the interests and the honour of the country safe in the hands of a Minister who, with the figures we have quoted before him, could say that 'the navy was adequate to perform its duties and to meet all contingencies in a manner adequate to the wants of the country;' or who, when pressed on this point, could answer, 'When I spoke of the adequacy of the navy, I spoke of the navy of the year, and I did not anticipate the navy of the coming year or the year after.' The outcry which followed this speech has been such as would have convinced any Minister less entirely swathed in self-complacency, and apart from the Minister, now no longer in office, cannot but have had an important influence on the Ministry.

This revolt of the nation against the negligence of the Government is no new thing in our history. Something similar may be traced back for upwards of five hundred years, as when, in 1372, after the defeat off Rochelle, the Commons memorialised the king on the ruin of our naval power. 'Twenty years since,' they said, 'and always before that time, the navy of the kingdom was so great and so numerous that our Lord was everywhere called "King of

‘ “the Sea,” and our country the more dreaded both by sea and land. And now it is so decreased and weakened that there is scarcely sufficient for the defence of the country in case of need, so that there is great danger to the kingdom.’ Seventy years later, the victories of Henry V. having intervened, we have the record of another moan which, though in different language, is in spirit identical with that of the present time. It is given by Capgrave, under date 1441 \* :—

‘ What good is it for us to read the examples of the great men of former days if we do not imitate them ? It is the opinion of many that if the sea was kept by our navy much good would be the result. Our merchants would have safe-conduct, our fishermen a secure approach, our people would have peace and quiet, and our kings great glory. As it is, our enemies laugh at us and say, “ Take that ship off your money, and stamp a sheep on it instead, as an emblem of your cowardice,” † since we, who used to be everywhere victorious, are now beaten by everybody. Our forefathers said that the sea was England’s wall ; and when our enemies are on the wall, what, think you, they will do to the unprepared inhabitants ? This matter has been neglected for many years, and thus it happens that now our ships are few and our sailors scarce, ignorant and undisciplined. May the Lord take away our reproach and kindle a spirit of bravery in our people.’

The plaint produced little effect, and during the troublous times which followed our navy almost disappeared ; otherwise Henry of Richmond might have found his landing in Wales a more difficult matter than it was. We may suppose that he himself, and the able men who advised him, understood this, and began, with such speed as was possible, to remedy the past neglect, not by founding, but by reconstructing the navy and reorganising it. Since then the history of the navy is almost the history of England in its foreign relations and colonial developement. In it, as was most clearly realised by the great Earl of Chatham, was the true embodiment of the might of the nation ; and it was during Chatham’s term of office that our navy achieved a greatness till then unequalled. Afterwards, under the corrupt Administration of Sandwich, it sank far below the needs of the country, to rise again, higher than ever, during

\* ‘ *Johannis Capgrave Liber de Illustribus Henricis* ’ (Rolls Series), p. 134.

† Capgrave’s words are : ‘ *Tollite navem . . . et imprimate ovem.* ’ Mr. Kingston, the editor, has pointed out that the pun appears only in English, and that the reproach is therefore of English manufacture, not a jeer of ‘ our enemies.’

the wars of the French Revolution and Empire. The transcendent brilliance of the great victories of Howe, or Jervis, or Nelson, rendered the service more popular; and whereas it had previously been very much the fashion to represent the sailor of drama or romance as a filthy ruffian who was not hanged only because he might be utilised afloat, it became, under the pen of Dibdin and Marryat, or the art of T. P. Cooke, more customary to portray him as an honest, brave, simple-minded man, whose heart was his Poll's, whose rhino was his friend's, and whose life was his king's, whilst through all dangers and chances a sweet little cherub was specially appointed by Providence to watch over him.

But all along the navy was officially recognised as the national service, the service from which no danger to the Constitution or to the liberty of the people was to be apprehended; whilst there were many who believed that a standing army was a continual peril. Hence arose the curious fiction that the navy is a standing force, that the army is levied year by year; in accordance with which, Acts for the government of the navy, when once passed, remain effective till it seems necessary to amend them, the Mutiny Bill dies and is re-enacted every year. In reality, the navy was never a standing force, properly so called, till after the Russian War, when the continuous-service system was introduced; and in consequence of the liability of ropes and masts and ships and boilers to decay, wear out, or become obsolete, neglect has frequently produced a worse effect on it than even the caprice of Parliament on the sister service. The army, at any rate, required active interference to hurt it; the navy was in need of active interference to keep it going.

This has been more particularly the case during the last forty years, by reason of the continual changes in the construction of ships of war since the first application of steam and armour. During the last century and the first half of this a ship of war, once built, remained effective till she was on the point of falling to pieces from age and decay; under pressure of circumstances, till she actually did fall to pieces.\*

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\* The foundering of the 'Royal George' at Spithead in 1782 attracted more remark, but was by no means the only instance of a line-of-battle ship breaking up and going to the bottom, with or without her crew. Amongst others may be named the 'Temple' and the 'Marlborough,' both in 1762; the 'Leviathan' in 1780; and the 'Blenheim,' with Sir Thomas Troubridge and all her men, in 1807.



Since 1850 this has no longer been so. In the Russian War it was quickly decided that sailing line-of-battle ships were no longer to be relied on as effective, and within a couple of years later they ceased to be commissioned for active service. But it took both the country and the Admiralty some time to realise the consequence of this: to understand that the English navy was brought down to a level with the French, and that the numerical superiority on which we had been accustomed to insist had to be created *de novo*. Encouraged, it may be, by the knowledge of this fact; guided, too, by the 'Man of Destiny,' who is said to have believed himself to be—among other things—the appointed instrument of Providence to break down the naval power of England, the French Government made great efforts, while the English Government allowed things to drift along in their wonted course. As a result, it was found in 1858, at the time of the celebrated episode of the 'French Colonels,' that the French had actually afloat and ready for service exactly the same number of screw line-of-battle ships that the English had—twenty-nine; that of the twenty-nine English, nine were inferior both in guns and horsepower to any of the French; and that, according to the programme as it then stood, the relative fighting force of the two navies at the end of 1859 would be—

—	Ships	Guns	Horsepower
English . . .	36	3,400	19,750
French . . .	10	3,706	27,510

and of the English ships, nine, as has been said, were of inferior quality. The public announcement of this, joined to the strained relations between the two countries, might easily have given rise to a panic, had it not been for the prompt and judicious declaration of Sir John Pakington, then at the head of the Admiralty. He took the House of Commons and the country into his confidence, showed them that he understood the danger, and had already taken steps for guarding against it. By hurrying on advanced ships then building and converting others, mostly three-deckers cut down, to 90-gun ships, the English programme was modified so as to promise by the end of the year sixteen additional ships instead of seven, raising the English numbers to forty-five.\* So far as the navy was directly

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\* Hansard, February 25, 1859.

concerned the incident passed with the warning, which was presently forgotten; but the nation, more sensitive than the Admiralty, rose to arms and enrolled the Volunteers, who are with us to this day; and, in another direction, Lord Palmerston obtained the sanction of Parliament for a gigantic and costly scheme of military defence, which ought to have been unnecessary, but for which the supineness of the Admiralty seemed to offer an excuse.

Scarcely, however, had the so-called reconstruction of the navy by Sir John Pakington been determined on, than the end of ships of the line came in view. The French 'Gloire,' followed within a short time by the English 'Warrior,' suggested that ironclad ships were to be the men of war of the future; and the experience of the Americans in Hampton Roads fully proved it. A second reconstruction had to be undertaken, France having already in some degree anticipated the movement. At this time, however, there was but little uncasiness. In the Duke of Somerset, then First Lord of the Admiralty, the navy had a chief in whom it trusted, and the confidence of the navy reacted on the country. The reconstruction was proceeded with, without hurry but without delay, although it was always felt that the work was in a transitional or tentative stage, and that no one could say when or in what direction another change might take place. But with First Lords of the Admiralty less single-minded than the Duke of Somerset, or with Premiers less firm in their foreign policy than Lord Palmerston, this uncertainty might always be, and frequently was, put forward as a plausible reason for not bringing the navy up to its full strength, and for keeping down the estimates. France, on the other hand, holding the one object steadily in view, has, so far as her circumstances have permitted, steadily advanced. The aim which her successive Governments seem to have had before them is to approximate the strength of their navy to that of the English. And the different policy followed in the two countries has frequently brought it very near to the same numerical standard; whilst the concurring evidence of our naval officers is, that in point of quality, both of ships and men, it is still nearer to it than in mere numbers. So from time to time the English people suddenly wake up; they begin to see unexpected possibilities of danger, and something more or less like a scare, or even a panic, follows. That during the last twenty years there have been many such scares is not creditable either to the country or to the constitution of the navy.

The question naturally arises, Why should we, alone of all the European States, be subject to this continually recurring disorder? The answer seems to be twofold: the knowledge that we are dependent on the navy, and the want of a definite policy in the maintenance of it. When Mr. Cobden uttered his historical sentence on the paramount necessity of strengthening the navy, he would seem to have been prompted by an instinctive appreciation of the difficulties underlying the doctrine of Free Trade, of which he had constituted himself the apostle. It is, however, enough for our purpose that he did appreciate them, and understood that the economical advantages of the commercial change which he was labouring to introduce must be accepted with the concomitant burdens and risks; and that whilst from time immemorial the nation had trusted to the navy for its defence from foreign aggression, and during the past one hundred and fifty years had been borne upon it to glory, to riches, to greatness, and to empire, it would have in the future to trust to it for life and national existence. But it almost seems that Mr. Cobden's successors have failed to understand this; have failed to understand the enormous increase to the responsibilities thrown on the navy by the adoption of Free Trade. They are willing to accept the financial and economic advantages of the system; they quail before the outlay which is an integral part of it. They are ready to talk or to write of the national importance of the navy; they act as if they held it a mere matter of sentiment, which may be put on one side without injury to anyone.

No doubt the system of party government is largely responsible for this. No one will gainsay the benefits which we owe to the friction of party; but, like Free Trade, it has its disadvantages. It is apt to degenerate into faction; it is apt to rate the welfare of the nation after the success of the party. The keen scrutiny of an Opposition may often enforce rigid economy, but it is apt to lead to grinding parsimony; and as the old maxim traces the loss of horse and rider to the want of a shoenail, so the loss of empire and of liberty may have to be traced to a party Budget. For each party, whichever is in power, knows that at the next general election the Opposition will placard the kingdom with a statement of its financial enormities—that is, of its gross expenditure—addressed to a people who care not and are not allowed to care for the meaning of it. Increased expenditure, too, means increased taxation, means

trouble with the Budget, means present unpopularity and future danger. Hence the determination of the First Lord of the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to keep down the expenditure at all hazards; hence the approval of the Cabinet; hence the agreement of the parliamentary majority. Then comes an alarm. The political barometer is unsteady; there is a disturbance in our foreign policy; some cloud is passing over our relations with some other State—France, it may be, or Russia. The country awakes to a sense that in the struggle for reduction or retrenchment the navy has been allowed to fall below the limits of security. All parties take up the cry; the daily press swells it; periodicals and pamphlets add to its volume; members of the Government majority denounce their own Ministers; and even the Government organs are carried beyond their allegiance. An immediate addition is clamoured for, and at great cost is granted. Money is voted—perhaps recklessly—and expended—it may be, foolishly; and the people at large, satisfied with the stir, and not knowing too clearly what was wanted or what has been done, but supposing that, with free expenditure, all must come right, resumes its position of apathy, and the struggle of parties goes on as before.

It by no means follows that the occasion for the outcry is always justified; and it has happened, on the other hand, that a just occasion has been met by a lucky accident, as was the case in 1878, when the Admiralty was able to buy four ready-made ships, built by contract for foreign Governments, which have turned out very well, and are still effective in their respective classes. In 1884-5, again, a very violent outcry was raised against the Government, without any special grounds more than the desire of a French journalist to advertise himself, and of an English journalist to advertise his paper. We had occasion at the time\* to expose the hollowness of this agitation by a critical examination of the facts. In recent times the navy has never been on a more satisfactory footing than it was then, when Mr. Gladstone, yielding to the will of the people, obtained a vote of credit for eleven millions, half of which was applied to strengthening the navy. The action of Lord Salisbury's Government in 1889 is, however, specially deserving of mention, as the first distinct attempt to lift the control of the navy out of the rut of party struggle.

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\* 'Edinburgh Review,' April 1885.

Not that the matter had not been previously mooted. Politicians of all parties have always maintained that the navy is not considered a party question. They repeat this till they believe it, and justify their assertion by voting without a division whatever sums the Government asks for. Both parties agree in the pretence that they are ready to give with free hands for the maintenance of the fleet. But the leading members, at least, of each party know how the estimates have been cut down by the Treasury and the Cabinet with a view to party advantage, naval efficiency being treated as a very secondary matter. In recent times the Marquis of Lothian, the head of a family which has given many of its members to the naval service, was, we believe, the first to urge that this ought not to be—to suggest ‘that the naval and military departments should be taken out of party consideration, and the country be given to understand that a sufficient sum of money was to be placed at the disposal of the Admiralty in order to make our navy worthy of the country.’\* To a certain extent this was what the Naval Defence Act of 1889 did. Although Lord George Hamilton, in moving the resolution, reasserted the principle that ‘the responsibility of initiating increase of expenditure upon the army and navy must rest upon the Government alone,’ the whole gist of his proposal was to take the control, and with the control the responsibility, of a great part of that expenditure out of the hands of the Government for the next five years, and that avowedly as a safeguard and a security for the permanence of the policy he was then bringing forward. It is well that the terms of this resolution should be borne in mind. They were:—

‘It is expedient that a sum not exceeding 21,500,000*l.* be granted for the purpose of building, arming, equipping, and completing for sea vessels for her Majesty’s navy; and that it is expedient that a sum not exceeding 10,000,000*l.* be issued out of the Consolidated Fund in the seven years ending March 31, 1896; and that a sum not exceeding 11,500,000*l.* be issued out of the moneys to be provided by Parliament for the naval service during the financial years ending March 31, 1894.’†

Putting on one side the talk about the responsibility of Government, which, since the days of impeachment, attainder, and Tower Hill are past, has absolutely no meaning, this is the enunciation of a measure involving a great constitutional

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\* Hansard, July 10, 1884.

† *Ibid.* March 7, 1889.

principle—the principle of continuous action, the want of which in our foreign relations has repeatedly led us into disgraceful embarrassments. The man who finds out the means of rendering the adoption of this principle permanent will have gone far to earn for himself the name of statesman. For the weak points of the resolution we have quoted are its ephemeral, or rather, to be quite accurate, its quinquennial nature, and its want of elasticity. It is the joint action of these two defects that is largely the cause of our present very critical position: the first, because the present Government on going into office and finding a definite programme laid down for it was, not unnaturally, tempted to limit itself to that programme, without seeking to follow it up with renewed energy as its five years' term drew to an end, and without giving full weight to the very extraordinary exertions which had been made and are being made by France and Russia; the second, because the programme, being strictly defined, did not in itself admit of or suggest any change to meet and counteract those exertions. What we want now, what the country will insist on, is renewed action on the lines of the resolution of 1889, but on a larger scale, to meet the present more acute crisis.

Instead of this, after a too long delay, with a reluctance and want of frankness which appear to a disadvantage when compared with the action of former Boards of Admiralty under somewhat similar circumstances, and especially with that of Sir John Pakington's in 1859, the Government has announced its intention of proceeding at once with the construction of five first-class battle ships, and of adding two more in the undefined future; careless, it would seem, of the fact that the French programme contains five ships of the first class, not included in our parliamentary return, but ordered to be completed within eight years of the present time. Hence, according to the declared intentions of our own Admiralty and that of France, the number of first-class ships in 1901 will be: England, 29; France, 23. Russia is already accredited with 10, which—even if she does not increase the number—will give the possible alliance of the two Powers 33 first-class ships, against the English 29; and of first and second class together 54, against the English 41—a result which is obviously not consistent with the often repeated declaration that the fighting power of the English navy must and shall be equal to that of any other two, or even with the argument of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that

'the great fear and danger of this country are that we should find ourselves in a position in which, from a want of sense of security and strength, we should involve ourselves in the complications of Europe and the great military Powers. If this country felt that it was not independent, that it was not strong, that it could not stand alone, it might be forced into European combinations or complications from which it would be most desirable to stand aside.'\*

What the statistics before us demand, what the country ought to insist on, is the immediate announcement of a programme such as will insure our having a force sufficient to maintain not only our supremacy but our peace. As it now stands, and without any announcement from Russia, we are in a numerical inferiority of four first-class ships and of seven second-class ships to a possible combination of foreign navies. This may be considered as calling for immediate preparations to build four first-class ships, in addition to those already provided for. But in saying this, we do not mean ships of 15,000 tons displacement, such as are now being laid down, nor even of 14,000, like the 'Royal Sovereign' and her sisters, which, to an alleged maximum of force, add a perfectly certain maximum of cost, and of immobility, in respect of being in two places at the same time. We hold, indeed, now, even more strongly than we did nine years ago, that the exceeding a displacement of 10,000 tons offers few, if any, advantages to compensate for the many disadvantages which accumulate round ships of greater weight, the strategical and tactical inferiority arising from lack of number, the want of dock and even harbour accommodation, the inability to pass through the Suez Canal, and the increased risk of men and money in a single bottom. Without referring to details or types, we have no hesitation in saying that a ship of the size of the 'Barfleur,' or even 1,000 tons smaller, which can be built for about 600,000*l.*, is better worth the money than such a ship as the 'Royal Sovereign,' which cost nearly 900,000*l.* We believe that as a tactical engine of war a squadron of twelve 'Barfleurs' would be superior to a squadron of eight 'Royal Sovereigns;'† we are sure that it would be superior as a strategical engine by its superior adaptability to general service, in blockade, in holding the command of the sea, in lying in a roadstead, in mooring in a harbour. It might, indeed, be asked, to what end are these monster

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\* 'Times,' March 21.

† Here and elsewhere the names are used merely with reference to their size and cost. We are not now concerned with the structural details.

vessels constructed? We only know that it is not to match similar vessels in the fleet of a possible enemy, for no other nation has built or proposes to build ships at all comparable with them in point of size. The largest French battle ship, the 'Bouvet,' now building, is of 12,000 tons; but their three latest ships now proposed are 10,800. Nor is the great size—as has been repeatedly asserted—a necessity of speed, armour, or armament. The speed of these newest French ships is given as 18 knots; that of our own 'Barfleur' or 'Centurion,' of 10,500 tons, is given as 18·5; that of the 'Royal Sovereign,' or the still larger 'Magnificent,' is only 17·5. The armour of the French ships averages about the same as that of our largest, and some of them carry even heavier guns, though the tendency in the French navy is towards guns of less crushing weight. We wish we could say that it is so also in the English navy; but though it is rare to meet a naval officer who does not inveigh against the monster guns, and maintain that for all practical purposes the 29, or even the 22-ton gun is big enough, whilst for general armament the 6-inch quick-firing gun is the most desirable, the Admiralty continue to favour the 67-ton gun and the enormous weight of carriage and turret that belongs to it. The time will certainly come when the principal armament of a capital ship will consist of guns of very moderate size, possibly 6-inch guns, with, perhaps, one somewhat larger at the bow and another at the stern.

The one point which can be claimed as telling in favour of the exaggerated displacement now given to our first-class ships is the increased coal endurance. In reference to this, Mr. White, the very able Director of Naval Construction, said at the recent meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects:—

'As compared with first-class battle ships recently built, or now building, for foreign navies, our ships of the "Royal Sovereign" class are of large displacement-tonnage, and somewhat greater draught. As these foreign ships are intended to have about the same speed, while in armour and armament they are designed to meet our ships on fairly equal terms, it has been assumed in some discussions of the subject that our ships are unnecessarily large for their intended service. . . . In the Royal Navy the established policy is to give to our ships greater sea-keeping power, more coal, more ammunition, more stores. Hence with equal skill in design, equal weights of armour, equal numbers and weights of guns, and equal speed, our ships must be of greater displacements. . . . Without going into particulars, I can state broadly that the total load in our ships reckoned in the displacement, and carried at the maximum speeds, exceeds that of foreign ships



of 12,000 tons displacement by about 1,600 tons. This excess is almost entirely made up on the items of coal, ammunition, stores, and equipment.'

It is thus argued that, as the function of an English fleet in time of war is to operate near the enemy's coast line, it is necessary that its constituent ships should be entirely self-supporting, and must therefore be larger than those of our possible enemies which have not to carry this great supply. Such an idea meets with no support from past experience. The ships which, in the old wars, kept up a long and weary blockade on the French or Spanish ports, were, rate for rate, certainly not so large as those of the enemy. But we are told, with an apparent reference to history, that these old ships 'were in great degree self-contained. Nelson's ships 'were invariably provisioned and equipped for months, nay, 'years of cruising.'\* Nelson's own letters, and his constant anxiety about his supplies of beef and vegetables, rope and canvas, do not bear out such a statement. It was not by enlarging the capacity of the ships, but by a judicious arrangement of storeships, victuallers and reliefs, the details of which may be studied in the lives and correspondence of Hawke, Jervis, Nelson, Collingwood, or Pellew, that the painful watches on our enemies' ports were rendered possible. And so it will be in the future. For continuous, uninterrupted watches of eighteen months or two years, such as our forefathers were familiar with, it will matter little whether a ship can rely on her own unaided supplies for one month or for three; but it will matter very much whether the fleet consist of eight ships or twelve, of sixteen or twenty-four.

In this we have been speaking solely of battle ships of the first class. The parliamentary return shows that of those rated as of the second class not one has been built as such. They were all, in their day, first-class ships, and have been relegated to the second class on account of their want of speed, or as old and obsolescent. Ten years ago, some of them—as the 'Inflexible,' 'Alexandra,' or 'Dreadnought'—were among the finest ships in the navy, and there is no doubt that they would still be capable of efficient service. But we are strongly of opinion that ships designed for the second class would have their proper place in our fleets. Since the issue of the return some newspapers have comforted themselves with the fact that we are building no second-class ships. We may be wanting in many respects,

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\* Sir George Baden-Powell in the 'Times,' March 20.

they seem to say, but at any rate there is nothing second class about us: everything is of the best. Mr. White, too, lecturing at the Royal Institution on March 9, is reported to have said: 'It would be a new departure in British naval policy deliberately to accept individual inferiority in our ships to foreign ships for the purpose of securing greater numbers.' This is correct only in reference to the peaceful rivalry of the maritime powers during the last forty years; but in reference to the 'art of war by sea,' it is neither historical nor tactical. It was proved over and over again that number is a great element of success in battle; 'numbers only can annihilate,' as Nelson wrote during the last weeks of his life; and as an historical fact, the bulk of the fleets which won our great victories were ships of the third rate. At the Nile they were all of the third rate, except one, which was of the fourth. At Copenhagen the larger ships were of set purpose excluded, and the battle was fought with the smallest of the third rates and some fourth rates. If, in accordance with the idea that seems now to prevail, Sir Hyde Parker had had under his command none but three-deckers, the battle would not have been fought at all. At Trafalgar, of the twenty-seven ships present, three only were of the first rate, and four of the second; the remaining twenty were all third rates. There is absolutely no support in history to the fancy now abroad in England that a fleet should consist entirely, or even mainly, of ships of the first class.

The French ships rated by our Admiralty as second class are, for the most part, like our own, obsolescent, though four of them are modern and heavily armoured coast-defence ships of about 7,500 tons. But, with clearer views than our own, the French are now building four ships of 6,500 tons displacement and a speed of 17 knots, with heavy armour and 45-ton guns. Our own 'Conqueror' and 'Hero,' of nearly the same size, are put in the third class as comparative failures. If the French constructors can build ships of this displacement and speed to carry 18-inch armour, presumably ours can; with the adoption of Harveyed plates, it is very probable that something is to be saved in the thickness and weight of the armour; and if two 45-ton guns are too much for them, the substitution of guns of 22 tons will cause little regret.

But if the size of our latest battle ships is exaggerated, what is to be said of that of the cruisers? Ships of from 7,000 to 9,000 tons we already have, and now ships of

more than 14,000 are ordered. It is, as the ships, monstrous. It is of course said that they are our answer to the Russian 'Rurik' and her sisters, though these are from 2,000 to 3,000 tons smaller; but it is difficult to understand the necessity of our following a Russian blunder with a bigger one. While waiting for our improved 'Heroes,' which we badly want, our best answer to a 'Rurik' or a 'Rossia' is a 'Barfleur.' It is our battle ships that must keep the sea in force, and not nondescript monstrosities such as the 'Powerful' or 'Terrible.' In building such, our idea of a cruiser appears to be something quite unknown to history. And yet we are told that cruisers are the modern analogues of the frigates of the old war. Now the duties of frigates were clearly defined. They were to accompany a fleet and act as its eyes. They were to cruise against the enemy's commerce, destroy his privateers and small craft, and engage his frigates when they met them; but, so far as possible, the destruction of large frigates was the work of cruising ships of the line. In the beginning of the century our largest frigates, designed by the experience of a long war, were about 950 tons; our 74-gun ships, about 1,750. If we consider an improved 'Hero' of 6,500 tons as the equivalent of the old 74, the same ratio for the largest cruisers would be 3,500 tons; so that we might be justified in accepting 4,000 tons as a limit which they should not be allowed to exceed.

Considerations of this kind ought to be kept steadily in view; otherwise there is a continual tendency to increase the size and the cost, to encroach on the duties of a superior class of ship, and to leave the duties of the lower class to be similarly encroached on from below. We do not want cruisers to do the duty of battle ships, but we do want a cloud of vessels of reasonable size which can and will co-operate with the battle ships in sweeping the enemy from the sea. We want no more such ships as the 'Powerful' or 'Terrible,' 'Blake' or 'Blenheim,' 'Hawke' or 'Edgar,' or even the newly laid down 'Eclipse' or 'Minerva;' but we do want, in large numbers, such ships as the 'Sappho' or 'Sybille,' 'Philomel' or 'Phoebe,' 'Blanche' or 'Barrosa,' 'Harrier' or 'Hazard.' The estimates promise six second-class cruisers of the 'Eclipse' type, that is, of 5,600 tons displacement; powerful ships, beyond question, with a very effective armament and great speed; but surely a grim emphasis on the tendency, to which we have just referred, for the lower class to encroach on the duties of a higher. To call vessels of 5,600 tons, costing a quarter of a million, second-class

cruisers, appears a strange misuse of language. On the other hand, the 42 torpedo destroyers, ordered to be finished within the current year, cannot but prove a valuable and important addition to our defensive forces. It is not, however, by such that the strength of our navy is to be measured; the effective strength, in the first instance, lies in our battle ships; and in this direction the extraordinary activity in foreign arsenals calls on us for extraordinary exertions.

The additions to our fleet ought to be regulated by the twofold consideration of the strength to which it may possibly be opposed and of the work which it may be called on to perform. The relative magnitude of our commerce is a fair measure of this last: that of the former may be inferred from the 37,000,000*l.* which the French Government is pledged to spend on naval construction in the ten years ending 1902. This stupendous programme, in addition to the capital ships which appear in our parliamentary return, provides for five more, three to be laid down in 1895, and two in 1896. The whole scheme, which fixes the construction up to 1902, includes altogether eighty-two units, at an estimated cost of 919,000,000 francs, which it is expressly stated does not represent the whole expense of construction for the ten years.\* In Russia the increase of naval construction is understood to be equally great, equally abnormal, but no such extended scheme has been made public. That it will correspond with that of France may be assumed, and if the estimates, swollen as they are, may be taken as a measure of the proportion, the sum allotted for shipbuilding in the ten years ending 1902 will reach to about 19,000,000*l.* In face of this 56,000,000*l.*, to which we may possibly be opposed, the voting 15,000,000*l.* in dribblets during the next five years, has somewhat the appearance of smoking in a powder magazine.

We are bound to accept in its literal truth the statement of the First Lord of the Admiralty that the 'programme has been settled after a careful review, not only of the present relative strength of our navy as compared with that of other powers, but also of the number and class of ships of war which are now being built abroad;' but it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that, after that careful review was made, the needs of the budget and the authority of the Treasury have had more to do with the framing of the programme than is quite consistent with the spirit of the statement.

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\* 'Journal Officiel,' April 24, 1893.

But however that may be, the programme as announced does not recognise the fact that civilisation has other methods of weighing the rivalries of nations, as well as the primitive one of open war; that gold and tariffs may take the place of steel and lead. Captain Mahan has recently traced, in brilliant pages, the extraordinary commercial struggle between this country and France in the time of the First Empire. That was a concomitant of war and bloodshed and bitter hatred. At present, without breach or quarrel, we are challenged to what may be described as a financial struggle for the supremacy of the sea. Nor can we avoid it, or shrink from it without sustaining a defeat which would certainly involve us in far more serious losses and a much larger expenditure. At present, the balance of power in the Mediterranean pivots on our naval supremacy. If that is shaken, the equilibrium of the whole is disturbed, and the results on the relations of the Mediterranean States and of the civilised world will necessarily be far reaching.

And to ourselves, independent of other losses, it is very certain that the mere money cost of one month's war, or immediate preparation for war, would exceed the utmost that could be required to avert the possibility of it. The strength of our navy is the guarantee of peace to ourselves, and, in a very great degree, of peace also to Europe. It is thus that we consider the programme, now enunciated, altogether insufficient. With the expenditure as foreshadowed therein, even the promised battle ships cannot be ready before 1899 or 1900, by which time the period of the French programme will be drawing to a close. We are, in fact, preparing to oppose an expenditure of 15,000,000*l.* or 18,000,000*l.* to one of certainly 37,000,000*l.*, more probably of 50,000,000*l.*; an idea consistent neither with arithmetic, nor finance, nor the art of war. But the Chancellor of the Exchequer naturally shrinks from laying the necessary expenditure on the budget. He is not called on to do so. The maintenance of the Empire, under exceptional circumstances, is a matter for all time; it concerns our posterity as much as it does ourselves, and posterity may be properly called on to pay its share of the cost. But what that cost would be, cannot be determined. It has been seen before now, and might possibly be seen again, that in presence of the firm attitude and honest declaration of England, foreign powers have given way; and it may well be that the sanction of Parliament to an expenditure of even 50,000,000*l.* might lead to a cessation of the rivalry and the reduction of the outlay to very modest dimensions.

But it is not only in the matter of construction that the Admiralty programme appears to us insufficient. It is not only in ships that the navy has been permitted to run down in a very dangerous manner. It is perilously short of officers; it is perilously short of men. Everyone at all behind the scenes knows something of the difficulty which the Admiralty has each year in mobilising the fleet for the manœuvres. There are neither lieutenants nor seamen, engineers nor stokers, in sufficient numbers, and the few available are moved about in a manner that recalls the march past of an army of a dozen men in a comic opera. In time of war such a dramatic policy would signally fail. Ships must have full complements, and there must be reserves to meet the necessary losses. When the new ships are built the deficiency will be still greater. The number of lieutenants provided for by Order in Council is 1,000; at the present time there are only 860 on the list, all of whom—eleven only excepted—are now actually serving. This is a very serious matter, to which no satisfactory remedy can be immediately applied. It is, in some respects, worse than the want of ships. Even the largest battle ships can be built and equipped in from three to four years; under our present system it takes at least six to make a lieutenant. In the old wars there were hundreds of master's mates or passed midshipmen to fall back on. Now there are only 271 sub-lieutenants, and the majority of these have not passed their examinations. Even if they were all promoted, the numbers would still be insufficient for the requirements of the navy on a war footing; and yet nothing can more strongly emphasise the condemnation of the existing system than this fact, that it might be necessary to trust the conduct of our ships to inexperienced lads, and that, not from the stress of war, but from the injudicious policy pursued by successive Boards of Admiralty during the last twenty or five-and-twenty years.

Every other resource is attended with inconvenience and difficulty. Warrant officers might be appointed to do duty as lieutenants, and in some cases might be promoted to substantive rank; but the number of men in any way qualified is not large, and the social differences would be almost certain to give rise to unpleasantness. Some few officers might be introduced from the reserve, but at the risk of disorganising our maritime commerce, or denuding those merchant ships which were taken up by the Admiralty; and some might be called out from among those who have been

retired while still in the prime of life, in order to 'clear the lists.' But the greater number of these, having been separated from the service for some years, and having contracted other engagements and other interests on shore, could scarcely be efficient afloat; and the honorary rank which so many of them have received would assuredly be a source of much embarrassment. As commanders, they are not wanted; as lieutenants, they might decline to serve, or insist on their rank as giving them seniority over men of longer standing and much greater experience. Altogether, the question is one of extreme difficulty, and one to the solution of which it is to be hoped the Admiralty will apply itself in very sober earnest.

The want of engineers and stokers, notwithstanding all that has been said about it, is comparatively of little importance. It ought not, indeed, to exist, and may at any time be both troublesome and costly. Still, there are plenty of such men in the country who in a few days would be quite equal to their work under the novel circumstances and amid the novel surroundings. The worst that could happen—which very certainly would happen—is that they would have to be highly, even extravagantly, paid—a factor of financial disturbance which it would be more prudent to guard against in time. But of all our shortcomings, that in respect of seamen is the most serious. It is well to look the danger in the face. Formerly, under the Navigation Laws, it was compulsory on every English merchant ship to carry a prescribed number of apprentices, in proportion to her tonnage. This Act was repealed in 1849, and since then the number of English seamen has continually decreased. Our large steamers require more stokers and stewards than sailors, and of the seamen employed in the mercantile marine a large and growing proportion are foreigners. It is not only that they will serve for lower wages: they know their business better, and are better men, sober and civil. The common seaman, too often, does not know his business, having never learned it; he is, too often, an outcast from the shore, dirty, drunken, diseased, and of a discontented and mutinous spirit. No longer able to trust to the merchant service for a supply of seamen, the Royal Navy trains its own. It enters them as boys, teaches them their work, and passes them into active service. Such men are in every way admirable: clean, well fed, stout, healthy, well educated, well instructed, and well disciplined, no finer corps has ever existed; 'tis a pity there are so few of them. Their number is regulated by the re-

quirements of the navy on a peace footing, and cannot be suddenly increased. It is now 44,000; in the last naval war the number of seamen employed in the navy reached 140,000. Then the system of entering men was elastic to any extent; now it has no elasticity at all. There are, indeed, 23,000 men in the Royal Navy Reserve, but it cannot be supposed that more than a small part of these would be available when wanted. Even if present in England, the greater number of them are very imperfectly trained, and would be quite new to the life and exercises of a man-of-war. Other merchant seamen, if there were any to be had, would be still more ignorant, and a newly entered hand would be, for a while, of little more use than a raw landsman. There is practically no reserve of trained men. We have our 44,000, and beyond them the Coastguard, but nothing more on which dependence can be placed. We do not want more men under the pennant in time of peace, but we do want a large and efficient reserve.

In France, where every seaman is obliged by law to serve for a commission on board a national ship, the number employed at any one time is about 25,000; but there is an effective reserve of 113,000 trained and disciplined men. Of course, on the outbreak of war many of these would be abroad, but what with fishermen and coasters there would still be a large number available. It has often been wished that a similar law was binding in this country; that every man who makes his living on or in direct connexion with the water should be obliged to serve for a term of two or three years in a ship of war. This would, no doubt, be a ready way of solving the difficulty; but the feeling of the country seems to condemn it, as savouring of conscription, and no such measure would be practicable in time of peace. During the past few months Sir Geoffrey Hornby, commenting on the existing state of things, which in time of war might be almost fatal, has suggested a remedy which would very probably prove effective. As the merchant service will not or cannot train seamen either for itself or for the navy, let us, he says, reverse the old process; let the navy train men, not only for itself, but for the merchant service also. He proposes that the navy should enter boys in excess of the wants of the service; should train them as seamen and in the discipline of a man of war; should keep them for seven years, and at the age of twenty-three or thereabouts pass them into the reserve, with a retaining fee to serve again when wanted. He is told by the chairmen of some of



our largest steam-packet companies that such seamen would command good employment and high wages in any respectable service, and it is clear that a constant influx of them would necessarily tend to raise the character and standing of merchant sailors.

The proposal seems one that might be tried at very small cost, and gradually adopted if proved to be satisfactory. One effect it might perhaps have: it would probably tend to reduce the average age of our men. By constantly passing drafts into the reserve the relative number of very young men under the pennant would be necessarily increased. This does not seem altogether objectionable. Young fellows of from nineteen to twenty-three, when well housed, well clothed, well fed, well cared for, are quite equal to a day's hard work or, when need is, to a day's hard fighting, and will be all the better for it. But if not in this way, then in some other, which it is for the Admiralty to devise, an effort ought to be made to remedy this existing dearth of English seamen. There is a pestilent idea abroad at the present time that the ship is everything, the man nothing; a desire to rely on steam and machinery; to think more of tonnage and horse-power, and thickness of armour and calibre of guns—all excellent things in moderation—than of the soul which gives life to the mass. It was not thus when the 'Monsmouth' captured the 'Foudroyant,' or when the 'San-tísima Trinidad' hauled down her flag to the little 'Africa.'

ART. VIII.—*Social Evolution.* By BENJAMIN KIDD. 8vo.  
London: 1894.

THIS is a striking, in the sense at least of being a very surprising, book. It is full of surprises. Not one of its leading ideas is a new idea, but the combinations into which old ideas are cast are novel and peculiar. It takes thoughts equally from the most opposite and antagonistic schools, and uses them to support conclusions which are repugnant to each and to them all. In its phraseology it is not only Darwinian, but ultra-Darwinian. It bows down before the formula of 'natural selection' as to a fetish. Yet it also specially insists upon the agency of what is called 'the supernatural'—the very conception which natural selection was invented to deny or, at least, to supersede. It dwells emphatically on the familiar idea that human society is an organism. Yet another of its most favourite doctrines is that, unlike every other organism in the world, the interest of all its individual parts is in constant and permanent antagonism to the interests of the whole. It asserts, and reiterates the assertion over and over again, that the freedom of the individual is the mainspring of all progress. Yet it is constantly asserting in the next breath that the reason and intellect of the individual are always at hopeless variance with the collective welfare. In describing the facts and aspects of society, whether past or present, it adopts, without qualification or protest, the most misleading and exaggerated language of the extremest socialism. Yet it denounces all the remedies to which that socialism looks, and condemns them as not only useless, but as tending only to accelerated decay and to inevitable death. It asserts in one page the doctrine of the native equality of all men, as peculiar to the ethical system upon which our civilisation is founded, whilst in the next page it represents the whole population of tropical countries as so inherently inferior to the population of the temperate regions that these last must permanently rule and govern all the others from their own shores. It looks upon the most extreme and almost savage competition between individuals in the race of life as the one only cause and source of all improvement in human society, yet it pronounces not less strongly on the supreme value of that ethical agency which is now technically called 'Altruism,' this being the new and very affected name for the old familiar things which we used to call charity, benevolence,

and love. The whole language and phraseology of the book is moulded on that of Darwinian biology as a purely physical science, and on the assumption that this phraseology is as competent to account for the developement of the mind of man and of human society as it is assumed by the author to be competent to account for the developement of the physical frame of the lower animals. Yet it emphatically condemns Mr. Herbert Spencer and others for not seeing that the law of developement which has prevailed amongst them is totally different from the laws of developement which have prevailed in the developement of men. In short, it speaks habitually in the tones and in the voice of the non-religious schools of modern thought. Yet it rebukes them for their blindness to the supreme power of religious faith, and—though holding absolutely aloof from every kind of special dogma or of special churches—it indicates the author's meaning when he speaks of religion by specifying Christianity as the one historical source of the saving salt of humanity, and the personal life and teaching of Christ Himself as the one great fountain of all the transforming blessings it has conferred.\*

It is, perhaps, just conceivable that a sound theory of political philosophy might be thus built up eclectically by some single mind of preternatural sagacity and grasp. Such a mind might eliminate with perfect discrimination all the erroneous elements in different schools of thought. It might keep every scrap of truth that each one of them contained; and it might reconstruct the bits into one system, with an exact appreciation of their relative value and importance. No doubt it is to work done in this direction that we must look for all advances in knowledge. But it is essentially the kind of work which requires time and the slow co-operation of many minds. Its pace cannot be forced. To adopt without careful analysis the hasty and partial generalisations of different schools of thought, and to patch them together in one forced and unnatural combination, is not likely to be a very successful method. And yet a philosophy constructed on this plan may—and, indeed, must—present at first sight many points of attraction to many minds. Some men belonging to the different schools so dealt with are sure to be conciliated by the full adoption of their favourite words and phrases. Others will see the irrevocable recognition and confirmation of particular truths to which they justly attach the highest importance. Others again will see

incidental admissions which are to them invaluable. And all these groups may be at first so pleased as to be little inclined to 'look a gift horse in the mouth,' or to care for flaws even if they see them.

This is exactly, as it seems to us, what has happened to Mr. Kidd's book. It has been received with a chorus of approbation. Not, indeed, as yet by any skilled exponent of any of the different philosophies he handles, but by many of the average critics of the day who have, at least, a superficial acquaintance with them. Nor is this surprising. The book has some solid merits. If we except the occasional use of a few new words of monstrous birth, it is well and vigorously written. Its author is evidently equipped with a wide range of knowledge. Its tone is dispassionate, and its very plan lends itself to produce a general impression of an almost judicial impartiality. Above all it enforces, as it could not possibly fail to do, many individual truths and many trains of reasoning, which are put in new and striking lights. Nevertheless, we do not expect the chorus of praise to remain long unbroken. One set of men will soon come to see that the language which they like is used in senses which it does not mean to them, and applied to support conclusions which they repudiate and condemn. Another set of men will find out that some of the great truths, for the recognition of which they value it, are not really held at all, or are at least placed upon an unsound and precarious foundation. Others, again, will come to entertain a more serious misgiving—namely this—that the central ideas of the book are fundamentally antagonistic to all that they value most in the philosophy of human life, and that some of the most essential elements in a true understanding of humanity are forgotten and omitted altogether.

It is obvious that such a book must present many difficulties to a reviewer who wishes to be accurate and fair. Looking, not merely to one passage, but to many passages, we may easily attribute to the author opinions which may seem to be inconsistent with some other passages of which no notice is taken. We may give exaggerated prominence to arguments which the author meant to be subordinate. We may see clearly and truly assumptions made by implication which the author did not intend. We may even fail to give any true impression of the general result from unduly dwelling on inconsistencies in detail. We can only endeavour to avoid these pitfalls as best we can.

One broad characteristic of the book is its loud and

repeated claim to speak in the name of science. The second characteristic is that by science it means chiefly and almost exclusively the science of biology. The third is that by the science of biology it means, primarily, that science as represented by the Darwinian school. The fourth is that by the Darwinian theory it means that theory as supplemented or 'developed' by Professor Weissmann. The fifth is that by this developed Darwinianism the whole philosophy of man and of human society may be explained, provided, however—and provided only it be remembered—that man alone is a religious animal, and that this feature in his character must be taken into account as a main factor in that process of evolution to which Darwin gave the name of 'natural selection.' These appear to us to be the main conceptions which run through the whole treatise. So far as its language is concerned it is saturated with what we may call 'Darwinese.' The phrase 'natural selection' is perpetually recurring. There is no attempt to define its meaning. The author seems quite unconscious of the fact that its words may be applied with equal accuracy to express half a dozen different things in nature which are wholly distinct from each other in kind. It may mean a separation effected between things by purely mechanical forces. It may mean that very different kind of separation which is effected by chemical affinity. It may mean—what is still more widely different—that other kind of separation and recombination which is effected by the agency which we know as life. It may mean, equally well, that still higher kind of separation which is effected, among things, by the agency of reason, by the conscious choice of the intellect, and the will. If we throw a shovelful of sand and gravel into a glass tank of water, and then watch the results, we shall see a perfect specimen of that lowest kind of natural selection which is due to the mere unguided action of the mechanical forces. The water will 'select' with the greatest precision the particles consigned to it, and will arrange them in a definite order at the bottom. Is this the sense in which Mr. Kidd speaks of the phenomena of human society as being determined by natural selection? If, again, under known conditions, we put two or three chemical elements together which have certain affinities with each other, some new and valuable substance will be formed. Is this kind of natural selection—producing, say, illuminating gas—the same kind of agency as that to which he ascribes the growth of nations and the developements of law? Again, if

we put into our stomachs certain kinds of food, they will be transformed by the digestive chemistry of vital action into the substance of our own flesh and blood. Once more, if a variety of arguments are presented to our intellects, some bad and some good, our reason will at least endeavour, and with more or less success, to select the better and reject the worse. All these are cases of natural phenomena which may with equal accuracy be covered under the general conception of natural selection. Clearly a phrase capable of such a range of widely diverse meanings can be of no value in philosophy unless the sense in which it is used be carefully and accurately defined. It must be confessed, indeed, that, although Mr. Kidd gives us no formal definition at all, the sense in which he understands the words is plain enough from the contexts in which they stand throughout his book. He understands natural selection in that only logical sense in which it means essentially natural rejection—that is to say, the separation of the strong for preservation, only as a necessary and purely mechanical consequence of the ceaseless killing of all the weak. The only active agency is that which destroys. There is no constructive agency whatever in the conception, and no constructive effect, except that which follows as an indirect consequence of continual destruction. Natural selection means with Mr. Kidd, simply and nakedly, the ruthless elimination by slaughter, and disease, and starvation, of all weaker organisms in such a way that the stronger can alone survive. In his language expressing this idea, and in the supreme power which he assigns to it, he out-Darwins Darwin. Both in describing what it is, and in depicting what it does, he is uncompromising and extreme. It is ‘a fierce and endless ‘struggle for the means of existence.’\* It is ‘ceaseless ‘stress and competition.’† It is ‘incessant rivalry.’ It is ‘endless conflict.’‡ It is a ‘rule of brute force pure and ‘simple.’§ And all this is represented as the result of natural laws as rigid and mechanical as the law of gravitation. Nothing can evade it. We may beat our swords into ploughshares, but in our hands ‘the implements of industry ‘prove even more effective and deadly weapons than the ‘swords.’|| These are but a few specimens of the phrases which are thickly strewn over the pages of Mr. Kidd’s book wherever he has occasion to indicate what he means by natural selection.

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\* P. 18.    † P. 35.    ‡ P. 40.    § P. 76.    || P. 58.

Nor is his language less pronounced when, passing from what he conceives natural selection in itself to be, he gives us his conceptions as to what it does. It does everything that constitutes progress in the world. Everything of that kind in nature absolutely depends upon it. If it could possibly be suspended, even for a time, retrogression, decline, decay would immediately begin. A single passage sums up the import of innumerable others:—

‘With whatever feelings we regard the conflict it is, however, necessary to remember that it is the first condition of progress. It leads continually onwards and upwards. From this stress of nature has followed the highest result we are capable of conceiving—namely, continual advance towards higher and more perfect forms of life. Out of it has arisen every attitude of form, colour, instinct, strength, courage, nobility, and beauty in the teeming and wonderful world of life around us. To it we owe all that is best and most perfect in life at the present day, as well as all its highest promise for the future. The law of life has been always the same from the beginning—ceaseless and inevitable struggle and competition, ceaseless and inevitable selection and rejection, ceaseless and inevitable progress.’ (Pp. 38-9.)

There is no mistaking the breadth and sweep of language such as this. ‘Natural selection’ is the one great source and fountain of all advance—of all evolution towards the highest conditions of humanity. It is the one great *causa causans* of all the tendencies to improvement.

But now comes one of the first great surprises in this curious book. All this extreme Darwinianism is adopted on one sole condition, that it be accepted only as ‘developed’ by Professor Weissmann in very recent years. But this so-called ‘developement,’ when we come to ask what it is, turns out to be a profound change which is now leading to a more or less declared revolt. Mr. Kidd refers to Professor Weissmann’s new version of ‘evolutionary science’ as if it were so widely and generally known and understood that it is needless to explain it at all carefully to his readers. We doubt this very much, and we are at least sure that many of our readers who have not followed this latest phase of the controversy which rages round what is called evolutionary science will be glad of some little explanation.

It was long ago pointed out that Darwin’s phrase ‘natural selection’ could not possibly explain the first origin of anything. It is obvious that selection cannot be exercised upon variations until those variations have actually arisen and have been presented to the selecting process. Consequently the cause of the variations cannot possibly be accounted for

by laws which are concerned only in killing off all variations of a particular kind after they have arisen. Darwin saw this, but he only just saw it—with eyes shut to its wide-bearing and significance. He was content to pass it by, by provisionally relegating the true ultimate causes of variation to accident, or, in other words, to causes and to laws as yet unknown. This condition of thought could not last long. Accordingly an increasing number both of thinkers and of biological observers have been coming to see that the problem of the law which causes variations, or the conditions which determine the occurrence of them, and the direction of them, is the one great problem of biological science, whilst the mere phrase ‘natural selection’ does much to obscure and nothing whatever to solve it. Among these is Professor Weissmann,\* whose new theories are now dividing the once apparently united camp of Darwinianism into two or more keenly contending parties.

In Darwin’s system natural selection could only act upon, or through, the individual. It could have no influence on the species, or, in other words, on future generations, except through its operation on individual organisms. It was, therefore, wholly incapable of accounting for those definite lines of variation along which new forms seem to have been developed. Weissmann, seeing the necessity for some theory to account for these definite lines of variation—if there was to be any explanation at all of the origin of new species—has conceived the idea of inventing some agency and some machinery, whose function it is to direct and guide variation so as not merely to preserve individuals already accidentally improved, but to provide beforehand that certain well-aimed improvements shall and must arise leading on to the establishment of higher races in the future. In short, he perceived that something was needed to supply the place and perform the function of will, of purpose, of foresight, and design. It is clear that this is a total departure from the purely mechanical meaning of natural selection as understood by Darwin and the great majority of his disciples. Weissmann, however, has tried to hide this great and fundamental change of ideas from himself and others, not only by continuing to use the phrase of ‘natural selection’ as if it still meant exactly the same thing as before, but also by expressly declaring that in ascribing future aims to nature he does not mean anything more than a metaphor, or to ascribe to ‘nature’ any conscious

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\* Of the University of Freiburg in Breisgau.



action. This is all very well, but we have no concern with what Weissmann intends. What we have to deal with in philosophy is the idea which the metaphor involves, and for the sake of which it is used. An agency which directs beforehand the paths which organic variations shall take, so as to culminate in the establishment of new creatures with new powers and higher adaptations, is a mental agency, whatever other name any writer may choose to give to it. It is true that Weissmann supposes or invents a machinery for the seat or embodiment of this agency, which sounds as if it were purely physical. He supposes that there must be certain 'cells' in every complex organism which are quite separate and distinct from the mass of cells which constitute the rest of the body, and to these separate cells he ascribes the special and exclusive function of setting up those variations which are to be useful in a distant future. So far as we know there is but slender foundation in actual observation for this assumption. There are, of course, in every complex organism different cells in each different part of the common structure, and each of these different kinds of cell we know to be different because we see them actually discharging different functions. Those which we see set apart for the functions of reproduction can be distinguished like the rest in the same way. But the fundamental and original distinction which Weissmann postulates, in his special cells, is purely the product of an assumed intellectual necessity. The whole reasoning rests on some abstract conception of the mind, and its necessary consequences are deductively arrived at.

Such abstract conceptions are not to be despised. They have sometimes done good service in the history of science in stimulating and guiding observation and research. But they are peculiarly liable to mislead and to deceive us, especially when conceptions of this kind are very subtle, and are expressed in language avowedly metaphorical. The deep-seated reproductive cells to which these highest creative and transmitting functions are assigned by Weissmann are purely creations of his scientific imagination. They correspond closely with the 'primordia' invented by Lucretius in his great poem expounding the Epicurean physics, and they are invented for the same purpose—that is to say, to meet the same *à priori* intellectual necessity. Lucretius denounces all idea of the order of the world being due to any design on the part of 'the gods.' But all the attributes which he denies to them he places in the hand of 'nature.' Under the cover of this vague and

apparently impersonal conception he really hides the idea of our supreme mind. But he, too, like Dr. Weissmann, wishes to avoid teleological language, and he invents, as the real seat of the most profound creative processes, certain ultimate particles of matter of extreme minuteness, of perfect smoothness, endowed with an infinite energy of motion, and with unknown and mysterious properties, tending to found and build up all the harmonies of the world. It is curious to observe how the human mind, when brought face to face with the ultimate problems of nature, is compelled to fall back upon a few ideas which, in different forms, recur over and over again in the history of speculative philosophy. There must be something eternal and immutable in nature, argues Lucretius, else there would be nothing fixed and orderly in its growth. Monstrosities of every kind would appear, and all would be confusion. Therefore we must suppose this element of eternal stability to reside in the primordial atom, with all kinds of mysterious powers and potentialities. Weissmann argues exactly on the same principle. There must be something permanent and immortal in organic life, otherwise we could never account for that law of heredity which is the foundation-stone of the Darwinian biological philosophy. For what is heredity? It is simply the continual survival—the immortality—in the offspring of something which had lived in the parent. Those creatures which are wholly composed of one cell—the protozoa—are immortal. They never die. They simply divide, and the separate bits live on and similarly multiply, again and again, for ever. The multicellular animals die as regards the individuals, but at least bits of them, too, must live on also, otherwise there is no explanation of the continuous and hereditary succession of life. Therefore we must suppose that this immortality resides in some special cells different from all the other cells which make up the mass of living bodies, and that in these special cells—called the germ-cells—all the potentialities of heredity and of generation are ‘provided for.’ From some connection of thought which we have never quite understood, Weissmann conceives that, in order to defend the great position he assigns to his wonderful germ-cells, he must deny that they can be at all accessible to mere outward influences. They must exist, as it were, in some sphere of unapproachable and almost divine independence. To suppose them capable of being changed or altered in any way by the mere accidents of outward circumstance would be to impair their dignity, and to bring confusion into the

certainty of their work. That work must be determined by purely internal and innate powers and gifts. Consequently they cannot be supposed to take any part in those mere superficial changes which correspond to changing conditions of outward life—which constitute adaptation, and which are the main factor in the Darwinian theory of evolution. It is to the seizing and fixing of new characters acquired from time to time by each organism from the action and reaction of the external world upon its structure, and to the hereditary transmission of these by ordinary generation, that Darwin attributed the whole progress of evolution and the origin of species. This was the sole, or almost the sole, factor in the modern theory of development as it was represented by the great pre-Darwinian, Lamarck, and although it is true that Darwin admitted the possible agency of some other unknown factor in determining variations, yet nevertheless the gradual accumulation of new characters acquired in the contact of each organism with the external conditions of life, remained the predominant idea in Darwin's mind. Weissmann breaks with this idea absolutely. He will have none of it. He seems to consider it a disparagement to the purely internal, innate, and spontaneous agency of his newly imagined germ cells. These are his *Deus ex machina*, just as the primordial atoms were the *Deus ex machina* of Lucretius, and he will not tolerate any interference with their sublime initiative. He wishes indeed to keep, and he does keep, the useful Darwinian formula of natural selection, because he is quite conscious that it may be applied equally well to many totally different ideas. But he puts down his foot at once against the notion that the great work of hereditary transmission can possibly be performed for what he calls 'acquired characters'—that is to say, characters arising, as it were, accidentally, or incidentally, out of the superficial effects of what Darwinians call 'the environment.' He is, however, at least quite frank in his avowal that he dismisses this idea only because he thinks it stands in the way of his own new machinery, and he openly admits that he must begin his *à priori* argument by assuming as a postulate the impossibility which he professes by reasoning to establish. Pointing out that in Darwin's belief the transmission of acquired characters is necessary to explain the development of species, he expresses the opposite conviction that no such conception is necessary 'if we suppose that characters acquired (in the 'true sense of the term) by the parent cannot appear in the 'course of development of the offspring, but that all the

'characters exhibited by the offspring are due to primary 'changes in the germ.' \* This is Weissmann's theory, which he thus begins by a presupposition that it is true, and then by challenging any proof that acquired characters can be, or ever are, inherited. This is a very safe challenge, because it may be difficult, or even impossible, to prove that any conceivable variation is 'acquired' in the 'true sense' demanded by Weissmann—that is to say, in the sense of being due entirely to outward and incidental influences, and in no degree helped or determined by strictly internal and independent tendencies.

It is round this vague and indeterminate demand that the controversy now rages among evolutionists all over the world, and on which whole volumes of ingenious, but largely wordy argument is poured out upon us. Mr. Herbert Spencer, *facile princeps* among the more systematic writers on the philosophy of evolution, takes strongly the side which is opposed to Weissmann. Our author, Mr. Kidd, not only takes the side of Dr. Weissmann, but trumpets it forth as the one developement of Darwinism which alone can make it complete, and almost scornfully refers to Mr. Herbert Spencer's opposition as a great failure in rising to the height now attained in the philosophy of evolution. We have no intention of plunging our readers into the bogs of this interminable and, for the most part, profitless logomachy further than just to say, in passing, that, in our opinion, Mr. Herbert Spencer has the best of the argument, if for one simple reason only—namely, this, that the *onus probandi* clearly lies upon Dr. Weissmann, and not upon the older Darwinian school, inasmuch as that school has been long in possession of the field, and inasmuch as Dr. Weissmann's newly discovered machinery for determining variation rests upon nothing but unproved assumptions. It is not incumbent on the older Darwinians to disprove those assumptions. It is for the maker of them to prove that they are founded on fact. It cannot be denied that variations in organic forms do take place in such close connexion with the requirements of external conditions that these external conditions seem to be, at least, co-operating causes, and that, at all events, there is such an inseparable interdependence that room is left for mutual action and reaction. Neither can it be denied that new characters seen for the first time

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\* Biological Memoirs, Weissmann (authorised translation, 1889), pp. 77-8.

in some parent are often observed to be inherited by his offspring. It is for Dr. Weissmann to disprove the possibility of this being done except through his hypothetical machinery, and no such disproof can be found in the long string of assumptions and suppositions, of which his argument is full.

There is, however, one question which some of our readers may well ask, and which it is our business here to answer. What is the secret of the immense importance attached by both the contending parties to the apparently narrow issues raised in this dispute? What can it matter in philosophy whether we suppose that all variations in animal forms are due solely to the innate properties of a certain particular class of cells, or are due also largely to the influence of surrounding conditions, acting both upon these and upon all other cells of which the whole body is composed? The secret of all the keen dispute is this—that there is an instinctive feeling in many minds that the pure original Darwinian doctrine is inseparably, or at least naturally, connected with the denial or exclusion of teleological explanations, whereas Weissmann's new theory is as inseparably, or at least as naturally, connected with the admission of them. It is quite true that Darwin himself and all his older followers were perpetually using the language of purpose and design to explain all the facts and course of organic evolution; but they always did so, merely because they could not help themselves, inasmuch as no other forms of speech could describe with even tolerable fidelity the facts of nature. But they never used this language with any fidelity to its import, and generally with protests against any too literal interpretation of it. Weissmann, on the other hand, although he also deprecates being supposed to attribute conscious effort to 'nature,' dwells with emphasis on the 'purposefulness seen in organisms,' and expressly declares that the explanation of this 'purposefulness' is just the main problem which the organic world offers for our solution,\* and which the earlier form of Darwinism has done nothing to solve. Natural selection, he declares, as invented and understood by Darwin himself, is helpless, and of little importance, towards explaining the origin of anything. It could act on nothing except each individual organism, and even on that only through variations which had already arisen, and were useful to itself alone. It contemplated no kind of utility which

\* Biol. Mem. p. 257.

lay in the future, or which lay in the direction of meeting other wants than those of the single organism affected. 'If,' he says, 'natural selection could only bring existing characters into prominence, it would not be worth much consideration, for it could never produce a new species.'\* Weissmann sees—and in this passage confesses—that natural selection is no explanation at all of the most salient facts of Nature. The organic world literally teems with adaptations which have exclusive reference to other creatures than those in which they are exhibited, and to needs which lie in an undeveloped future. It matters little whether Weissmann's theory does, or does not, offer any much better explanation of these facts than Darwin's. The attempt to explain 'purposiveness,' without admitting the existence of the only agency which we know of as the seat and cause of all purpose, is not a very hopeful attempt. But it may be possible to give a good or a bad account of the physical causes and machinery through which all purpose seems to be effected. And, if any good and intelligible account of this machinery can be given, we may pardon and condone the conventional declaration of almost all pure physicists, that any idea of mind in nature is non-scientific, the word science being, in their vocabulary, strictly confined to purely physical causation.

Does Weissmann, then, suggest a more conceivable machinery than that which alone was suggested by Darwin? We think he does, because whatever may be the correctness of his notion that a special set of germ-cells are the seat and origin of all organic variations, he at least does demand for them an action which is 'purposeful' for the future, which does not operate alone on the present as the result of an already accomplished fact, but which, somehow, operates in the present with a steady regard to something coming in the future. In short, fortuity—pure accident—presides over the original conception of the Darwinian philosophy, whereas 'purposefulness' is the animating conception of Weissmann's amendment. He repudiates the very possibility of 'acquired' characters being hereditary, because what he means by 'acquired' is accidental—unforeseen—not predestined. Mutilations are the type of what he means by 'acquired' characters, and he challenges any proof that mutilated men have mutilated children. In this he is, of course, quite safe. But he does not deny or dispute that new characters do

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\* Biol. Mem. p. 274.

constantly appear and are transmitted hereditarily. All that he insists upon is that though new they must have been predetermined in, and by, those marvellous cells which keep, as it were, a steady eye not on the interests of the individual alone, or even chiefly, but on the interests of the future race, and of all higher derivative races which are yet to be. We may condemn the idea of this machinery as purely imaginary, and as incapable of proof. We may even condemn it as an irrational endeavour to separate between mind and purpose—an attempt to explain ‘purposeful’ arrangements without any acknowledgement of an intending intellect and will. The instruments of purpose may be, and generally are, unconscious; but to speak of unconscious purpose is to use a phrase which is a direct contradiction in terms. We may think Dr. Weissmann’s germ-cells are not one whit better as an explanation than the infinitely small and fast-flying atoms of Lucretius. Indeed, we may identify the two conceptions as practically the same because Weissmann speaks—as the physical school always does speak—of the life in a cell as due to its ‘molecular constitution.’ But a molecule is only a group of atoms, and thus we reach the old Greek Epicurean notion that all the phenomena of nature are due simply to the grouping or mere aggregation of material atoms. But still, however incompetent or even absurd may be the machinery of Weissmann’s theory, it does at least recognise the fact of what he calls the ‘purposiveness’ which marks the development and all the phenomena of organic life. It does recognise the necessity of supposing some agency which does not merely mechanically ‘select’ varieties which have accidentally arisen, but which takes care that varieties shall arise in such number, and of such quality, as to produce a definite line of progress in the development of organic forms. It is round the teleological implications thus involved in Weissmann’s new theory that the battle really rages. It is these which lie in the background, more or less consciously, of the minds which are contesting it so keenly. It is, however, only fair to remember that many of the older Darwinians deny that their theory is incompatible with the idea of design as the far-off and ultimate agency in creation. Mr. Herbert Spencer has emphatically disclaimed pure materialism as any necessary consequence of the system of which he is the most distinguished interpreter; and it is obviously true that even the most bald and mechanical idea of the machinery of natural selection, as it cannot possibly account for the first origin of anything, leaves ample room for the teleo-

logist to come in behind it, and above it, in his interpretations of nature. Nevertheless, the spirit of the Darwinian school has been, and continues to be, notoriously hostile to all theological conceptions; and it is indisputable that the theory of Weissmann in putting prominently forward the ubiquitous 'purposefulness' of nature, especially in all organic life, is more nearly and logically connected with those conceptions than the older school.

If it were in this aspect alone of the differences between the theories of Darwin and of Weissmann that our author pronounces so strongly in favour of the German professor, we should understand him and at least sympathise with him entirely. But there is something strange, and to our minds not quite coherent, in the view he takes of those differences and in the use he makes of them. In quality and in amount he represents the distinction to be enormous. Weissmann's theory he regards as the very summit yet attained by what he calls 'evolutionary science;' and he deplores the circumstance that Mr. Herbert Spencer had begun so early on his system of Synthetic Philosophy before this new great light had shone upon the world, that his mind has now become incapable of appreciating all its vast significance. But when we come to the use which Mr. Kidd himself makes of this new light, we find that he looks upon its value as lying in the greatly extended area over which the ambiguous catchwords of Darwinianism pure and simple can be extended and applied. Let us hear his own words explaining the importance he attaches to the logomachy between Darwinianism and Weissmannism:—

'If the old view is correct, and the effects of use and education are transmitted by inheritance, then the Utopian dreams of philosophy in the past are undoubtedly possible of realisation. If we tend to inherit in our own persons the result of the education and mental culture of past generations, then we may venture to anticipate a future society which will not deteriorate, but which may continue to make progress, even though the struggle for existence be suspended, the population regulated exactly to the means of existence, and the antagonism between the individual and the social organism extinguished even as Mr. Herbert Spencer has anticipated. But if, as the writer believes, the views of the Weissmann party are in the main correct; if there can be no progress except by the accumulation of congenital variations above the average to the exclusion of others below; if, without the constant steps of selection (rejection?) which this involves, the tendency of every higher form of life is *actually retrograde*; then is the whole human race caught in the toils of the struggle and rivalry of life which has been in progress from the beginning; then must the rivalry of existence continue, humanised



as to conditions it may be, but immutable and inevitable to the end.' (Pp. 191-2.)

This is a dreary prospect indeed! If this is all that we are to get by belief in Weissmann's germ-cells, by the innate power of directing development, we feel no temptation to accept it for its consequences independent of its evidence. The temptation under which Mr. Kidd adopts it, is clear enough. It lends itself to his dominant idea.

Natural selection, or rather that only active half of it which consists in the idea of natural rejection, is still the fetish with which he works. Under Darwin's conception nature could work its saving havoc only on weak individuals, leaving the stronger to live and propagate. But under Weissmann's system he sees the opportunity for contending that this sole plan of working by havoc and continual destruction can be attributed to nature, as against all individual organisms, whether for the present strong or weak, if they stand in the way, in the least degree, of the new creatures which are to come. The strain and the stress of ceaseless and ruthless rivalry and competition is kept up as the only method in which progress can possibly be effected, and all individual lives are as nothing compared with the interests of living creatures which are yet unborn. Nature cares nothing for the individual. She cares only for species and races. Her eyes are ever fixed upon the future, and fixed with the stern resolve so to constitute the world, and so to shape the disposition of all creatures in it towards each other, that it shall be one constant scene of labour and of death and of extermination. All creatures shall be made the instruments of killing off each other, so that room shall be made for an endless procession of new forms, which in their turn again shall repeat the same process. This is the one predominant conception of Mr. Kidd's book, so far at least as the method of creation is concerned; and it is repeated over and over again as representing the one all-powerful and all-sufficient agency employed in the direction and government of the world.

The next step, and one of the first, is to assert that man has never been, is not now, and never will be any exception to this ruthless law, either as regards his individual or his social development. Mr. Kidd is undoubtedly right when he points out that man, so far at least as his physical frame is concerned, is simply one of the other animals, and is subject to the same general conditions. He is equally right when he points out that this fact must be taken into

account in all reasoning on the laws governing the development of human society, as well as in speculating on the origin of his body. Whether the law which passes under the name of natural selection is one of those depends much on the sense in which that elastic formula is understood. But nothing can be more emphatic than Mr. Kidd's declaration, that it is so in the narrowest and most rigid sense. 'Like all that have come before him, he is engaged in a fierce and endless struggle for the means of existence; and he now takes part in this struggle not only against his fellows but in company with them, as against other social groups.\* Again he says: 'We find man in everyday life continually subject to laws and conditions which have been imposed upon him in common with all the rest of creation.† There is nothing whatever new in this doctrine, except, perhaps, in the extreme and unqualified terms in which it is expressed. It is the foundation of the whole Darwinian philosophy and of Mr. Herbert Spencer's elaborate exposition of its results. But the remarkable feature about Mr. Kidd's book is, that wherever this doctrine tends to restrain or limit at all his own special argument and conclusions, he turns round on Mr. Herbert Spencer and blames him for not seeing immense distinctions. 'He has never realised,' says our author, 'the nature of the essential difference which distinguishes human evolution from all other evolution whatsoever.‡ And here we come on one of the novelties of Mr. Kidd's philosophy. The one great distinction between man and the lower animals is, of course, the gift of reason. The lower animals all do reasonable things in their own individual interests—in the interests of their species. But they do them, as we believe, in virtue of implanted instincts, without the exercise of any conscious reasoning process, and it is very remarkable that many of the acts which involve the most wonderful and far-reaching foresight in the lower animals are the acts of creatures comparatively low in the scale of life—that is to say, the creatures in which it is most impossible to conceive that they can be dictated by anything in themselves which can be called reason. The reasonableness or purposefulness which is conspicuous in those acts must reside somewhere else than in them, and must be the result of implanted and innate instincts delegated to them for the purposes which are actually attained. But it is the strange doctrine of Mr.

\* P. 18.

† P. 33.

‡ P. 298.

Kidd that although the rational faculties are as much instinctive in man as lower faculties in the lower animals, so far as the impulse to use them is concerned, the reason of man is not only no guide whatever for him in promoting the interests of his species and of his race, but is an actual hindrance to him in so doing, and is indeed the one great enemy which he has to deal with in the higher development of his individual life, and of his species, and of his social condition. Nothing can be more emphatic, violent, and extreme than the terms in which Mr. Kidd expresses this novel doctrine. He does not tell us, in the well-known language of Christian philosophy, that something must have happened which makes all human instincts liable to gross perversions and corruption. What he does tell us, over and over again, is that reason in itself leads in utterly wrong directions, and not only in wrong directions, but in directions specially suicidal and destructive as regards all interests but those of the moment and of the individual man. Man is thus represented as a creature lower than any of the lower animals, and lower, not by virtue of any loss of status, or of any corruption of original gifts, but lower because of the inherent viciousness of that very gift which we are accustomed to consider as one of the highest he possesses. Nothing can be more extreme than the language in which Mr. Kidd lays down this doctrine. He begins gently enough by affirming merely, as Archbishop Whately affirmed long before him, that, 'left to himself, this high-born creature, whose progress we seem to take for granted, has not the slightest innate tendency to make any onward progress whatever.' This is a proposition the truth and even the meaning of which entirely depends on the reservation which may be intended in the words 'left to himself.' The question may well arise in our minds whether we are quite sure that man, as a race, is ever 'left to himself' in the sense of any absolute and complete separation from some other Spirit greater than his own. But passing over this question for the moment, it is to be observed that, under whatever reservations, this affirmation of Whately does not satisfy Mr. Kidd. He lays it down absolutely that 'the teaching of reason to the individual must always be that the present time and his own interests therein are all important to him.' Then follows this tremendous dictum:—'The central fact,' he says, 'with which we are confronted in our progressive societies is, therefore, that the interests of the social organism, and

‘those of the individuals comprising it at any time, are ‘actually antagonistic—they can never be reconciled, they ‘are essentially and inherently irreconcilable.’\* This is an accusation against the constitution of the world and of human nature which is pessimist indeed. It represents man as wholly destitute, so far as his reasonable nature is concerned, of those social instincts which are universal among the beasts, and which in some of the lower animals attain to a very high level indeed in the constitution and government of great social communities. It would make man an absolute and solitary exception to an otherwise universal law of organic life. If this far-reaching dogma had been expressed in any one sentence alone, however distinct its terms, we might suppose it to be the result of some incidental line of thought rashly followed up to unpremeditated conclusions. This is a common danger, and an abundant source of fallacies in all the deeper questions of speculative thought. But we cannot thus excuse or explain Mr. Kidd’s sweeping assertions of the rebellion and revolt of human reason against the whole constitution of nature as known to it. His book aims at being a constructive theory of social evolution, and this doctrine of the absolute alienation of the reasoning faculties of man from any sympathy with, or even understanding of, some of nature’s most certain and operative laws, is a fundamental part of the structure which he erects. It lies at the root of his whole scheme of explanation. The innate and ingrained antagonism between the reason of man, as represented in every individual mind, and the true interests of society is enforced with emphasis and reiteration throughout his pages.

Fortunately there is one feature in this doctrine which reveals its fallacy. Human society is, he says, essentially an organism. This, of course, is no theory, but an obvious fact. Mr. Kidd dwells upon it, and evidently wonders how its consequences have not been seen. But its consequences have been seen much better by others than by him. For one of the most necessary of these consequences is fatal to his conception of the part played by the individual man towards Nature, and of the counterpart played by Nature against him. The essential characteristic of all organisms is that they are built up by the harmonious growth of co-operative parts. Every part is necessary to the whole. There can be no antagonism between them—least of all such an antagonism that their interests are ‘essentially irreconcilable.’ That the

organism, as a whole, should be ever jealously watching its own individual parts with the one great object of continually killing them off in the interests of its future self—that all the individual parts, in the exercise of one of their highest functions, should be possessed with a corresponding spirit of opposition and enmity against the whole—all this is an imagination so grotesque that the deliberate entertainment of it as an essential element in a constructive theory does seem to be almost incredible. Yet nothing can be more distinct or emphatic than Mr. Kidd's repeated declarations to this effect. The individual reason he represents as a power which is blindly selfish, regarding nothing but the individual's momentary interests and impulses, which are all, in themselves, purely reasonable. 'Reason,' he says, 'has in an examination of this kind nothing to do with any existence but the present; what it insists it is our duty to make the most of.'\* Here, be it observed, the word 'duty' comes in, as it were, by a slip of the pen, with this result: that the human reason does include, and does deal with, the idea of obligation, but directs it into channels which intensify its own selfish and destructive tendencies as regards the interests of the organism as a whole. If this be true, then the whole moral, as well as the whole purely intellectual nature of the individual man, is indeed so constituted as to be the one great enemy of human society, of which all the parts are at deadly enmity with the interests of the whole.

It is really almost needless to bring to the test of experience and experiment such a grotesque result of following into the region of obvious absurdity certain abstract conceptions which depend largely on mere verbal ambiguities. It may, however, be well to notice one, at least, of the few examples which Mr. Kidd gives us of the natural laws which he says are essentially irrational. It is an example which it is almost as difficult to conceive any writer allowing himself to present, as it is difficult to conceive his giving his assent to the abstract doctrine which he thinks it illustrates.

'It is evident that any organisation of society with a system of rewards according to natural ability can have no ultimate sanction in reason for all the individuals. For as the teaching of reason undoubtedly is that we are all the creatures of inheritance and environment, and that none of us is responsible for his abilities or for the want of them, so in reason all should share alike. Their welfare in the present existence is just as important to the ungifted as to the

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\* P. 67.

gifted, and any regulation that the former should fare any worse than the latter must be ultimately, however we may obscure it, a rule of bruté force pure and simple.' (Pp. 75-6.)

Would it be possible to present any argument as the product of pure reason which is so absolutely irrational? Is human reason really so weak and so deceivable as to be incompetent to detect a string of fallacies so gross as these? One thing is specially to be observed in this illustration of the unreasonableness of Nature, and that is that it is not taken from any of the acknowledged anomalies and difficulties which have long attracted attention, such as the birth of monsters and deformities, or as the occasional success and triumph of the wicked. On the contrary, it is an illustration taken from the normal and natural course of things from the action of the most fundamental and necessary laws which govern the world. It condemns, as essentially contrary to human reason and to the human conscience, the whole of that system of things which tends to the success of superior genius or virtue. And be it observed that this condemnation is made all the more sweeping from the writer's representation of the principle on which Nature works—that principle being, as we have seen, of the harshest kind. In all the pictures he presents of the actual phenomena of life, he uses the very coarsest colours, and these alone. It is all shadow and no lights. He says nothing of the beneficence of Nature—of the vast sum of enjoyment which fills the living world with a perpetual succession of conscious happiness. He says nothing of that combination of natural causes which do most visibly work together for good to them that love Him who is the Author of them. He says nothing of that view of Nature which has been lately well expressed by the eminent naturalist Mr. Wallace—the view, namely, that we are apt to exaggerate beyond all reason the amount and the kind of suffering which Nature inflicts on the lower animals in the system of mutual destruction which is universal. The absence of conscious anticipation, and the dulness of sensation in all the lower organisations, are considerations which are never sufficiently appreciated in our imagination of the reign of death and of destruction. As regards human society our author adopts all the most extreme delineations of the ultra-socialistic school, without even hinting that they are one-sided, totally forgetful of all other aspects but one, and reading into the history of past times the standard of desires and aspirations which belongs to later times.

What, then, is the feature in his philosophy—what is the connection of ideas—which leads up to this revelling in the most pessimist aspects of Nature and of human life? It is only when we ask this question, and when we discover the answer to it, that we can estimate fully the peculiarity of this book. Strange to say, the leading idea is to exalt religion at the expense of reason. It is religion alone which can reconcile us to a world which is otherwise badly and unjustly constituted. In all its fundamental laws it revolts both our reason and our conscience. But religious beliefs, and these only, can induce us to submit to it, and can implant in the human mind a counteracting influence and power.

It is surely needless to point out what a dangerous line of argument is here presented to us. It separates absolutely our intellectual and reasoning from our moral and religious nature. It represents religion nakedly as a set of beliefs which, whether they have or have not any foundation in facts, are nevertheless invaluable as performing a particular function in the world. That function is to make men submit resignedly to the cruel and unjust system under which they live, and also to introduce into the minds of men those ethical feelings which, though essentially irrational, tend to mitigate its effects in a greater or less degree.

We may well ask whether this is a safe foundation on which to place the defence of religion before the minds of men who have not inherited its beliefs, or who have abandoned them, or who have been feeling doubtfully and painfully their way towards them. It seems to recommend religion to our acceptance, not on account of any inherent truth, but on account of its immense utility. It comes perilously near to the famous dictum of Napoleon, that if there were no God it would be absolutely necessary to invent one. Accordingly, when we look at Mr. Kidd's definition of religion, we find that in his understanding its actual use—its special 'function'—in the organism of human society is that one essential characteristic by which alone its very nature can be identified and recognised. He passes in review a number of the definitions of religion which have been given by various modern writers, and a sad list it is of incompetent and ambiguous phrases. Glancing at these definitions, and describing them most justly as 'puzzling and conflicting in an extraordinary degree,' and supposing them to be read by some visitor coming amongst us from another planet, Mr. Kidd says that such a being would come to the speedy conclusion that in

religion 'he was dealing with a class of phenomena the key 'to which he did not possess.' This key our author accordingly proceeds to supply. He finds it first in this one idea, that man is in some way 'in conflict with his own 'reason':—

'One of the most remarkable features which the observer of religious phenomena could not fail to notice in connexion with these religions would be that under their influence man would seem to be possessed of an instinct, the like of which he would not encounter anywhere else. This instinct, under all its forms, would be seen to have one invariable characteristic. Moved by it, man would appear to be always possessed by the desire to set up sanctions for his individual conduct which would appear to be *super*-natural against those which are natural—sanctions which would appear to be *ultra*-rational against those which were simply rational.' (Pp. 90-1.)

Here we have the idea of the inveterate antagonism between religion or morality and reason reinforced by the further idea that the conscious religious instinct is not only exclusively confined to man, but that nothing like it could possibly be encountered anywhere else. Of course this is a conception which tends to represent religion as purely subjective in man, and to stand unrelated to any other phenomena in the universe. If so, then religion cannot have the basis or sanction which all religions have more or less formally claimed for themselves, and which is an inseparable part of Christian belief—the basis, namely, of objective truth, so that the God in whom we believe, and in whose law we recognise the only final sanction of all moral obligation, is conceived to be the one Supreme Being whose Will is the universal Law.

In his pursuit of this strange argument for religion Mr. Kidd is, of course, compelled to take part with those who denounce all attempts to get rid of what is called the 'super-' 'natural' in religion. With him religion is essentially the supernatural, and nothing else; and he calls upon all secularist philosophers to recognise it as a fact that at all times and among all races, however low, the one only source of the sense of any binding obligations has been in those beliefs in man which are above, and antagonistic to, his individual reason. He does not call upon them to recognise any element in religious beliefs as in themselves true. What he does call upon them to recognise is the bare fact—actual and historic—that the beliefs represented by all forms of religion 'must have some immense utilitarian function to 'perform in the evolution which is proceeding.' The only



word he speaks in defence of religious beliefs as founded on fact and truth is a word well and justly spoken in condemnation of attempts, such as those made by Mr. Herbert Spencer, to assign a purely fanciful and superstitious origin to religious conceptions. 'It is hard to follow the author' (Mr. Spencer), he says, 'in his theories of the developement of 'religious beliefs from ghosts and ancestor worship, without 'a continual feeling of disappointment, and even impatience, 'at the triviality and comparative insignificance of the explanations offered to account for the developement of such 'an imposing class of social phenomena.'\* He pours scorn—not more than is deserved—on such writers as Mr. Grant Allen, who speaks of 'a characteristic feature of the higher 'forms of religion as so much "grotesque fungoid growth" 'which has clustered round the primeval thread of "Ancestor "Worship." There is much that is excellent in this part of Mr. Kidd's argument; but its permanent value must depend on dissociating it from the incongruous idea with which it is connected in his mind—and which is perpetually intruded upon us—the idea, namely, that the moral precepts which are enforced by the supernatural sanctions of religion are not only above or beyond reason, but in contradiction to it, and can therefore never rest upon any rational sanction in the intellectual faculties of the individual man. We do indeed welcome the alliance and the help of any mind which—from whatever strange point of view—sees and feels the incompetence of all explanations of the world which reduce its phenomena to the terms of matter and of force. But we must protest against the very word 'supernatural' as in itself involving the very false idea that what we know as 'nature' does not contain that one great mental element—Purpose—of which we see it to be full even to overflowing. Still more must we enter this protest when the system of nature is declared to be, to our understandings, essentially irrational, violent, and unjust. We can accept and use the word nature in no other sense than that in which it means the sum of all existence—and in this sense, of course, there can be nothing conceivable outside of it which is not also in it. The plain truth that what we call nature is full of that which is illogically called the supernatural. We do, indeed, see much that is super-physical, much that we can only conceive of as super-material, much that is above the reach of discovery by our understandings. But this is a very different

idea from that which depicts nature and its whole system as one which presents to our reason no rational sanction. Lame and useless as are most of the definitions of religion which are constructed to avoid all mention of spiritual agencies other than our own, there is one at least, by Matthew Arnold, which recognises the truth that nature does present to us a stream of tendencies which make for righteousness. It is certainly untrue that man does not possess as an essential part of his rational nature any perception of the truths which condemn brutal violence to all around him as incompatible with the very existence of society. Mr. Kidd takes part—as we also do—with those who maintain that no race of men, however low, are destitute of conceptions which are religious in the strictest sense—that is to say, conceptions as to their dependence on spiritual agencies which they must obey or conciliate. But it is equally true that no race of men, however low, is destitute of some rational perception that there are some actions which would be wrong. In however low a degree there are no men who do not ‘do by nature the things’ contained in the law, their thoughts meanwhile accusing or ‘else excusing each other.’ This is due to the ethical sense, which is quite as innate as the logical sense, and as much part of the original furniture of the human mind. Mr. Kidd is evidently one of those who accepts implicitly the theory that man has been developed by ordinary generation from the brutes. Whether this is a proved scientific fact, or only an assumption involved in an hypothesis, it at least ought to carry with it one consequence, and that is that man must have inherited one of the most conspicuous instincts of the lower animals—namely, so much of ‘altruism,’ so much of self-sacrifice, as was absolutely necessary for the preservation of the race. We do not demand for him such highly developed instincts of this kind as those which can alone account for the polity of ants and bees. But we do demand for him at least a share in such courage and devotion as all parent beasts show for their offspring when threatened with danger, or even in the ordinary providing of daily food. Yet in their case it cannot be said that this instinct is due to what is called supernatural religion. It is due solely to implanted instincts—implanted by the Author of Nature as part and parcel of His creation. Yet Mr. Kidd’s theory seems to be that man lost all these instincts in getting his reason. Referring to the innumerable customs of all savage tribes, who represent always in ‘evolutionary science’ the con-

dition of 'primeval man, Mr. Kidd tells us that observance of these customs is 'invariably secured by the fear of 'consequences from an agent which is always supernatural.' All acts and observances which have any social value or significance whatever—it is broadly asserted—must have some 'supernatural' sanction. As this is certainly not true of the beasts, from which man is said to be descended, what proof can there be, or what probability is there, that this dogma is true of man? The question has this great importance—that on it depends our conception of the whole system of nature as the work, however marred, of one Supreme Mind, whose law is a law of righteousness and of truth. It is true that this question runs up into the last problem of all—the so-called 'Origin of Evil.' We do not ask Mr. Kidd to solve or to offer any attempt at the solution of it. But we have some right to ask that any philosophy which purports to be a new and constructive theory of the social evolution of man shall at least not invent new difficulties which would make that problem seem to be, not merely insoluble to our present knowledge, but laden with the great burden of some pretended knowledge which makes any solution impossible. After all, there are some steps of argument which, at least as far as they go, are in conformity with our reason, and these are some of the very arguments which Mr. Kidd's theories would at once confute. We can see that mere instinctive action is not in itself virtuous. We can see that the quality of virtue depends upon the existence of a free, intelligent, and responsible will. We can see that the very existence of such a will involves, of necessity, the possibility of an evil or mistaken choice. We can see that in proportion to the viciousness or error of such a choice great evils may, and must, arise. These are, at least, steps of argument which do not tend to throw the blame of all evil on the Author of the original constitution of nature, but which, on the contrary, do sensibly tend to indicate how it may be possible to conceive that all evil is due to conscious rebellion against the instincts He has implanted in us as well as in the beasts, and against those particular instincts, especially, which supply us with the data of all reasoning. Mr. Kidd's theory is profoundly antagonistic to every step in this direction. One of the very noblest of man's faculties—his reason—supplies him, we are told, with nothing but a stimulus and justification for his vicious propensities. It is true, no doubt, that if a savage knocks his fellow on the head just as he has killed or

trapped a beast, the reason of the murderer may tell him that he will be able to appropriate the meat to his own use. But surely we are not compelled to believe that his reason cannot also tell him that if he acts this cruel and treacherous part he himself will be a like victim on some other similar occasion. It is true that if any human mother deserts her child on the approach of any danger, her reason may tell her that she can thereby herself escape. But surely we are not compelled to believe that her reason cannot also tell her that if she does so no children will long survive to her family or to her tribe. There is not the smallest reason to suppose that the savage mother acts in these matters from any supernatural sanction any more than does the mother ancestral monkey who sacrifices her own chance of safety by allowing her young to clasp her body and to encumber her flight. The attempt is futile to establish this sharp distinction between the so-called natural and supernatural—to deny, on the one hand, to the wonderful instincts of the lower animals an element of inspiration which is essentially super-rational so far as their consciousness is concerned, and to assert, on the other hand, that man has no share in this great common inheritance of all organic life. It is a theory which breaks down at once when it is confronted with the detailed facts of nature, as much as it breaks down in abstract thought when it is confronted with an analysis of the pretended antithesis it involves.

Then there is another point of view from which we see even more clearly the perilous position in which religion is placed by this philosophy. Mr. Kidd speaks as if all religions were the same in their saving effects against that one great enemy of them all—the reason of man. The one sole characteristic which is to him essential to the very idea of religion consists in beliefs which, because they are super-rational, are defined as supernatural. But it is not true, as a fact, that all religious beliefs that satisfy this condition do also thereby perform the functions which he assigns to the supernatural in developing human society in a high and right direction. It is notoriously the fact, on the contrary, that religious beliefs have been, and now are, the very hot-beds of the most hideous acts, practices, and customs which have reduced human society to the lowest depths of degradation and decay. The doctrine of Lucretius on this subject is far more true to the facts of history and of nature than the doctrine of Mr. Kidd. The famous line, '*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum,*' is the animating conception

of the whole poem, and the passionate ascription of almost all human ills to the effects of religious beliefs in the region of the supernatural, is a striking evidence of what the poet actually saw in the most civilised societies then existing in the world. The same lesson is forcibly impressed upon us by all that we now know of the condition of the uncivilised men. The whole continent of Africa has been from time immemorial cursed and desolated by the most hideously cruel customs, every one of them founded on beliefs of a religious character, in the sense of their having all their origin and all their sanctions in the supernatural. It is not too much to say that, in many cases, the only hope of redemption from the horrors of religious superstitions has lain in the resistance offered by those rational and moral instincts implanted in the nature of man which Mr. Kidd's philosophy represents as wholly wanting, or, worse, as an additional source of corruption. It is to the occasional and exceptional developement of these instincts in individual men who may be born in the midst of the most corrupt and corrupting system of religious belief that we can alone attribute the appearance from time to time of such striking and attractive figures as Marcus Aurelius in the Roman world and the Emperor Ackbar in Mahomedan India. Nay more, it is the action of those instincts that almost created for themselves an atmosphere of natural sentiment which actually triumphed over the bad traditions of the classical mythology, and read into the conception even of the heathen gods something of that higher character which could alone make them really divine. There is no other explanation of the fact that in Plutarch and in other classical biographies it is constantly mentioned of great and good men that they cherished piety towards the gods. How such feelings could be cherished towards such beings as the classical gods were always represented to be, and how it could be recorded as a merit, would be an insoluble puzzle if we could not conceive that the human reason could, and did, recognise its own higher instincts and aspirations as better representations of the divine nature than those represented in the popular mythology. It is true that human corruption is a Christian doctrine, but not that kind of indelible and innate corruption which is involved in Mr. Kidd's philosophy—not a corruption which vitiates his reasonable nature, and impels him to revolt against all the laws which govern the system of which he forms a part. On the contrary, Christianity always appeals to the conscience of man, and claims to present to him a light which

is self-revealing. Man is corrupt—corrupted in a sense in which the beasts are not and cannot be. But in themselves his gifts and instincts have a strictly corresponding function. Wordsworth's explanation seems to be the true one, as more consistent with observed facts:—

- ‘Not in utter nakedness,  
Not in entire forgetfulness,  
But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God, who is our Home.’

It may be urged, indeed, on behalf of Mr. Kidd's theory, that it is unfair to represent it as assuming the world to be so bad that its laws can have no sanction in the rational faculties of man, inasmuch as he represents the redeeming sense of the supernatural as also an implanted instinct. But inasmuch as this instinct is itself corruptible, and largely corrupted to the most extreme degree, we are still confronted with the fundamental conception of a world which is under the government of natural laws which must always appear to us as essentially irrational and unjust. There can be no mistake about the front rank in which he places this conception. In one passage he expressly deals with that view of economic and social laws which Mr. Herbert Spencer takes—that they all tend to the ultimate development of good and not of evil. Seeing in this view, we suppose, a foundation for rationalism and utilitarianism in morals, and seeing also in it some antagonism to the exclusive value and function which he assigns to religion, Mr. Kidd argues at length against it, and concludes thus:—

‘It would appear that we must reject this conception as being inconsistent with the teaching of evolutionary science. The forces which are at work in the evolution of society are working out the greatest good of the greatest number in a progressive community. But the earlier utilitarian conception of the greatest number has always related merely to the majority of the existing members of society at any time. The greatest good which the evolutionary forces operating in society are working out is the good of the organism as a whole. The greatest number, in this sense, is comprised of the members of generations yet unborn or unthought of, to whose interests the existing individuals are absolutely indifferent. And in the process of social evolution which the race is undergoing it is these latter interests which are always in the ascendent.’ (Pp. 290–1.)

Here, again, we have the broadest assertion of a fundamental antagonism between the rational nature of every individual man and the whole system on which the world is governed. Surely the theory which Mr. Kidd regards as

utilitarian and rationalist is at bottom a more religious theory than his own. Surely it is more to the glory of the supernatural Creator, if there be one, to see, with Mr. Herbert Spencer, 'in the process of social evolution going on around us a conciliation is taking place between the interests of each citizen and the interests of citizens at large, tending ever towards a state in which the two become merged in one, and in which the feelings answering to them respectively fall into complete control.' That these results cannot be attained without the co-operation and support of the religious instincts under the recognition and guidance of objective religious truths—this, indeed, is a much needed supplement to Mr. Herbert Spencer's hopeful view. We hold it, indeed, to be an indispensable condition of such hopes being ever realised. But that there is any necessary antagonism between those instincts, when so guided, and the laws of 'evolutionary' or of any other science we hold to be a mischievous misconception. We hold that the constitution of the natural world does tend to the welfare of all its parts; and although Mr. Herbert Spencer's system throws into the background, or omits altogether, the most indispensable of all the agencies which is concerned in this general result, he is unquestionably right in seeing in the evolution of our rational instincts a co-operating and not a perpetually antagonistic force. We are, indeed, in hearty sympathy with Mr. Kidd in his two great contentions against the physicists and the utilitarians, but we are not prepared to purchase the true conclusions on religion and on ethics, which we hold with him, at the cost of the concessions which he is willing to make in both of these subjects. We share all the impatience which he expresses on the triviality of the theory that a belief in ghosts is the origin of the religious sense in man; and we share not less with him the conviction that the moral sense can never be based on expectations of utility. But as in the question of religion we are not willing to relegate its precepts and its demands to some sphere wholly outside of nature, and fundamentally opposed to the rational faculties of the human spirit, so in the question of morals we are not willing to make the same kind of sacrifice. We hold with Mr. Kidd that the sense of obligation and of duty is in its own nature distinct and separate from the mere sense of self-interest, and that our very conception of virtue cannot be identified with the hope of its rewards. But we repudiate the doctrine he teaches, that the constitution of the world establishes no

purely natural and rational connexion between the two. On the contrary, we must affirm that as in the case of religion the whole world is full of a spiritual Presence which the human mind can, and does, recognise as a fact, so in the case of morals the whole arrangements and adaptations of nature have a necessary and intelligible tendency to reward those who consciously obey her spiritual as well as her material laws. Nor can we admit for a moment that in this great adjustment the individual is forgotten, and some abstract conception, called 'society,' is alone regarded. We protest against all those dualistic dogmas which cut up the system under which we live not only into separate but into antagonistic parts, at variance with our reason, and to which we can only be reconciled by passive submission to a 'super-natural' rule which we can never recognise as rational, just, or righteous.

Once more, we find the same curious welding of incongruous ideas in the opposition which Mr. Kidd offers to socialism as well as to secularism and utilitarianism. He denounces the remedies suggested by the socialists for the evils of society as not only vain and useless, but as destructive of the very mainspring of all human progress, and as leading directly to decay and death. The shutting out of competition, the fending off as by some ring-fence of all the stress and strain of men striving to excel each other, he regards as the deliberate exclusion of the one only cause which can produce improvement. But here again he is willing to sacrifice the individual life to the evolution of what he conceives to be society. It is the natural and constant and ruthless rejection of all the weaker members that constitutes in his philosophy the only process by which advance can be secured. The idea of an organism so constituted that the welfare and co-operation of all its parts does in itself cause and make the welfare of the whole—this idea is foreign to his theory, and, as we have seen, he deliberately rejects it. In the same spirit he adopts language respecting the evils of our existing society, and indeed of all past societies, which is in harmony with the extremest railings of socialists against the prevailing condition of mankind. He admits moreover, and it is an essential part of his system to recognise, the innate and inborn inequalities of individual men, out of which—unless freedom is to be suppressed—inequalities of condition must inevitably flow as a natural and necessary consequence. Yet he emphasises, most truly, the great influence which Christianity has had in establishing



in the world the supreme value and importance of the individual soul and mind. On the other hand, he speaks favourably of that passion for equality which is the animating spirit of socialism, and which logically infers that the only possible way to secure it is to suppress that individual freedom which works through competition and ceaseless rivalry to that system of natural rejection which Mr. Kidd loves so much. He does, indeed, also put forward as a legitimate and natural aspiration that the arrangements and conscious policy of society should be so directed as to secure to all individuals what he calls an 'equality of opportunity.' This doctrine seems to us to be either very good sense, or nonsense, according to the meaning given to the word opportunity. That in all civilised societies all individuals should be equal before the law—equally free to use their faculties in the circumstances in which each man is placed—this is a doctrine well established. But that the external circumstances in which all men are placed—and out of which opportunities generally arise—can be equalised, this seems to be an impossibility in the very nature of things. Mr. Kidd's favourite law of natural rejection has been too long at work in the world to allow such equality of all external conditions to be even conceivable, and even if such equality of purely external conditions were conceivable and possible, it would not constitute an equality of opportunity, for the simple reason that opportunity does not consist in such conditions alone. Outward circumstances, which constitute a splendid opportunity to a virtuous and clever man, constitute no opportunity at all to a vicious or to a stupid man. Mr. Kidd himself admits that the internal equipments of the individual man are all-powerful elements in opportunity. And therefore he mentions equality in education as the just demand of all men. But we all know that what is called education, which is instruction in acquired knowledge, cannot in itself constitute any equality of opportunity. The tools placed in the hands of two men may be the same. But if the brains and the eye to use them are totally unequal, the results must be as unequal as the widest disparities in the world. Yet the renewal, and indeed the aggravation of that internecine strife which constitutes the one great agency of natural rejection, is the only hope which Mr. Kidd suggests as the final causes of social evolution. Men so close together as to be outwardly indistinguishable are for ever to compete against each other with inborn inequalities of unseen gifts and powers, which

will continue for ever to kill off all the weaker members in the interests of some distant future.

We see no help for the difficulties of the world in this philosophy considered as a whole. But we are deeply indebted to Mr. Kidd for not a few of its separate parts. We cannot put the pieces together into any consistent, or even into any coherent, system. But there is much that is most valuable in his argument for religion against secularism—in his argument for an independent morality against utilitarianism—in his argument for individual freedom against socialism. Above all we thank him for the testimony he gives to the influence which Christianity alone has had among the religions of the world, in breathing into human society the redeeming influences of charity, benevolence, and love. This pre-eminence in results can only be due to a corresponding pre-eminence in revealing objective truth. We forgive him for the conventional cover which he deems it necessary to throw over these old and familiar ideas by adopting the modern jargon of calling them altruism. Above all we thank him for that conception of Christianity which points to the personal life and teaching of Christ as the seat and centre of all power. We have been of necessity compelled to dwell chiefly on those other parts of his book from which we differ profoundly, and we are not sure that we have done full justice to all its separate parts. But with this reserve—which we make with sincere anxiety—we must record our opinion against Mr. Kidd's view of social evolution as one which is essentially crude, unsatisfactory, ill-digested, and in many ways open to the most serious objection as dangerous and deceptive.

ART. IX.—*Speech delivered at Edinburgh on March 10, 1894, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., First Lord of the Treasury.*

ON Saturday, March 3, Mr. Gladstone resigned the office of First Lord of the Treasury. That this act was not due to the causes which ordinarily produce the fall of Ministries, and that Mr. Gladstone has an almost unexampled record as regards length of public service, have rendered the event not a little pathetic. Even if there had been no decline of the late Prime Minister's physical powers, the country could not but have been touched by the thought that it was witnessing the last scene of the last act of a great and memorable drama. The knowledge that the ground of Mr. Gladstone's resignation is the failure of his eyesight added a touch which appealed to every man and woman in the nation. Foes felt as keenly as friends the pitifulness of the event. A veil of mist across an old man's eyes had shaken a powerful and historic party to the centre, and dethroned its leader in the plenitude of his influence and authority. As long as mortal minds are moved by the inexorable march of destiny, as long as men feel 'the sense of tears in mortal things,' so long will such an event as Mr. Gladstone's resignation call forth a profound emotion among those who have brains to understand and hearts to feel.

That portion of the Liberal party which agrees with the scheme of public policy consistently advocated in these pages may regret that Mr. Gladstone's political career did not close when he first intended, and when he wrote as he did in 1874:—

'I see no public advantage in my continuing as the leader of the Liberal party, and at the age of sixty-five, and after forty-two years of a laborious public life, I think myself entitled to retire on the present opportunity. This retirement is dictated to me by personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of my life.'

They will not, however, make this a reason for withholding their tribute of respect and sympathy on the present occasion. We may regret that the last nine years of Mr. Gladstone's public life were devoted to what we dare not describe except as unpatriotic ends, but this does not make us forget that in the previous portion of his career he 'did the State some service.' The ill cannot blot out the good, especially as in the ill he was unsuccessful. The people of England have a very tenacious memory of the past services of a veteran

statesman, and a very short one of his errors and failures. Too often statesmen in retirement have found it difficult, nay impossible, to discover topics of sufficient interest to occupy their minds. Mr. Gladstone should suffer from no such vacuity. His devotion to classical literature may occasionally have been as reckless as were his incursions into the realms of theological disquisition, but he will at any rate be able to find in the *Iliad* or in the *Odes* of Horace a real and not a formal subject of relaxation. These studies will provide a peaceful occupation for his thoughts, and from Mr. Gladstone's example future statesmen may learn the wisdom of maintaining an open and receptive mind. Those who, like Mr. Gladstone, remain alive to the movements of letters, of historical study, and of theological argument, may leave the conduct of public affairs without regret. They know that they carry with them the priceless consolations of literature and learning.

Though the time has not yet come for fully analysing Mr. Gladstone's career—that time must be separated from the present by a very considerable period—it may be profitable to use this opportunity for noticing some of the characteristics of the statesman whose public life is ended. In doing this we shall make no attempt to hide or to glose over what seem to us Mr. Gladstone's defects as a politician. As long as animus and malignity are banished from the delineation it is both right and necessary that Mr. Gladstone's deeds and attitude of mind should be dealt with frankly and openly. His faults were not only faults to which party politicians are peculiarly liable, but were committed so cleverly and were covered so successfully that they tempt towards imitation with almost resistless force. The latter part of his life is a school in which may be studied to perfection the capital arts of the party politician; the art of making changes of front which are, in his own words, 'sudden and precipitate, or systematically timed and tuned to the interests of personal advancement,' appear either natural and inevitable or else merely developements of the former attitude; the art of combining inconsistent schemes under some vague and rhetorical formula; the art of inducing several independent and semi-hostile groups to agree in rolling each other's legislative logs; the art of saying one thing and meaning another; the art of confusing the public mind with phrases, and of weakening the public conscience by feeding it on empty abstractions and impertinent platitudes. It is a disagreeable task to write thus of Mr.

Gladstone, but the knowledge that politicians in plenty will be tempted to copy his example makes it absolutely necessary to speak fearlessly and strongly.

The first, the cardinal point to note about Mr. Gladstone is the fact that in political affairs he has always had a House of Commons conscience. He has again and again shown that in his opinion questions of public concern are not to be decided on their plain merits, or in accordance with the simple standards of right and wrong, justice or injustice, but mainly with reference to the momentary opinion of the House of Commons. With him the situation has always been a House of Commons situation. No doubt a certain amount of opportunism must be allowed to all statesmen. Solon gave the Athenians not the best laws, but the best laws that he could induce them to accept. Mr. Gladstone, however, carried this rule of convenience beyond all bounds. It became with him not a limitation but a ruling principle. Instead of trying to guide the nation in safe and prudent paths, he listened with attentive ear to catch the voice of the majority, and then shaped his course accordingly. Take the case of the Egyptian policy of the Government of 1880. It is notorious that Mr. Gladstone was personally inclined to pacific courses. Yet because the situation in the House of Commons demanded vigorous action he did not hesitate to drift into war, or, as he preferred to call it, into 'military operations.' His House of Commons conscience was satisfied by the fact that a warlike policy was the one which the situation demanded, if the situation was viewed from the point of view of Parliament. It was the same in the case of the Penjdeh incident. Mr. Gladstone brought us within a hair's breadth of war with Russia, not because he believed that Russia was attempting to bully us, not because he knew or cared a snap of the finger about the line of the Afghan frontier, but simply and solely because he believed a stiff attitude towards Russia and the threat of war would have a good effect in the House of Commons. Still more remarkable was the case of Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule. From the year 1880 to the year 1885 the situation in the House of Commons demanded a Liberal Ministry strongly opposed to Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone fulfilled that demand. In 1885 a Parliament was elected in which a Liberal Government opposed to Home Rule was an impossibility. Within a month of the close of the elections Mr. Gladstone had let it be known that he had become converted to the cause of Home Rule. Possibly

Mr. Gladstone may have been inclining to the notion that the Liberal party would sooner or later find it politic to adopt Home Rule; but who can doubt that if the result of the elections of 1885 had been to give him what he asked for—a majority over Irish and Conservatives combined—we should have heard little more of Home Rule, but should have instead beheld the spectacle of Mr. Gladstone and his Administration renewing what he himself had described as the useful and salutary provisions of the Crimes Act? It was through the working of the House of Commons conscience, not through that of the natural conscience, that Mr. Gladstone ‘found salvation.’

Mr. Gladstone was, we do not doubt, the unconscious slave of a syllogism. He started by assuming that the interests of the country peremptorily demanded a Liberal Ministry. He went on to note that a Liberal Ministry could only remain in power by securing a majority in the House of Commons, and to assume that such a majority could only be secured by shaping a policy in accordance with the wishes expressed from time to time by that majority. From these premises he concluded that it was essential to the true interests of the country that a Liberal Government should obtain a majority in Parliament, and should secure it by catching and giving force to the kaleidoscopic whims of the Liberal majority, by worshipping—to use a homely but expressive phrase—at the shrine of the ‘jumping cat.’ By such means Mr. Gladstone contrived to delude himself into the belief that the needs of the higher patriotism required him to huxter for votes like a ward politician during an American election. It is remarkable that at the very outset of Mr. Gladstone’s career Lord Macaulay should have detected this defect, and should in these pages have pointed out Mr. Gladstone’s blind reliance upon an imperfect application of the apparatus of logic. Lord Macaulay, in reviewing Mr. Gladstone’s work on Church and State, notes how careless is the author as regards his premises. ‘The foundations of his theory, which ought to be buttresses of adamant, are made out of the flimsy materials which are fit only for perorations.’\* This, as Lord Macaulay points out, is a fault

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\* *Edinburgh Review*, April 1839. The whole of the passage in which these words occur is worth quoting. No greater proof could be given of Lord Macaulay’s prescience: ‘Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of

which no subsequent care can correct. 'The more strictly Mr. Gladstone reasons on his premises, the more absurd are the conclusions which he brings out.' No doubt, if it were true that the one thing necessary to the salvation of the country was a Liberal Government, and that such a Ministry could only remain in power by bending first this way and then that, to the random wishes of the majority of the House of Commons, Mr. Gladstone's practical conclusion that it was necessary and patriotic to be governed by the admonition of a House of Commons conscience would be perfectly correct. But these premises, instead of being of adamant, are, as Lord Macaulay says, made out of the flimsiest materials. A Liberal Government may be, and no doubt often is, a good thing, but it is never in any absolute or unlimited sense a necessity. The country will not perish without it. Equally mistaken is the other premise. The condition on which a Ministry remains in office is not setting its sails to every passing breath of favour. Experience has again and again shown that the Ministry which refuses to hunt for popularity either in the House of Commons or in the country, which leads instead of follows, which instructs public feeling rather than waits upon it, is as a rule far more successful than the Admin-

thinking, and, indeed, exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. Half his acuteness and diligence, with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary, would have saved him from almost all his mistakes. He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator—a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import; of a kind of language which affects us much in the same way in which the lofty diction of the chorus of clouds affected the simple-hearted Athenian. . . . Now, Mr. Gladstone is fond of employing the phraseology of which we speak in those parts of his works which require the utmost perspicuity and precision of which human language is capable; and in this way he deludes first himself and then his readers. The foundations of his theory, which ought to be buttresses of adamant, are made out of the flimsy materials which are fit only for perorations. This fault is one which no subsequent care or industry can correct. The more strictly Mr. Gladstone reasons on his premises, the more absurd are the conclusions which he brings out; and when at last his good sense and good nature recoil from the horrible practical inferences to which his theory leads, he is reduced sometimes to take refuge in arguments inconsistent with his fundamental doctrines, and sometimes to escape from the legitimate consequences of his false principles under cover of equally false history.'

istration which cringes to every section or clique for its support. The path of safety for Ministries as for men is the path of honour and good sense, and not the line of most votes and least resistance. It is not the most squeezable Ministry which in the end wins the day, but the one which shows itself most fearless and most independent. But on premises so faulty as those adopted by Mr. Gladstone, what wonder that his reasoning availed him nothing and that he developed the preposterous doctrine and practice of Parliamentary opportunism? His premises of sand and his ruthless logic led him hopelessly astray. Mr. Gladstone first recklessly deluded himself with the belief that the success of his party was necessary to the salvation of the country, and then followed the notion to its logical conclusion—the necessity for adopting, not honour and good sense as the index of policy, but the windy impulses of the House of Commons.

We have dealt with Mr. Gladstone as an opportunist politician. It remains to notice briefly the claims that are made for him in other respects. It is true that in the worship of the Goddess Occasion he has been successful, but failure is elsewhere the dominant note of his career. Who would be found hardy enough to suggest that Mr. Gladstone deserves notice as a great political thinker? In spite of his sixty years of political life; in spite of writings, that cover all subjects from the colours in Homer to the swine of Gadara; in spite of the torrent of his speeches, a very Amazon of eloquence, there is not a passage, not a line, not a word which is memorable as a contribution to political science. There is more of guidance in public affairs in the shortest page of Burke than in the whole *Corpus politicum Gladstoniense*. Not a saying of general force and applicability can be drawn from this colossal quagmire of non-committal and ephemeral verbosity. Admirably suited for the purpose of the moment, it sinks to the level of opportunist rhetoric.

In any case the fact remains that Mr. Gladstone's speeches are deficient in literary form, and still more deficient in precision of language. Yet as spoken these same speeches are among the greatest, because the most successful of oratorical efforts. The grace of manner, the appropriateness and dignity of gesture, the noble bearing, the resonant voice, and the whole passion of eloquence with which Mr. Gladstone was able to endow his speeches, laid men under a charm which few or none failed to feel, and many found irresistible. But when those who at night had listened spell-bound to



the orator turned next morning to the printed report, it was seldom that they were able to suppress the sense of disappointment. With the charm of the speaker's personality had gone a large portion of the eloquence. No doubt those in full sympathy with Mr. Gladstone found in his speeches, even when read, much to sustain them in the attitude they had adopted, much to soothe their fears and to allay their doubts; but to those not under the spell the speeches, when read and not listened to, seemed hardly to deserve the name of oratory. Posterity will, we believe, hardly regard Mr. Gladstone among the contributors to the treasury of England's eloquence. While Mr. Bright's speeches will be kept alive by their intrinsic merits, and will be read as are read those of Burke and Canning, Mr. Gladstone's will remain unconsulted, except by some historian bent on discovering the secret of the mighty spell they once invoked.

It is impossible to deal with the leading characteristics of Mr. Gladstone's political personality and not notice what has euphemistically been termed his mastery over language—that is, his power of expressing his opinion, or lack of opinion, upon this or that subject in such a way as to suggest two or more inconsistent or antagonistic explanations. In his practice of the art of verbal ambiguity Mr. Gladstone has far outdone the record of the Delphic oracle. The answers vouchsafed by the Pythoness were not half so cunningly constructed as many of Mr. Gladstone's utterances on public affairs. Mr. Gladstone early discovered that the true art of mystification lay in verbosity. The utterers of the oracles were placed at a disadvantage by their desire to comprise their answers in a short and concentrated sentence. He saw how incomparably diffusion surpasses concentration when the object is to give different impressions to different persons, and hence he would not deviate even on the most pedestrian occasion into shortness and simplicity. A good example of his method is to be found in one of the speeches made by him in June 1889 in regard to Disestablishment in Wales and Scotland:—

‘You will understand, therefore, that the condition I have laid down was this: full and unequivocal evidence of the sense of the two countries. Having that full and unequivocal evidence before me, when the question is brought forward with respect to the one country or the other, I will be ready to render a distinct account of my opinion. I shall not flinch from entering into the division lobby, and from what I have said you may, perhaps, be able to form a conjecture as to what my vote will be; but at any rate that will be the course I shall take, and I shall feel, in taking that course, that I have done all

I could to secure for Scotland and Wales the privilege of exercising a determining influence on what is so important to their feelings and their condition, and of severing them from the danger in which they might otherwise stand of being overborne by the English majority rushing in upon them, and deciding those Welsh and Scotch matters according to a possible balance of English opinion in a directly opposite sense.'

It is true that there is a Disestablishment atmosphere in the passage, but one searches in vain amid this hubbub of words for a distinct declaration in favour of Disestablishment. The words are grammatically arranged, but actual import they have none. Their perusal suggests that the speaker desired to make a reservation of the kind which the wits of Brooks's when they compiled the 'Rolliad' placed in the mouth of Lord Shelburne. Lord Shelburne's distinction between *would* and *could* was, indeed, if we are not mistaken, actually used by Mr. Gladstone during the Home Rule debates of 1886. Here is Lord Shelburne's speech in the 'Rolliad':—

'A noble Duke affirms I like his plan;  
I never did, my Lords, I never can.  
Shame on the slanderous breath which dares instil  
That I, who now condemn, advised the Bill!  
Plain words, thank Heaven! are always understood;  
I *could* approve, I said—but not I *would*.  
Anxious to make the noble Duke content,  
My view was just to seem to give consent,  
While all the world might see that nothing less was meant.' \*

Yet one more example of Mr. Gladstone's mastery over words may be given—again concerned with the question of Disestablishment—because it illustrates Mr. Gladstone's idea of answering a plain question in plain terms. During one of the earlier Midlothian campaigns—either that of 1885 or 1886—Mr. Gladstone was asked to express his opinion on Scotch Disestablishment. This was the reply which the questioner received:—

'Probably I may find an occasion for referring more at large to this subject, to the great satisfaction of my querist, on some of the occa-

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\* It is curious to note that Lord Rosebery, who doubtless came across these lines in Stanhope's 'Life of Pitt,' where they are extracted, has placed them in his study of the same statesman. Though he does not suggest their application to Mr. Gladstone, it is difficult to believe that his quick sense of humour did not note the appropriateness of the lines, or that he left this piece of political ammunition lying about out of pure simplicity of heart.

sions when I may speak in the country; and therefore I will only say that, so far as I am able to judge, we are thinking at the present time, and the people of Scotland are thinking, of other subjects, which are regarded, I believe, as of much more urgent and immediate duty than the determination of a very much controverted question, which, as I have said before, I believe the people of Scotland will find themselves perfectly sufficient to determine, and in a manner which the rest of the Empire will respect, whether the answer be Aye or No. It is not within my knowledge, certainly, that the consideration of that question has entered definitely into the concerns of the present election, and therefore I do not feel my own information or means of judgement about it at all augmented in the course of it by anything that has reached me.'

After reading such a passage as this one does not wonder that the Duke of Argyll, in suggesting a contrast between Lord Hartington and Mr. Gladstone, was compelled to exclaim, 'Oh, gentlemen, what a comfort it is to have the speech of a man who knows what he means himself, and who means you to understand what he intends.' But we have no sympathy with those who traduce Mr. Gladstone on personal grounds. Though we recognise and feel it our duty to point out his defects as a statesman, we fully admit that he has never at heart been inspired by mean or ignoble motives. Certain critics, carried away by an extravagance of party zeal, have described him as an enemy of England, and as a man inspired with the conscious aim of ruining and humiliating his country. A notion so preposterous is hardly worth contradicting. Mr. Gladstone, like most other statesmen of eager temperament, has, we do not doubt, always entertained the sincere belief that his triumph was necessary for the good of the country. Cynicism is utterly foreign to his nature, and he has been, in intention at any rate, a sincere patriot. Again he has never shown any desire to obtain personal advantages either for himself or his family, and throughout his long and varied career he has fully maintained the high standard of probity which is the glory of English political life. If his personal conduct, and not his policy or his purely political methods, is considered his name may claim to stand as high as any in the glorious list of English Prime Ministers.\*

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\* A passage in an article published in the 'Quarterly Review' in 1857, and attributed to Mr. Gladstone, is so striking that we need make no apology for quoting it before we leave the subject. It deals with the aims of the Radicals of 1857. A more striking instance of political prophecy it would be difficult to discover: 'The removal of abuses is mainly a means to an end, and that end is a fundamental change in the

With the disappearance of Mr. Gladstone from the political scene begins a new epoch. Had Sir William Harcourt, Lord Spencer, or Lord Kimberley succeeded Mr. Gladstone, the country would have felt that the Government was being continued by men who, if they did not belong to the same political period as Mr. Gladstone, had, at any rate, been trained for the last quarter of a century in Mr. Gladstone's school. Lord Rosebery is the repository of no such traditions. During the last ten years he has personally been something of a figure in politics, but his connection with the administrative machinery of the country has been singularly slight. When a year and a half ago Lord Rosebery entered Mr. Gladstone's last Administration his Cabinet service amounted to less than six months. In all, his experience of the work of Government consists of some two years spent at the Foreign Office.\* We note this, however, not so much to insist upon Lord Rosebery's lack of practice in the details of administration, as to emphasize his complete political detachment. No one can say that he is this or that statesman's pupil, or that any particular politician's influence has been a chief factor in developing his mind or his attitude towards the problems of the day. He is nothing if not himself. This fact and the circumstance that he is a young man—his age is only forty-seven—bring out clearly and strongly how complete is the severance between the epoch which closed with Mr. Gladstone's retirement and that which began with Lord Rosebery's accession to power. What are to be the characteristics of the new

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character of our institutions. Their aim is to centralize administration, to break up the masses of landed property, to discountenance the unpaid service which among us is so closely associated with the influence of the hereditary system, to concentrate political power in the towns, to discredit the ancient traditions of Government, to prevent the Church from gaining real strength and union by good laws, to make the franchise irresponsible and the representative a delegate; and when by these means the sapping process has been brought to sufficient ripeness, then to open the batteries, which until the proper time will have remained judiciously masked, against the independence of the House of Lords, the connection between religion and the civil institutions of the country, and whatever else may still remain open to attack and be worth attacking.

\* Lord Rosebery was for a month or two Under-Secretary at the Home Office, but his tenure of the office was so short that it can hardly be brought into a calculation of his official experience.

*régime*? Into what new seas is the ship of State being launched by her present commander? As we have said, the new Premier is the heir of no one statesman, nor are his the hands into which the torch of policy has been handed on by any group of politicians. To estimate, then, what is likely to be Lord Rosebery's actual policy and what the nature of his acts, we have only what the Duke of Argyll has happily termed the 'personal equation.' What are Lord Rosebery's real views, and what is the political attitude and character of the man who holds them? That is a question which at once suggests another. What indications have we of Lord Rosebery's opinions? What data exist for an estimate of the man? The answer is a difficult one. The sources of information at the disposal of the public are surprisingly small. Lord Rosebery has been called 'the dark horse' of politics, but the metaphor is entirely inadequate to express the extraordinary success with which the present Prime Minister has concealed his opinions and his personality. Two public despatches of general interest, four or five political speeches, a graceful and brilliant little study of the career of Mr. Pitt, and an abortive bill for reforming the House of Lords, that is the full record of Lord Rosebery's self-revelation, to which his speech at Edinburgh has added but little. If anywhere, then, the man's nature must be sought and understood in his actions, for his spoken and written words afford no clue to the puzzle. But here again we seem to be baffled. At first sight it appears as if Lord Rosebery had done nothing important as well as said nothing important, and as if both in word and deed his life were a blank. A little closer inspection will show, however, that Lord Rosebery has done two memorable things, and done them from his own point of view extremely well. In the first place he *managed* the London County Council with such extreme dexterity that he contrived to completely nullify the more dangerous schemes of an eager and inexperienced band of pedantic fanatics. Next he won for himself the Premiership in spite of whole battalions of obstacles. By examining these achievements in detail we may learn something of Lord Rosebery's attitude of mind in regard to political action. In both cases he showed himself a master in the art of managing men, and especially in the art of conciliating rival interests and rival personalities. Lord Rosebery's manipulation of the different and conflicting interests on the County Council was a veritable triumph.

He was elected to the Council as the representative of the City, and so of moderate opinion. Yet he used his seat to further the schemes of the extremists. Strange, however, as this sounds he only created a minimum of distrust and suspicion among the anti-progressists. Some few may have grown restive, but he contrived to inspire the bulk of the moderates with the comfortable feeling that he was really doing his best for them, that at heart he was strongly on the side of property and security, and that if he acted with, and indeed appeared to be leading, the advanced party, it was only in order to check their progress. He might appear to be cheering them on, but in reality he was clinging round their legs and breaking the fury of their onset. There is, of course, nothing new in the attempt to create such a feeling. What was novel was the completeness of Lord Rosebery's success, and the fact that at the same time and with equal proficiency he induced the extremists to believe that he was 'jockeying' the moderates. 'They think him on their side because occasionally and to keep them quiet he advocates moderate measures, but at heart he is the biggest Radical of us all.' That was the sentiment with which Lord Rosebery inspired the County Council Radicals. He conciliated them, and he conciliated the moderates, and he managed generally to give the impression that he was a safe and prudent man. At the same time Lord Rosebery did not neglect those little social artifices which can so effectively be employed by men of high position and commanding wealth. - Another man might have felt that there was something patronising and over-gracious in solemnly telling the London County Councillors that they need not call him 'my lord' when in the Chair, but that he should prefer 'sir' or 'Mr. Chairman.' Lord Rosebery knew his colleagues better. He realised how profound an effect might be produced by so easy and so simple a sign of his affability. The proof of his wisdom has been seen during the past six weeks. When the chief organ of Radical opinion\* was pressing Lord Rosebery's claims on the Premiership, it again and again referred to the incident. Its insistence on this indication of Lord Rosebery's magnanimity was indeed almost hysterical. Lord Rosebery's capacity for conciliating opposing interests when carried out on a grander scale was not less successful. *Prima facie* everything was against Lord Rosebery's claim to

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\* The 'Daily Chronicle.'

succeed Mr. Gladstone. Not only had his party determined not to be led by a peer, but they had actually charged the Unionists with something like a breach of the Constitution in agreeing to Lord Salisbury's Premiership. Next Lord Rosebery was a comparatively unknown man, and there was in the House of Commons a politician eager for the post who had been before the country for the last twenty-five years, and whose claims on his party were overwhelming. Again, Lord Rosebery had shown himself somewhat lukewarm in regard to Home Rule, and the Irish contingent controlled the situation. His claims, too, were believed to be favoured by the Court and by the Opposition, and this in Radical quarters was looked on as a source of doubt and suspicion. Lastly, the House of Lords was going to be attacked, and how could that attack be led by a peer? Yet Lord Rosebery surmounted all these obstacles. How was this accomplished? If the writings of the organs of the different sections of Gladstonian opinion and the common talk of the members of the Gladstonian party are analysed it will be noted that Lord Rosebery had contrived to convey to each section of the party the notion that he was 'their man.' Ask the representatives of the extreme wing of the Gladstonian party, the socialistic Radicals, whom they prefer as a leader and from whom they expect help to carry their particular schemes. They will answer, Lord Rosebery. Ask a similar question of the moderate Gladstonians, the men of Whig sympathies, the men who cling to the party rather from tradition than from conviction, and who are at heart not a little alarmed at the prospect of socialistic legislation. They will at once answer that they have faith in Lord Rosebery, and that he is a man who is not going in for a reckless policy. The looker-on may smile and may point out that both views cannot be true, but as long as they are entertained at one and the same time it is no wonder that Lord Rosebery is irresistible. Lord Rosebery manages as successfully with individuals as with lines of policy. He had no enemies, or, at any rate, no open enemies. His habit of being everybody's friend and ally soon made him the link that bound the party together—a link all the stronger because invisible. He was the one man who was nobody's obvious and avowed foe, the one man under whom nobody minded serving. He had conciliated all the factions and all the politicians, and hence, when Mr. Gladstone left office, Lord Rosebery was the statesman on whom the choice

naturally fell. He had made the choice of himself the line of least resistance. But the line of least resistance is almost as inevitably in the political as in the physical world the line along which progress and development take place. It was not possible to insist on any other Premier when Lord Rosebery was so obviously the man who divided the party least and caused least friction.

Lord Rosebery, then, must be classed among the managers of men rather than among the statesmen of ideas—the men who, rightly or wrongly, follow a distinct line of policy. He is the ‘Political Boss’ rather than the Radical statesman. If he has adopted extreme views, and by his speeches in regard to the Eight Hours question and other Socialist projects has shrouded himself in an advanced Radical atmosphere, it is not so much that he believes in those measures as that he believes them to be winning cards in the party game. If Mr. Gladstone is the opportunist of earnestness and vagueness, Lord Rosebery is the opportunist of cynicism and indifference.

It must not be supposed, however, that Lord Rosebery is entirely without convictions or political principles. There is evidence to show that on one question he feels strongly. Lord Rosebery is, we believe, a sincere Imperialist, and on this question he would probably refuse to subordinate his views to the considerations of the moment. Lord Rosebery’s imperialism may be best expressed in the words which he used in giving in his adhesion to the policy of Home Rule. ‘The connexion of the colonies and of India with the mother-country has,’ he said, ‘been the dream of my life. If I did not believe in my inmost heart and soul that the course which we are pursuing is not merely not antagonistic to that object, but is in absolute promotion of it, I should not be where I am.’ Lord Rosebery’s intimate connexion with the Imperial Federation League and the policy pursued by that body may serve to interpret this statement. It is clear that the dream of Lord Rosebery’s heart is the creation of a great federal empire. It is possible that he has lately come to think this ideal very distant, but for a time at any rate he worked at it as a practical object, and it has always remained for him the thing to be hoped for and longed for. An interesting statement of his present attitude towards the Empire, a revised and authorised version, is to be found in a preface which Lord Rosebery contributed in the year 1892 to a little school-book, entitled ‘Round the



'*Empire*' (Cassell & Co.), a book written by Mr. Parkin, a gentleman whom we believe we are right in describing as at one time a lecturer for the Imperial Federation League. This preface has curiously enough been overlooked by those who have endeavoured to run to earth that shy and difficult quarry, Lord Rosebery's opinions. It is, however, the best, as well as the latest, source of information in regard to the type of imperialism at present professed by Lord Rosebery, and we shall therefore make no apology for quoting the salient passages. After stating the importance of keeping before our children the fact that they inhabit 'not an island but an Empire,' and declaring that there 'are few political facts, perhaps none, which should exercise so great an influence on their future lives,' Lord Rosebery proceeds:—

'For a collection of States spread over every region of the earth, but owning one head and one flag, is even more important as an influence than as an Empire. From either point of view it is a world-wide fact of supreme significance; but in the one capacity it affects only its own subjects, and in the other all mankind. With the Empire statesmen are mainly concerned; in the influence every individual can and must have a part. Influence is based on character, and it is on the character of each child that grows into manhood within British limits that the future of our Empire rests.

'If we and they are narrow and selfish, averse to labour, impatient of necessary burdens, factious and self-indulgent: if we see in public affairs not our Empire but our country, not our country but our parish, and in our parish our house, the Empire is doomed. For its maintenance requires work and sacrifice and intelligence.

'If, on the other hand, we aim at the diffusion of the blessings of industry undisturbed by war, if we aim at peace secured, not by humiliation but preponderance, we need to preserve our Empire not for ourselves only but for mankind. And this is said not pharisaically, not to the exclusion of other countries, but because ours is the most widely spread and the most penetrating of nationalities. The time, indeed, cannot be far remote when the British Empire must, if it remain united, by the growth of its population and its ubiquitous dominion, exercise a controlling authority in the world. To that trust our sons are born.

'I hope, then, that the youth of our race will learn from this book how great is their inheritance and their responsibility. Those outside these islands may learn the splendour of their source and their "home," as well as communion with the other regions under the Crown of Great Britain; and within, English, Scottish, and Irish children may learn not to be shut in their shires, but that they are the heirs of great responsibilities and a vast inheritance. History has marked those that made this Empire, and will mark, with equal

certainly but in a different spirit, those who unmake it or allow it to dissolve.'

What is the precise meaning of this eloquently written passage it is difficult to say with precision. If Lord Rosebery means that it is the duty of the inhabitants of these islands to cultivate the best possible relations with their kin beyond sea; to resolve never to commit again the fatal blunders of Lord North and George III.; to eschew 'parliamentary projects' which, though intended to bind, would be far more likely to disunite; and to encourage instead the firmer and saner, if less ambitious, policy of a close and friendly alliance with the colonies, we have not only nothing to say against Lord Rosebery's view, but must congratulate him on his statesmanship and good sense. If, however, 'parliamentary projects,' beginning with the project of a repeal of the Union, are in reality, if not in name, to be the rock-bed of Lord Rosebery's imperialism, then we sincerely trust that the nation will lend no ear to his schemes. They are certain to lead to disintegration in the United Kingdom, and over-sea are only too likely to destroy instead of to build up. If Lord Rosebery imagines that the Imperial structure can be strengthened by introducing ruin and confusion into the very heart of the Empire, he is the victim of one of the most mischievous of delusions. In any case it may be hoped that the preface marks the fact that Lord Rosebery has ceased to be an 'Imperial Federationist,' and is merely anxious, as every patriotic citizen of the Empire should be anxious, that the future of the Empire shall be secure, and that its component parts shall be linked with the mother-country in bonds of amity and concord. Closely connected with Lord Rosebery's imperialism as regards the Empire is his imperialism as regards foreign affairs. Lord Rosebery in the region of foreign affairs is credited with being in favour of a spirited policy, of desiring that the United Kingdom should exercise a wide and strong influence abroad. In the cant phrase of the day, he is 'against the Little Englanders.' If by this it is meant that Lord Rosebery will not allow any encroachments on our just rights, no one will quarrel with him. If, however, it means that he is going to actively stimulate the growth of the Empire, his 'big Englandism' will bring him little but disaster. The automatic growth of the Empire is quite rapid enough and needs no encouragement, but rather the reverse; and the Ministry which neglects this fact and tries to foster a forward movement will meet the fate which

pursued Lord Beaconsfield's Administration. The Afghan war, the Zulu war, and the annexation of Cyprus were acts which brought nothing but trouble on those who devised them. It is most probable, however, that Lord Rosebery realises this clearly enough—it is commonly the first lesson gained by those who see the work of government at the centre—and that his foreign policy will show nothing very new or very startling.

It remains to say something as to the details of Lord Rosebery's conduct as Foreign Secretary. His actions give no indication of any very strongly marked or original policy. He seems to have dealt with questions as they arose with common sense and firmness, but for good or evil there has been nothing approaching a new departure. Lord Rosebery during his two tenures of office has had in all three questions of importance to deal with. These were the question of Batoum in 1886, the Egyptian question of a year ago, and the Siamese problem of last July. The despatches dealing with Siam have not yet been published, but those concerned with the two first matters may be dealt with as specimens of Lord Rosebery's work at the Foreign Office. They have been regarded in certain quarters as monuments of diplomatic skill, but their perusal will hardly justify so enthusiastic an estimate. In June 1886 Russia denounced the 59th Article of the Treaty of Berlin, under which Batoum had been declared a free port, on the ground that the article was not the product of a general agreement, but 'the spontaneous declaration' of the Czar. Lord Rosebery's reply was from a literary point of view not otherwise than happy. He told the Russian Government that even 'granting the doctrine, which, as far as her Majesty's Government are aware, is an entirely novel one, that the spontaneous declaration of his Majesty the late Emperor is not to be considered as binding because it was spontaneous, it cannot be denied that its embodiment in the treaty placed it on the same footing as any other part of that instrument.' And he went on to deal with the general question in severe terms:—

'One direct, supreme, and perpetual interest, however, is, no doubt, at stake in this transaction—that of the binding force and sanctity of international engagements. Great Britain is ready at all times and in all seasons to uphold that principle, and she cannot palter with it in the present instance.

'Her Majesty's Government cannot, therefore, consent to recognise or associate themselves in any shape or form with this proceeding of the Russian Government. They are compelled to place on record

their view that it constitutes a violation of the Treaty of Berlin, unsanctioned by the Signatory Powers, that it tends to make future conventions of the kind difficult, if not impossible; and to cast doubt at least on those already concluded.'

That was, no doubt, a verbal victory for Lord Rosebery, but since the Russians had their way was it worth while to achieve it? 'He had his joke, but they had his estate,' said Dryden of Rochester, and when one diplomatist scores the epigram and the other the political object in question the result is apt to remind one of the satirist's *bon mot*. Would it not have been better to have resisted the temptation to be cutting, and to have simply noted the violation of the treaty, pointing out at the same time clearly and firmly that in future protests against the infraction of treaties made by Russia would be regarded as of little or no value? That is, however, a difficult question. The fact remains that the Batoum despatch is cleverly written, and that Lord Rosebery had the good sense not to bluster or talk of warlike considerations. In regard to Egypt, it is the custom to praise Lord Rosebery's firmness, and we have no desire to dissent from this eulogium—at any rate when qualified by the consideration that, short of evacuation, there was no other policy possible for a man with a grain of common sense. The Cabinet were not prepared to evacuate Egypt, and therefore they were obliged to be firm. After Lord Rosebery's prompt telegrams and Lord Cromer's calmness and steadiness had suppressed the Khedive's fumbling attempt at a sort of half-hearted *coup d'état*, Lord Rosebery wrote a despatch, in which he put on record the principles on which we hold Egypt. This may fairly be claimed to be a statesmanlike document, and deserves more notice than it has received. It may almost be called a great State-paper. The following passage is well worthy of consideration, and puts the situation in Egypt clearly and well. After declaring that it would not be prudent to assume too positively that all prospect of future trouble is at an end, Lord Rosebery proceeds:—

'Should further difficulties arise it might be urged that the conditions of the British occupation will have changed, and it may be asked whether altered circumstances do not require a corresponding modification of policy, whether the occupation should be maintained in opposition, as it might seem, to the sentiment of important sections of the inhabitants, and whether it would not be better that it should cease. . . .

'All these considerations point to the conclusion that for the present there is but one course to pursue—that we must maintain the fabric of administration which has been constructed under our guidance, and

must continue the process of construction, without impatience, but without interruption, of an administrative and judicial system, which shall afford a reliable guarantee for the future welfare of Egypt.'

We have said enough to indicate our opinion of Lord Rosebery. It is evident that he is a man of rapid and versatile ability, that he is gifted with no ordinary powers of expression, and that he has mastered the tortuous arts of managing men and of making himself appear the universal solvent of party difficulties. But that is not enough to ensure him success as a great political leader. Has he the art of governing a Parliament and an Empire? an art infinitely more important than that in which we admit he has shown himself a master.

We have spoken of the new Chief of the Home Rule party. What is to be said of the new Ministry—what of its policy and its prospects? The first thing that must strike even the most casual observer of the situation is that the new Ministry is a patched Ministry. Mr. Gladstone's Administration may have been in many ways imperfect and inefficient, but at any rate it was a very ingenious piece of political mechanism. The pieces of the puzzle were skilfully and appropriately arranged, and were kept in place by the commanding personality of the Prime Minister. It was a Cabinet in which, if there was not mutual confidence, there was, at least, discipline. Each member knew that if he were to try conclusions with his Chief the matter could but end one way. A resignation would have been regarded as treason to Mr. Gladstone, and treason to Mr. Gladstone was treason to the party, so close was its identification with its leader. For all purposes of internal policy Ministers were Mr. Gladstone's Under-Secretaries. The present situation is very different. The wedge that held the Administration together has been withdrawn, and the Cabinet is little better than a fortuitous concourse of Ministerial atoms. Were Lord Rosebery a member of the House of Commons it is possible that his dexterity, his power of managing men, and his genial opportunism might in the end obtain for him a Parliamentary ascendancy of the kind which is essential to a Prime Minister in times of stress and difficulty. 'You know the nature of that Assembly,' said Lord Bolingbroke to Sir William Wyndham: 'how, like hounds, they grow fond of the hand that shows them prey.' Had Lord Rosebery been able to show the prey to his followers in the Commons and to cheer them on in the hunt his prospects would have been far less doubtful. As it is, he has to rely

upon the services of a lieutenant who, it is no secret, is not too friendly to the captain who has prevented him inscribing his name on what is, after all, the most glorious roll in recorded history—the roll of the Prime Ministers of England. We do not, of course, wish to attribute anything approaching treachery to Sir William Harcourt, but he would be more than human if he did not feel himself humiliated and aggrieved at being supplanted by a politician so much his junior in years and in official experience of affairs. When Lord Rosebery was a lad at Oxford Sir William Harcourt had already joined Mr. Gladstone's first Administration. Considering all the circumstances, who can pretend that there exists between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt that mutual confidence and solidarity of feeling which it is one of the first maxims of our State-craft should exist between the Leader of the House of Commons and a Prime Minister in the Lords? Curiously enough no one has laid down the absolute necessity for this agreement more strongly than Lord Rosebery himself. In a passage in his 'Life of Pitt' it is thus that he deals with the question:—

'It would be too much to maintain that all the members of a Cabinet should feel an implicit confidence in each other; humanity—least of all political humanity—could not stand so severe a test. But between a Prime Minister in the House of Lords and the Leader of the House of Commons such a confidence is indispensable. Responsibility rests so largely with the one, and articulation so greatly with the other, that unity of sentiment is the one necessary link that makes a relation, in any case difficult, in any way possible. The voice of Jacob and the hands of Esau may effect a successful imposture, but can hardly constitute a durable Administration.'

That is a view of the present situation more severe than we ourselves should have cared to express, but since the words are Lord Rosebery's we adopt them. No one can have the hardihood to declare that 'implicit confidence' exists between Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt. But that being so, the Prime Minister can have no cause to complain if the best that can be said of the new Ministry is that it 'may effect a successful imposture,' but that more than that the voice of Jacob and the hands of Esau will be unable to accomplish.

How difficult is the process of keeping a Ministry of 'successful imposture' on its feet was proved in the very first week of the new Administration. In the Debate on the Address Mr. Labouchere contrived to put the Ministry in a

minority. No doubt the defeat was largely due to a surprise division, but it can hardly be pretended that the lack of 'implicit confidence' between the Prime Minister and the Leader of the House of Commons did not to some extent contribute to the adverse vote. Had Sir William Harcourt been possessed of that zeal and vigilance which only a complete understanding between a chief and his lieutenant inspire, it may be safely assumed that by some means or other the rebuff would have been avoided.

The chief problems which the Ministry will have to face in the near future are those connected with Ireland, with Disestablishment in Wales and Scotland, with the proposals for Parliamentary reform alluded to in the Queen's Speech, and with the agitation against the House of Lords, which is the *damnosa hereditas* left to the present Premier by his predecessor. In regard to Ireland, it was at first believed that Lord Rosebery was going to attempt to settle the Irish question on a national and non-party basis. Last year he told the House of Lords that it could only be settled by a general agreement between all parties in the State, and it was assumed that the new Premier would try to put his words into action. The Liberal Unionists, it was whispered, were to be attracted to Lord Rosebery by this prospect, and under his banner the Liberal party was to be once more united. Those, however, who argued thus forgot that the Irish Members number some eighty-one votes, and the Liberal Unionists only forty-nine, and that the gain of one set of votes must mean the loss of the other. No Minister ever gives up eighty-one votes to obtain forty-nine, and hence the notion of Lord Rosebery dropping Home Rule in order to get back the Liberal Unionists was a patent absurdity. But, though Lord Rosebery had no serious thoughts of dropping Home Rule, it is by no means unlikely that he was inclined, as far as possible, to favour the notion that, if the Liberal Unionists did not press him too hard, but displayed a more or less benevolent neutrality, he would not allow the Irish to dictate his policy, and might in the end succeed in pushing Home Rule out of the region of practical politics. Lord Rosebery, in fact, would have liked to execute what the Americans describe as 'a straddle' between Home Rule and the Union, just as in the London County Council, as we have noted above, he contrived to neutralize a great deal of the opposition from the Moderates by giving them the impression that he was really on their side. Fortunately, the leaders of the Unionist section of the Liberal party were

not to be deceived or amused by such tactics as these. They rejected the notion that a Government dependent on Nationalist votes could in reality be working to prevent the disintegration of the Empire; and Mr. Chamberlain, in his speech on the Address, refused to give any sort of countenance to the notion that a little encouragement from the Liberal Unionists might work wonders in the way of weaning the Gladstonian party from the extremer forms of the policy of Home Rule. How absolute is, in fact, the dependence of the new Administration on the support of the Anti-Parnellite and Parnellite factions was soon proved by the incidents connected with Lord Rosebery's first speech as Prime Minister in the House of Lords. In that speech he gave clear and unmistakable utterance to the sound and reasonable doctrine that the Act of Union declared the constitution of a partnership between the two islands, and that this partnership can only be dissolved by the assent of both parties to the original agreement—there must be, that is, an English majority in favour of Home Rule, not merely a bare majority in the United Kingdom. Lord Rosebery's actual words are worth putting on record. He stated that Lord Salisbury had 'made one remark on the subject of Irish Home Rule with which I confess myself in entire accord. He said that before Irish Home Rule is conceded by the Imperial Parliament, England, as the predominant member of the partnership of the three kingdoms, will have to be convinced of its justice.' 'This may seem,' he continued, 'to be a considerable admission.' Most assuredly it was. Lord Rosebery had, however, gone a little too far in this attempt to damp the Unionists' powder by half conceding their case. The Irish rose in revolt and demanded the withdrawal of the odious principle which, when expressed by Unionists, had always been declared obnoxious and impertinent. Lord Rosebery had to yield to the crack of the taskmaster's whip. The very next night Mr. Morley, on his chief's behalf, showed, or rather attempted to show, that no admission to the Unionist demand had been made, and a few days later Lord Rosebery himself explained away his own words, though hardly with the finished art of his immediate predecessor in office:—

'What I said was that if we wanted to carry Home Rule we must carry conviction to the heart of England, and by those words I stand. They are a truism, they are a platitude in the sense in which I uttered them; but in the sense in which they have been interpreted they bear a meaning which I, as a Scotchman, should be the first to repudiate. Are we really to believe that in all the great measures



which affect the partnership which is called the United Kingdom we are to wait the predominant vote of England?'

Unfortunately, however, this passage in no sort of way represents the plain meaning of the words used in the House of Lords. Those words may have been a truism in the sense in which they were uttered, but at any rate they are not the truism by which Lord Rosebery now says he stands. Lord Rosebery in his 'Life of Pitt' has pointed out how much Lord Shelburne's influence was injured by 'the need of 'explanation' from which that statesman always suffered. The present Premier will be wise if here again he takes warning by one of his own reflections.

In all probability Lord Rosebery is what the world in general believes him to be at heart—a Unionist. He is, however, before all things an opportunist, and in obedience to that creed he will, doubtless, be quite prepared to throw the whole constitution into the melting-pot. The situation, then, as regards Home Rule remains unchanged. Lord Rosebery, as far as the Union is concerned, is in every way as dangerous a guide as Mr. Gladstone. Home Rule, however, must remain during the present session in a state of suspended animation. The only Irish measure will be a Bill for restoring the evicted tenants to their holdings. Whether this measure or the Bill for disestablishing the Church in Wales or again that for doing the like in Scotland will obtain precedence remains to be seen. All that can be said is that the struggle will be fierce, and that the factions which lose the day will be in no very friendly mood to the Government. The groups which make up the majority on which the Ministry rests act well enough together while each believes that its interests are being specially considered. When, however, the inevitable decision comes, and one group has to be given a preference over the others, the greatest possible difficulty will be experienced in keeping the party together. Mr. Redmond has already declared open hostility on behalf of the Parnellites. This danger has, however, been got rid of for the time by the expedient of placing the Bills for altering the registration laws and for the abolition of plural voting in the forefront of the battle. It may be that before they are carried a dissolution will have taken place, and that the faction fight between the Irish and the Welsh will thus be postponed.

Let us examine the Registration Bills a little more closely, and consider what reception they should meet with from the Unionists. These Bills, which are in effect the

same as those of last year, constitute a complete revolution in the suffrage. They not only seek to add many hundreds of new voters to each constituency, by allowing the migratory portion of the population to qualify for registration by a short period of residence, but at the same time take away the extra votes which have hitherto been bestowed—somewhat capriciously no doubt—on those who happen to hold property in several constituencies. To do this may be wise and just, or it may not. We do not now desire to argue that question, or even to canvass the general desirability of tinkering the electoral laws every ten years. One fact, however, is incontestable. Right or wrong, the proposed Bills will produce a momentous change in the suffrage. But it is almost a principle of the Constitution that any material alteration in the suffrage ought to be accompanied by a redistribution of the constituent areas. If a structural alteration is to take place it must be done thoroughly and well, and no mere botching must be allowed. Especially important is it to insist on this principle at the present moment. There exists in the distribution of political power in these islands an anomaly of the most glaring and injurious kind, and to touch our electoral system and leave this unremedied would be to sanction the grossest piece of political jobbery.

Ireland at present has no less than twenty more members than she is entitled to by population, and these members are so distributed that the southern portions of the island have far too large a share of the representation. It is not the loyalist, but the nationalist portion of Ireland which is over-represented. To show how monstrously unfair is the extra endowment of power reserved for the least wealthy, the least cultivated, and the most retrograde part of the three kingdoms, one may take the Irish borough of Galway, and compare it with one of the great London constituencies. Galway has 1,986 electors, Wandsworth has 15,612. The cases of Newry and Kilkenny are as bad. Compare Newry with 1,927 electors and Kilkenny with 1,825 to the Wimbledon division of Surrey with 16,454 and Croydon with 15,439. No doubt these are extreme cases, but their existence is none the less a scandal. Again, take this plain fact. Ireland and London are now about equal in population, and yet Ireland has forty-one more members than the Metropolis. Ireland sends one hundred and three members to Westminster, and London sixty-two. To palter with the minutiae of the registration law and yet to refuse a remedy for

a defect so glaring seems a piece of impudence so sublime as to be almost incredible. Yet we are assured that this is what is contemplated by the Home Rule party. Though they have themselves admitted the over-representation of Ireland, and proposed in their Home Rule Bill to reduce it, they now declare that the subject is one that can and must wait. Fortunately the House of Lords may be relied on to treat this partisan manoeuvre in the way it deserves. The Duke of Devonshire has publicly announced that the question is one in regard to which the peers will see justice done. They are well supported by precedent. In 1884 a Bill altering the suffrage, but unaccompanied by any scheme of redistribution, was submitted to their consideration. They refused, however, to proceed with the Suffrage Bill till a fairly constituted Redistribution Bill was also introduced. If this procedure is followed on the present occasion—and that it will be followed we do not doubt—the House of Lords will be able to protect the basis of political power from an unfair and unscrupulous attack. The lowering of the suffrage plus the maintenance of so grievous a wrong as that under which Ireland casts, as it were, a prerogative vote in the counsels of the three kingdoms cannot possibly be permitted. No difficulty in adjusting this anomaly will have to be encountered. The reduction of the Irish representation to its proper proportion need not mean that there must be redistribution in England. Let the number of members to which Ireland is entitled, if they are to bear the same proportion to population as in England, be calculated and that number be allotted to Ireland, the total numbers of the House of Commons being reduced by the present over-representation of Ireland. All the redistribution that would then be necessary would be the taking away from Ireland of her surplus members. This, it has been shown, could be done with very little trouble or difficulty, and with no serious alteration of areas. Should the Government, however, refuse to adjust the wrong caused by the over-representation of Ireland, and insist upon ‘one man one vote’ without its complement, ‘one vote one value,’ the House of Lords must ask the country to judge whether they have or have not done their duty in declaring that they will not permit a partisan treatment of so momentous a subject as the suffrage. We have no fear of the result. The over-representation of Ireland is a matter which can be easily explained to the electors of Great Britain, and constitutes an injury to which the people of the predominant partner

are by no means inclined to submit. The House of Lords by taking action of the kind we have presumed they will take would add to rather than impair the feeling of confidence with which they have been regarded since their rejection of the Home Rule Bill.

The question of dissolution naturally suggests the agitation against the House of Lords, which was the last legacy bequeathed by Mr. Gladstone to his successor. Never was there a more feeble and half-hearted movement. In spite of the utmost exertions on the part of the Radical section of the Gladstonian party, in spite of the fact that Mr. Gladstone fulminated in Parliament against the Peers and made his swan song in the Commons an attack on the Upper House, in spite of Sir William Harcourt's heroics and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's platitudes, and in spite of the forcible feeble resolutions of the body of Tapers and Tadpoles which calls itself the National Liberal Federation, the country as a whole has remained absolutely cold. When the nation is really stirred public meetings spring up spontaneously in every part of the Kingdom, and the great centres of population do not wait to have a man with a name sent down from London to harangue them. On the present occasion there have been no such manifestations. When a Cabinet Minister has gone down to Plymouth, or some other large town, and has denounced the Peers, his own friends have greeted his sallies with the usual cheers, but such demonstrations of party zeal cannot possibly be regarded as proofs of national feeling. The only part of the so-called agitation against the Peers that has in it any touch of reality is that which has been organised by the Trades Unions. But the one or two unimportant meetings held by them have been rather meetings in favour of the policy which those bodies advocate in regard to the Employers Liability Bill than gatherings assembled to protest against the abstract right of the Peers to amend legislation. In a word, there is no heart in the agitation against the Peers, and that House was never more popular than it is just now. Even those working men who are inclined to be annoyed at the action taken by the Lords on the Employers Liability Bill remember with satisfaction that the Upper House saved the country from a Home Rule Bill which allowed Ireland to govern England but forbade England to interfere with Irish affairs, and which in effect made England pay a large yearly tribute to the sister Island.

The agitation against the House of Lords has not then been

even 'a successful imposture.' From the beginning it has been singularly unlucky and ridiculous. In the first place 'the universal voice' (so we are assured) of the Home Rule party called a peer to succeed Mr. Gladstone. No doubt it is possible to show that there is nothing illogical in choosing a peer to head a movement against the Peers, but that is a subtlety on which the mind of the plain man will not bite. He judges roughly and broadly, and concludes in the words of the working man who opined 'that if they meant business 'with the Lords, they wouldn't have put a Lord on the job.' Against this sort of feeling it is useless to argue. The Premiership of Lord Rosebery has rendered utterly ridiculous an agitation which started with the assumption that all peers are either fools or profligates and entirely unfit to be entrusted with political power. But even this was not enough. The carrying of Mr. Labouchere's Amendment to the Address introduced yet another element of farce. It obliged the new Ministry to make their first public act the solemn rescinding of an Address which contained exactly the sentiments which are the stock-in-trade of those who agitate against the House of Lords. The Ministry began their political existence by throwing their shield over the Peers. Surely these circumstances do not constitute a very hopeful basis from which to attack the Upper House.

But the fact that the attempt to overawe the House of Lords by outside agitation is in the present instance bound to become ridiculous does not in any way relieve the Government from the awkward position in which their more extreme and reckless followers have landed them. Though they find themselves quite unable to make the movement for coercing the Lords a reality, it is by no means certain that they will be allowed to drop it. The 'New Radicals,' as the extreme wing of the Home Rule party are proud to be called, have little knowledge and less judgement. They are totally unable to estimate the strength of the forces which mould public opinion in this country, and will in all probability insist upon the attempt to flog a dead horse to the cry of 'Down with the Lords.' But this will mean ruin to the Administration, for nothing is so fatal to the prestige of a Ministry as a discredited and empty agitation. It will then require all Lord Rosebery's dexterity and ingenuity to drop the agitation against the Lords while appearing to give it support and encouragement. Possibly he may find a solution of his difficulties by amusing his followers with the details of a controversy on the merits and demerits of

‘second chambers.’ At Edinburgh last month he proclaimed himself ‘a second chamber man;’ and if only the Radicals could be induced to plunge into a constitutional argument, they might be kept quiet for many months over such problems as life peers, elective peers, minority voting, indirect election, and a hundred kindred topics. Lord Rosebery, while on the London County Council, showed how a body of doctrinaire Radicals could occasionally be made to give up the substance for the shadow. Perhaps he will now find the same artifice of use on a wider scene.

Before we leave the subject of the new Ministry and its chief, one word must be said on Lord Rosebery and the Socialist party. The Socialists have been taught to believe that Lord Rosebery is more inclined than any other statesman of the day to further their schemes and aspirations. He may not be a Socialist at heart, but he is aware of their power and willing to do their bidding. This is the notion entertained by a large section of socialistic opinion. That Lord Rosebery may have been willing to give this impression is likely enough. That there is any substantial truth in it we do not believe for a moment. Lord Rosebery may for his own purposes think it wise to let the Socialists imagine that he is their tool. In the end we venture to predict that it will be found that they have been his.

Let us, in conclusion, estimate the difficulties with which the new Prime Minister and the new Ministry are face to face. To begin with, their party is not homogeneous. The Parnellites are actively hostile; the anti-Parnellites are suspicious; and even in the English and Scotch section of the Home Rule party there is a nest of malcontents who, though silent for the time, may at any moment join Mr. Labouchere in a raid on some Government measure of vital importance. Next comes the question of precedence for the various items of the Government programme. Is the Evicted Tenants Bill, Welsh Disestablishment, Scotch Disestablishment, or the Local Veto Bill to take the first place after registration? The answer, whatever it is, cannot fail to call forth ill feeling. Then, too, some means must be found for preventing an absurd and abortive agitation against the Lords, and means which will not cause too much irritation and disappointment. Lastly, the question of Home Rule, which grows more and more unpopular in England, will have to be kept out of sight of the English electors, and yet be placed with sufficient prominence in the official programme to prevent a practical protest from the Irish. Add to this a difficult and oppressive

Budget and the lack of 'implicit confidence' between the Prime Minister and the Leader of the House of Commons, and the cup of the new Ministry seems almost full. 'Under such circumstances, who would be surprised if the new Ministry did not even prove 'a *successful imposture*'?

## INDEX.



## A

- African Exploration*, review of books concerning, 267—Count Teleki's journey in East Africa, 268—discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stephanie, 269—Mount Kilimanjaro, 271—Masai and Kikuyu tribes, 272—Mount Kenia, 273—Lake Baringo, 274—waterless region, 275—Turkana plateau, 276—Lakes Company and Blantyre Mission, 277—Captain Lugard, 278, 281—German territory, 280—troubles in Uganda, 282—Sir Gerald Portal's mission, 291—East Africa Company, 292—ivory and slave trade, 295—'retention' of Uganda, 296—Italians in Abyssinia, 297—Matabeleland, 298.
- Ainu, the Hairy*, review of books concerning, 180—Yezo, 180—Ainu village, 182—dangers of portrait-taking, 183—Ainu hospitality, 185—Benry, chief of Piratori, 186—native cookery, 188—mosquito jungle, 189—black bear, 190—eagles, 191—origin of Ainu, 193—aboriginal pit-dwellers, 194—tribal customs, 195—dress, 196—women, 196—religious notions, 197—cosmological ideas, 199—drunkenness, 199—tribes under Russian rule, 200.
- Angling, Progress of*, review of works upon, 226—protection of fisheries, 227—artificial hatching, 231—river pollution, 233—angling literature, 234—dry fly fishing, 237—winged and hackle flies, 239—riverside naturalists, 240—salmo ferax, 243—Loch Leven trout, 245.

## B

- Batchelor, Rev. J.*, his book on Ainu of Japan reviewed, 180.
- Bent, J. T.*, his book on 'Sacred City of Ethiopians' reviewed, 267.
- Brentano, L.*, his book on 'Wages' reviewed, 33.
- Burghersh, Lady*, review of the letters of, 382—birth and marriage, 387—adventures during campaign against Napoleon, 389—interview with Emperor Alexander of Russia, 390—captured by French soldiers, 393—joins her husband in Paris, 394.

## C

- Canning, Charlotte Countess*, review of Mr. Hare's life of, 382—her parents, 394—Talleyrand, 395—marriage, 396—visit to Louis Philippe, 397—Paris under the Second Empire, 398—India during the Mutiny, 399—Lord Canning as Viceroy, 400—death, 404—death of her husband, 405.
- Crusades*, see Jerusalem, Kingdom of.



## D

*Derby, Earl of, the late*, review of his speeches and addresses, 201—character of, 201—opinion on war, 203—retirement from Conservative party, 205—not a Home Ruler, 206—on land question, 207—game laws, 209—small holdings, 210—agricultural wages, 211—education, 212—Education Act, 216—school boards, 219—art, 220—on John Bright, 222—on conduct of life, 223—on physical exercise, 224—on literary culture, 225.

*Devar, Prof.*, his books on liquefaction of gases reviewed, 361.

*D'Urban, W. S. M.*, and Rev. M. A. Mathew, their 'Birds of Devon' reviewed, 61.

## F

*Furneaux, H.*, his edition of Tacitus' 'Annals' reviewed, 76.

## G

*Grasse, Capt. F.*, his book on Prusso-Austrian campaign reviewed, 412.

## H

*Halford, F. M.*, his book on dry fly fishing reviewed, 226.

*Hamilton, Dr. E.*, his 'Riverside Naturalist' reviewed, 226.

*Hare, A. J. C.*, his 'Story of Two Noble Lives' reviewed, 382.

*Hitchcock, R.*, his book on Ainos of Yezo reviewed, 180.

*Hohnel, L. von*, review of translation of his book on discovery of Lakes Rudolf and Stephanie, 267.

*Howard, B. D.*, his book on 'Trans-Siberian Savages' reviewed, 180.

*Hymnology*, review of Dr. Julian's book on, 300—what is a hymn? 302—hymns of Ephraem Syrus, 303; Gregory of Nazianzus and Hilary, 304; St. Ambrose, 305; Prudentius, 306; St. Bernard, 307; Abaelard, 308—'Stabat Mater,' 308—Dies Iræ, 309—Marot's psalms, 310—Sternhold and Hopkins, 311—Hummis' verses, 313—Luther's hymns, 314—Barton's psalter, 315—Tate and Brady, 316—George Withers, 317—Bishop Ken and Addison, 318—Dr. Watts, 319—John and Charles Wesley, 320—'Olney Hymns,' 323—Keble, 323—'Hymns Ancient and Modern,' 324.

## I

*Italian Popular Literature*, review of some modern specimens of, 103—D'Annunzio's tales, 103—Verga's 'Under the Medlar Tree,' 106—Signora Serao's sketches of Naples, 109—De Nino's legends of the Abruzzi, 113—Capuana's fairy tales, 114—Di Giacomo's works, 114—Farina's Sardinian sketches, 115—De Amicis' books, 116—Fogazzaro's stories, 117—Neera's novels, 119—Marchesa Colombi, 119—Barrili, 120—Rovetta, Cavagnari, Fucini, 121.

## J

*Jerusalem, Kingdom of*, review of books upon, 158—Muhammad's toleration of Christians, 159—Turkish and Egyptian tyranny, 160—

Godefroy de Bouillon, 161—Baldwin I. and II., 162—Fulk of Anjou, 163—Baldwin III., 164—Amaury, 164—Baldwin IV. and Guy de Lusignan, 165—Richard Lion Heart, 166—St. Louis and Edward I., 167—fields of Kingdom of Jerusalem, 168—mixed populations, 169—power of the bourgeoisie, 170—trade and manufactures, 171—agriculture, 172—Syrian Latin Church, 173—contact of Moslem and Christian faiths, 174—Frederic II., 175—papal negotiations with Tartars, 176—loss of Christian possessions in Palestine, 178—results of crusades upon Europe, 179.  
*Julian, Dr.*, his Dictionary of Hymnology reviewed, 300.

## K

*Kebbel, T. E.*, his 'Sport and Nature' reviewed, 61.  
*Kidd, B.*, his book on Social Evolution reviewed, 479.  
*Köhne, General von*, his book on Prusso-Austrian campaign reviewed, 412.

## L

*Landor, A. H. S.*, his book on Hairy Ainu reviewed, 180.  
*Lang, A.*, his 'Angling Sketches' reviewed, 226.  
*Lasche, G. B.*, his 'Letters to Marco' reviewed, 61.  
*Liquefaction of gases*, review of Prof. Dewar's works upon, 361—  
 invention of term 'gas,' 361—molecular structure of matter, 363—  
 thermal energy, 365—Faraday's liquefaction of chlorine, 366—  
 oxygen liquefied, 367—atmospheric air and nitrogen liquefied and  
 solidified, 368—ethylene as cold-producer, 370—vacuum-vessels,  
 371—spectra of oxygen, 372—magnetic property of oxygen, 373—  
 'death of matter,' 375—scientific uses of liquid air, 376—life under  
 intense cold, 378—hydrogen not yet liquefied, 379.  
*Lugard, Capt. F. D.*, his book on East Africa reviewed, 267.

## M

*Maitland, Sir J. R. G.*, his 'History of Howietoun' reviewed, 226.  
*Moltke, Von*, review of works concerning his campaign against Austria,  
 112—new elements in modern warfare, 413—criticism of his strategy,  
 415—diplomatic and geographical difficulties, 416—hostility of  
 smaller German States, 419—obstacles to concentration of troops,  
 421—captures the Austrian 'order of battle,' 427—disposition of  
 Prussian armies, 428—success over Hanover and Hesse, 437—battle  
 of Königgrätz, 439—his strategy vindicated, 440.  
*Montrose, James, Marquis of*, review of Wishart's memoirs of, 122—  
 relations between him and Charles II., 123—made field-marshal by  
 Emperor Ferdinand and raises troops in Germany, 124—resolves to  
 avenge Charles I., 124—Captain-general in Scotland for Charles II.,  
 126—Argyll's rival policy, 127—visits Denmark and Sweden on  
 behalf of Charles II., 133—lands in Kirkwall, 134—Charles's letter  
 to Montrose, 136—Montrose's invasion of Scotland, 139—battle of  
 Carbisdale, 142—Strachan's ambush, 145—Montrose's flight, 147—  
 taken prisoner by Macleod, 148—Charles's order to Montrose to lay

- down arms, 154—Charles's alleged disavowal of Montrose's invasion, 155—execution of Montrose, 157.  
*Morris, W. O'C.*, his study of Moltke reviewed, 412.

## N

*Naval Armaments*, review of books concerning, 447—Russian fleet at Toulon, 447—increase in French Navy, 448—development of Russian Black Sea fleet, 451—Russian port in Mediterranean, 453—French military harbour at Biserta, 456—relative strength of French, Russian, and English fleets, 457—Mr. Gladstone on adequacy of English navy, 459—historical development of our navy, 460—evil influence of party government, 464—Government programme, 467—strength of navy the guarantee of peace, 474—fleet undermanned, 475; remedy suggested, 477.

## P

*Parliament*, review of the session, 246—legislative paralysis, 248—qualities of a leader of the House, 249—Home Rule, 250, 260, 532—Parish Councils Bill, 252—Employers' Liability Bill, 253—Ireland under Unionist government, 254—Mr. Morley's attack on House of Lords, 258—Mr. Gladstone's promises, 261—six years' Parliamentary experience, 262—a pre-occupied Prime Minister, 264—Mr. Gladstone's resignation, 512; his characteristics, 513—Lord Macaulay on Mr. Gladstone, 515—deficiencies of Mr. Gladstone's writings and speeches, 517; speeches on Disestablishment, 518—Lord Rosebery as Premier, 521; views on the Empire, 525; conduct as Foreign Secretary, 528—new Ministry, 530—Sir William Harcourt, 531—Registration Bills, 531—over-representation of Ireland, 535—agitation against the House of Lords, 537—Socialist party, 539—difficulties before the new Ministry, 539.

*Pasquier, Chancellor*, review of memoirs of, 1—early life, 3—magistrate, 4—splendours of old Paris, 5—councillor of Grand Chambre, 6—Parliament and States-General, 7—first phases of Revolution, 8—the Gironde, 9—execution of Louis XVI., 10—in prison of St. Lazare, 11—his father's fate, 12—Joséphine, 12, 26—revolt against the Convention, 12—his opinion of Bonaparte, 13—the Concordat, 14—unjust comments upon England, 15—fate of Duc d'Enghien, 16—obtains office in Council of State, 18—Fouché and Talleyrand, 20, 24—functions of Conseil d'Etat, 21—Cambacérés, 22—commission on legal status of Jews, 23—invasion of Spain, 24—Napoleon's sisters, 28—Prefect of Police, 29—Pius VII., 30—supply of bread to Paris, 31—Napoleon's invasion of Russia, 327—Malet's conspiracy, 329—Napoleon's quarrel with the Pope, 332—campaign of 1813, 333—contest of 1814, 343—entry of Allied Army into Paris, 352—plot against Napoleon's life, 355—Napoleon's abdication, 357—the Emperor's opinion of Pasquier, 358—restoration of the Bourbons, 359.

*Pritt, T. E.*, his book on North-country flies reviewed, 226.

## R

- Rey, E.*, his 'Colonies Franques en Syrie' reviewed, 158.  
*Rohricht, R.*, his book on the kingdom of Jerusalem reviewed, 158.  
*Rosebery, Earl of*, review of speech at Edinburgh, 512.  
*Rural Life, the Poetry of*, review of books concerning, 61—close observation of Nature peculiar to English poets, 62—Thomson's 'Seasons,' 62—Cowper's 'Task,' 63—Wordsworth, 65—Scott, 66—Tennyson, 68—influence of French Revolution upon study of Nature, 70—results of travel and education, 71—Mr. Ruskin, 72—Virgil's picture of agricultural life, 73—modern books upon natural history, 74—Richard Jefferies' 'Gamekeeper at Home,' 74.

## S

- Schoenhof, J.*, his 'Economy of High Wages' reviewed, 33.  
*Selborne, Earl of*, his books of hymns reviewed, 300.  
*Selous, F. C.*, his book on South-East Africa reviewed, 267.  
*Smith, Goldwin*, his 'Essays on Questions of the Day' reviewed, 246.  
*Social Evolution*, review of Mr. Kidd's work upon, 479—natural selection, 482—Weissmann's theory of evolution, 484—purposefulness in nature, 490—Weismannism and Darwinism, 491—human evolution distinguished from other evolution, 495—religion and reason, 500—instinct, 503—belief in the supernatural not always conducive to morality, 505—socialism, 509.  
*Spooner, W. A.*, his edition of Tacitus' 'Histories' reviewed, 76.

## T

- Tacitus*, review of recent editions of his 'Annals' and 'Histories,' 76—three styles, 76—first printed editions, 77—compared with Machiavelli, 78—constitution of early Roman principate, 82—Augustus and Tiberius contrasted, 85—corn supply of Rome, 87—delators, or informers, 88—Prætorian camp, 89—Tiberius at Capræ, 90—Cæsarism, 91—'Dialogue on Illustrious Orators,' 92—terseness of style, 95—references to Christians, 96—burial clubs and Christian catacombs, 97—reason of his position among historians, 101.  
*Temple, Sir R.*, his 'Life in Parliament' reviewed, 246.

## W

- Wages, High, the Economy of*, review of works upon, 33—what is cheap labour? 36—Adam Smith's opinion on high wages, 37—increased efficiency resulting from rise in wages, 38—hours of labour, 39—Dickens on opponents of Factory Acts, 40—results of shorter working hours, 41—standard of living, 43—labourers' dwellings, 45—education, 47—technical schools, 48—machinery, 50—domestic industries, 52—what is necessary to insure high wages, 54.  
*Waterford, Louisa, Marchioness of*, review of Mr. Hare's life of, 382—her parents, 396—character, 405—marriage, 406—Ireland during

the famine, 407—besieged by rebels, 408—husband killed, 409—her love of art, 409.

*Weigall, Lady R.*, her edition of Lady Burghersh's letters reviewed, 382.

*Wishart, G.*, his memoirs of Montrose reviewed, 122.

*Wright, Col. von*, and *Capt. Hozier*, their book on Prusso-Austrian campaign reviewed, 412.

END OF VOL. CLXXIX.











